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CHRONICLES OF A FAITH LIFE

With Appendix of Faith-Papers

By

MRS. ELIZABETH V. BAKER
AND CO-WORKERS

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A FOREWORD.

It has been a heavy cross to write the following pages, especially those relating to our own home trials. Nothing would have induced me to do this except a clear conviction, amounting to a command, from my Master.

Years ago He began to impress upon my heart that He wanted some matters cleared up, and that this could only be done by my pen.

I reasoned before the Lord that it did not matter to us if we never emerged from under the cloud of misunderstanding that rested upon us, that we would far rather let the silence of the grave cover all the faults and failures, sins and sorrows of the past. He said to me, "It is not your vindication I am after, but that of the truth." He made me know that He had many hungry children whom the truths He had committed to us would feed and help, heal and bless as they had ourselves, that He loved them and longed to lead them out into a fuller life and to use them, but that the wall of prejudice hindered, and must be broken down, and that only a recital of the facts could do it.

I shrank from the unwelcome task. Again and again I felt the urging of the Spirit, but when I faced things so personal, I literally refused to do it, excusing myself by saying that it was impossible, I *could not do it*. Then the Lord encouraged me with the thought that He wanted Chronicles in which much spiritual truth could be embodied, one in which His faithfulness to those who trust Him could be seen; one that might help to strengthen others just stepping out in the Christian life.

Joseph Parker, of London, once beautifully said in speaking of the prophet Hosea: "The sorrow of Hosea was symbolic. The Lord meant it to be so. All sorrow as well as all joy is meant to be typical. Hosea's cloud was not meant for his own house alone; he was to hear voices in that cloud which he was to repeat to all Israel, and all Judah, and all time. You have no right to the exclusive use of your sorrow; you weep that you may shed tears with the common trouble of the world. You have no right to the exclusive proprietorship of your own household joys. They were meant to make the people in the other house as glad as you are."

Very much in this sense God made me know that others needed to see His hand in sustaining and delivering power; that no ship can sink when He

is aboard; that though the hand of our one great enemy may seek to crush, "*all things*" really do work together for good to those who love God; that trust in Him should banish all fear and fill the heart with a holy boldness to go forward in whatever way He may indicate.

Not every child of God sees the believer's privilege to claim healing of the body as a redemptive right. Many are suffering in body to-day whom the dear Lord would be glad to deliver. While all things were purchased on the cross for His people, yet, to be possessed, they must be accepted by faith. We must see and *appropriate* our rights in Christ in order to enter upon their possession.

Many Christians do not realize the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, do not know that they can look to Him within for needed strength in their weakness and in all needs relating to their spiritual life, that He begins when we are but babes in Christ, and like the nurse who takes charge of the newly born life, He reveals Christ as the supply of all its needs. He, it is, who reveals the want, and leads the soul on from self-effort to trust in Him. He does not upbraid or condemn us, but reveals Christ as the fountain of all spiritual blessing, and brings us in direct contact with our living Head. So few know how to trust the Spirit definitely, and as a result are weak and uncertain, never knowing just where they are in Christian experience, or what is provided for them. A recognition of the personal Holy Spirit within the heart of each child of God, however weak that child may be, and direct, vital, constant trust in Him are needed to bring rapid advancement and untold blessing.

As my sisters, and the two nieces, Olivia Work (now Mrs. David Wallace Bruce) and Marguerite E. Fell (now Mrs. Oliver Ray Hubbell) have been associated with me in the work, and are as much a part of it as myself, I have asked them to relate their call and attendant circumstances, in chapters bearing their names. Together we have "borne the burden and heat of the day," and whatever may be the reward, together we shall share it rejoicingly.

Should these pages help some needy one to enter into provided blessings, I shall be repaid for all that it has cost me in personal feelings, to write them. Our lives have had their share of sorrow but also many joys. We do not regret having followed our Lord up to the best light we have had through sunshine and shadow, and that by His goodness we have been permitted to drink from His cup in some little measure. The circle on the earth side has seemed to narrow, but ever on the heaven side it has widened. We feel indeed that we have been but slow learners, and have needed much discipline which He has not withheld in the past, and I am sure will not in the future as the need arises.

We bespeak the prayers of all God's faithful children, into whose hands this sketch may fall, that we may be kept true, obedient to the will of Him who hath called us.

ELIZABETH V. BAKER.

Table of Contents

Chapter		Page
	A Foreward	5
I.	Childhood and Early Days	11
II.	Death of a Brother, Conversion of a Younger Brother	15
III.	Beginning of Christian Work. Great Trials	25
IV.	Opening the Faith Mission	35
V.	My Salvation and Remarkable Healing	39
VI.	Opening of Elim Home	47
VII.	Death of Our Father and Mother	55
VIII.	Incidents Connected With My Call	68
IX.	The Word Made Life	81
X.	My Conversion and Healing, also My Daughter's Experience	91
XI.	A Call of God and what Came of It	96
XII.	Enlargement of the Work	106
XIII.	Elim Tabernacle and Bible School	116
XIV.	Pentecost or the Latter Rain's Outpouring	120
XV.	Things We Know	138
XVI.	Sanctification, Substitution not Eradication	149
XVII.	Relation of the Holy Spirit to the Believer	154
XVIII.	How to Grow	162
XIX.	Take Nothing for Granted	170
XX.	The Holy Spirit in Relation to the Bride	180
XXI.	Rewards	193
XXII.	Gathering the Fragments	206

List of Illustrations

		Opposite Page
1.	Mrs. E. V. Baker, Fronispiece	5
2.	Home in Williams Street, Rochester, from which We Were Called	14
3.	Present Elim Home, 161 East Ave., Rochester, N. Y.	25
4.	Drawing Room of Elim Home	35
5.	Harriet M. Duncan	38
6.	Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Hubbell and First-born, Oliver Duncan	47
7.	David Wallace Bruce	59
8.	Susan A. Duncan	69
9.	Nellie Duncan Fell	81
10.	Mrs. Mary E. Work	91
11.	Mrs. D. W. Bruce	97
12.	Our First Printing Office	107
13.	Present Printing Office	117
14.	Rochester Bible Training School	121
15.	Elim Tabernacle	139
16.	Platform of Elim Tabernacle	149

CHRONICLES OF A FAITH LIFE

Chronicles of a Faith Life.

CHAPTER I.

Childhood and Early Days.

WE were a family of nine, consisting of father, mother, two sons and five daughters. The most of us were born in a Methodist Parsonage, in which denomination father, the Rev. James Duncan, was a Pastor for years. He was a sturdy Scotchman, a brave true soul, reticent to a degree, never kissing one of his children except they were going from home for a long time. Yet, with all his seeming coldness and silence, he was a spiritual man, with a heart yearning over the lost world. Each year of his ministry, as far back as I can remember, God gave him, in answer to prayer, a revival in which from one hundred to one hundred and fifty souls would be born, by the Spirit, into the kingdom. Not like modern revivals so-called, where men sign cards and are taken into Church fellowship, but through mighty soul travail when the unsaved were taken upon his heart, and held before the throne in an agony of desire and prayer, till I have often heard him say the pressure became so great that he would gladly have laid down his own life if it had been needed for their salvation. No wonder God gave him a thousand souls during his ministry, "fruit that remained," as Jesus said should follow those whom He had chosen and ordained. Years later

when we, his daughters, opened a nightly Mission in our city, of Rochester, he said to me with tears, "I have never felt that my work was finished, and I am so thankful to have my children take it up and carry it on."

In later years he suffered much from misunderstanding and harsh criticism, but I never heard him vindicate himself, or speak an unkind word of another. His was of heroic mold that could suffer and be still. Like his Master though "he was oppressed and afflicted yet he opened not his mouth: as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, *so he opened not his mouth.*"

Our mother was quite the reverse of this. She was never a helpmeet to him in the best sense. Proud and ambitious she constantly demanded of him close application and study to fit himself for a city pulpit; "a more popular position with a larger salary" seemed to be her chief thought. Father was almost daily treated to lectures on this theme, to which he patiently listened, while his whole soul revolted from the principles advanced. He never argued, but would retreat to his study as quickly as possible to pour his heart out to God to use him in whatever way He might choose. He studied and read, up to his ability, but God designed him for other things than a city pastorate.

Poor mother was never satisfied with her lot, never desired the little children as they came to fill out the family circle. They hindered her ambitious plans to be always in the public eye as the leader of some society or organization. We, as children, always felt that we were not wanted, and were in the way, so I, the eldest daughter, soon learned to care for and shelter the younger ones, that mother might go to her self-imposed duties. Thus cares and burdens far beyond my years were early thrust upon me. We invented our own little pleasures but always felt the lack of the tender mother touch of sympathy that should brighten and sweeten every home circle.

I remember many times being left evenings till ten and eleven-thirty o'clock with several of the smaller children, perhaps one in the cradle, to care for, and very early the little brood would fall fast asleep while I would be left to sit through the weary hours of silence, frightened at the least unfamiliar sound and often going to the window to peer out into the darkness crying from sheer loneliness and fear, wondering why mother must be away

so much holding "Mothers' Meetings" to teach other mothers how to bring up children. I did not know then that those meetings made her prominent and popular. My lonely little heart wanted the mother love which I never found.

I was an inveterate reader and, when quite young, read everything I could lay my hands on, from "Mother Goose" to histories in which I reveled; on through theologies, ending up with Law's "Serious Call to a Holy Life," which I found one day in father's library. It was my one joy, and, if I could not be found, mother always said, "O, she is off somewhere reading," for I often took my books and hid away to read instead of playing like other children.

I never remember a happy childhood, and used to think I must have been an old woman when I was born. Mother began early to prejudice us children against our father, causing us to believe that she was a greatly abused woman. In this way father lived a most misunderstood life even with his children, and not till we were grown and saw things for ourselves did we begin to understand the heroism of his silent, suffering spirit. The atmosphere of our home was that of constant complaint and faultfinding upon the part of mother. Nothing ever pleased her unless she was surrounded with admiring friends, into whose ears she did not scruple to pour tales of her unhappy married life, laying all the blame upon father, causing him to be looked upon with coldness and suspicion, which he quietly bore without a word of explanation. Instead of being trained to respect father we were often sent by mother to reprove him over some supposed neglect. He would only say, "Dear child, you do not know what you are talking about," but would utter no complaint. Such was our early home atmosphere.

The world I knew and loved was in books, and I soon became a veritable hero-worshipper. The men of whom I read who did great things for their country, or took part in tremendous issues, were real heroes to me, and fired my imagination and set me longing for something worth living for. I never dreamed the people about me were made of the same flesh and blood, and that there is many a heroic, self-sacrificing life of which the public never hears. As a growing girl I became ambitious for mere *earthly* greatness and *earthly* goodness.

As father was a pastor, I thought I ought to be religious, and

he sometimes talked to me about my soul. But religion, as I understood it, meant joining the church, praying and speaking in prayer-meeting, and refraining from many places and things which I wanted. That I should have been so ignorant of the real life of Christianity proves how little the natural heart understands spiritual truth. Then the shut up lives we had led prevented my speaking of any real heart-need which I often keenly felt. A few years later I joined the church through principle, without a change of heart or any real experience. The fear that my remaining out of the church would reflect upon my father also influenced me. I had lived a perfectly moral life except that I was impetuous and wholly uncontrolled. Still, I was cordially accepted as a young Christian by the membership. If any had doubts of my being a suitable candidate for church membership I never heard of them. Now and then my conscience troubled me, and I longed for something real, but it was soon stifled by study, and ambition, and plans.

HOME FROM WHICH WE WERE CALLED

CHAPTER II.

Death of Brother. Conversion of a Younger Brother. My Own Conversion and Call to a Life of Faith.

OUR first great grief was the sudden death of my older brother Charles, who was instantly killed in a railroad accident. He was married and had been saved in early boyhood. His wife told us that for some months before the accident which terminated his life, God had been stirring him up spiritually, causing him to become much more earnest and active. So we have every reason to believe he died saved. This sudden death was the means used in the hands of God to convict and bring my only remaining brother, William, to Christ.

How marvellously God often works in His wonderful love of souls, dealing in a way that may seem hard at the time, spoiling their plans, upsetting the nest to throw them out upon Himself. Such was His treatment of me. Had He not interfered, in permitting at this time a great trial to enter my life which I thought unbearable, I fear I should never have come to Him. All my prospects seemed wrecked, and a wall thrown across my path which would forever hinder all progress in lines that I had planned.

For a year I fought against God, with a fierce, unbroken will, rebelling against His power that had allowed so bitter a thing to enter my life as an unhappy marriage after all I had seen of this in my childhood's home.

I forgot that I had never consulted God as to this marriage, but had walked wholly in my own wisdom in the matter. For a

year my heart went on in its stubborn hardness, while pride sealed my lips. I never allowed my condition to be referred to but suffered bitterly within.

Young, not twenty, unacquainted with the real life of the world, I had married Prof. W. A. Dawson, a man many years my senior. He was a college man, the Principal of a Seminary, one whom I had idealized like those I had known in books, but, alas, whom I found cruel, mean, and selfish, and after a year of almost brutal treatment I was forced to return to my father's house. To leave one's husband, or to have a living husband somewhere apart from one seemed to me the very depth of humiliation and abasement. I could not be reconciled to it, or to God who permitted it, when, as I thought, He could have hindered it.

While in this state of mind I was asked to attend a lecture on the subject of the "Woman's Crusade" of Ohio, the beginning of what eventuated in the "Woman's Christian Temperance Union." I sat with little or no interest till the lecturer described the mighty power of Christ on those women who went into saloons and knelt upon sawdust floors and prayed; knelt on sidewalks and prayed and sang as if only in the presence of the living God. I knew they could not have done it of themselves, and for the first time in my life I saw the power of Christ to transform and lift one out of the natural, enabling one to do what was impossible to nature. It siezed and held me in a grip such as I had never known. I lost sight of the temperance phase of the question, I only saw Christ as I had never seen or thought of Him. On the way home I kept saying to myself, "Oh, this is what I have wanted all my life, but I did not know it."

As soon as I reached home I went directly to my room, and before I knew it found myself on the floor by my bedside, all my heart crying out after God Himself. I forgot I was a poor rebellious sinner, I was simply—conscious of an empty, hungry heart that wanted Christ to come in more than it had ever wanted anything else in its life. All my being cried out for Him. Wesley's hymn, "Thou, O Christ, art all I want!", fully expressed its irrepressible longing. How long I lay there I knew not but later found myself sitting up on the floor, while happy tears coursed down my face. He had come into my poor heart, that much I knew, and I was full of joy. All hardness was gone, my heart

seemed melted within me at His goodness, and the will of God seemed the sweetest thing in all the world. At last I had found God and He had found me.

As the days went on the first truth that forced itself upon me was that Christ, my Lord and Saviour, had come into my heart, but that I was not in the least like Him. I was far from being "meek and lowly," I had no "Lamb" Spirit, I knew not the brokenness and yieldedness that characterized His life.

I had read the Bible but little, but that little left the impression upon my mind of His gentleness, His unselfishness, His love going out to the poor and needy ones all about Him. I had never been particularly interested in poor and humble people. I had admired intellectual brilliancy, people who could do things, mere human greatness and power. I read one day, "Comfort the feeble minded, support the weak, be patient toward all men, lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees." "Oh!" I exclaimed, "what a terrible religion this is, why, one can never live it." I read on, "Let all bitterness and wrath, and anger, and clamour and evil speaking be put away from you, (and I so impatient with my own faults and other people's), with all malice; and be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." Eph. 4: 31, 32. Everywhere I read I saw a photograph, not a line of which seemed to resemble my own nature. I read of the humiliation of Jesus in the incarnation (Phil. 2: 6-8). "Let this mind be in you," it said. What! I to be as self-emptied as He, self-limited to the will of another, absolutely obedient, going down, down, to a shameful death, even the death of the cross?

"If any man will come after me, let him deny *himself*, (not things, but his own life,) and take up his cross daily and follow me." Luke 9: 23.

So I must go to the cross too, my life must go down, I must suffer loss of reputation, bear reproach like my Lord. I did not know how it could ever be done. How could I change my nature to be like Christ, how could I make myself willing to suffer? I knew I was saved and born again by the Spirit, but saw only Jesus, our Substitute, on the cross paying the penalty of my guilt and sin, but knew not that Christ, in His risen life, His all conquering life, must be substituted for my poor human efforts toward Christly living.

Before my coming to Jesus I had no very intense conviction for sin, but now the sight of my unlikeness to Him, my unworthiness, my utter inability to change myself appalled me. I repented in dust and ashes, I hated every evil temper, every thing that was unlike Him. I cried to God for help almost constantly. I found myself in the seventh of Romans without understanding the theory of it, but how could I escape from this "O, wretched man that I am!" aspect of things, I knew not. It all seemed as high as the heavens above me and as distant. I knew not the way of faith. I went to people in the church for advice, one told me to *do* this, and another, to *do* that. It was all *do, do,* but that was the trouble, I could not *do,* all I did seemed to leave me weak and miserable as ever.

"Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?"

"A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a *corrupt tree* bring forth *good fruit.*"

The new nature was in me, but I was expecting the life of fallen Adam to bring forth Christ likeness through my poor efforts. I attended the prayer-meetings, praying and testifying, telling out my heart's need with such intensity of spirit as to arouse the members of the church who had become quite stereotyped in their worship. They made an honest endeavor to help me, but without avail. So I went on in the wearisome and impossible task of trying to be Christ-like, depending upon Jesus to supplement my own efforts, a work which He will never do. He is not a *supplement to human effort,* but a perfect Saviour to do all the saving, sanctifying and keeping that ever needs to be done. We are simply to be fully yielded and trustful to His mighty working. Alas! I saw nothing of this. I was seeking holiness of heart as an "it" a blessing to be found and lost, an experience to be enjoyed and rested in, instead of a Person to live His own blessed life out in me, hour by hour through all the coming years. Of course, I failed, and discouraged with my fruitless efforts lapsed into worldliness.

Several years passed, I was a church member, a Sunday-school teacher, yet with so little vital relation with my Lord, I had so little life or power in spiritual things, yet was always longing after God as a divine reality in the life. Father feeling no longer able to continue the duties of the regular pastorate re-

moved to Rochester, N. Y., which city has since been our home.

I had never seen my husband from the time we parted. He went on from bad to worse, till it was suggested that I obtain a divorce. This I proceeded to do, thus being released legally and fully from a marriage that had brought only sorrow. Eight years from the time of this separation I was married to Dr. C. W. Baker, a Methodist minister's son, a rising physician with a good practice in our city. I was soon settled in my new home with bright prospects as far as this world was concerned.

In those days I did not look upon the question of divorce as now. While the divorce which I had obtained permitted me to marry again, yet as I look at it now I should never have married while I had a living husband. The church is too silent upon these subjects when she should speak with no uncertain sound. She should frown upon "being unequally yoked together with unbelievers." (2 Cor. 6: 14) in the first place, and remarriage, while one husband is living, even though the divorce is obtained upon Scriptural grounds. I know many take a more lenient view of this subject, and I would not wish to place any soul under bondage in the matter. I only walked then in what little light I had which was according to general usage.

A few years later my first husband died, saved at the very last as I have every reason to believe.

I was again in danger of being swallowed up with worldly ambition, content to live the merely earthly life with little of God in it. About this time the dear Lord, by a series of providential trials, greatly quickened my desire to give myself fully to Him. Up to my light I made a full consecration of all into His blessed hands that His own purposes might be accomplished in me. The Lord met me with a settled rest and peace beyond any former experience, and I realized that He had sanctified me unto Himself.

Muller's "Life of Trust" fell into my hands, which I read eagerly. Many times I laid it down determined never to finish it, for there had come over me a dread lest I should be called to walk in a similar way. I would soon go back to it but always with this fear remaining, notwithstanding my reluctance to entertain it. Often I would find myself praying this before I knew it, "Lord, send thousands and thousands of dollars through my hands for Your kingdom." The prayer surprised me, but many

times I would pray it without seeming volition on my part. It was a prayer of the Holy Spirit and was prophetic.

Feeling still the lack of power, all the time that could be spared from duties was spent in prayer beseeching God to fill me with the Holy Spirit. One day when my heart was specially burdened and every breath a prayer, I suddenly became conscious that Jesus was standing near me. I did not see Him but knew I was directly in His presence. I was not afraid but filled with wonder and a strange gladness, and then He spoke. It was the first time in my life that I had ever really heard His voice. I had been led in many ways before, which I knew was His guidance, but never by His voice. This was not addressed to my outer ear but to my inner consciousness. He said, "Will you trust Me as your Physician for the rest of your life?" I was a half invalid with no constitution or vitality to meet life's duties. I had been a delicate child whom friends never expected to see reach womanhood, and while I had the best of medical care and treatment yet it could not supply nature's lack of strength and vital force.

I had never been taught that Jesus could or would heal in these days, so I was greatly startled by this question. I knew not how to answer having so little knowledge of the way of faith, but finally said, "Lord, if You will show me how to trust I will."

This answer seemed to satisfy Him, and then He asked, "Will you trust Me for every dollar and cent that you will need the rest of your life?"

At once my spirit shrank back with real alarm as I said, "O! I cannot do it," I had a deep sense that He would not accept this answer but stood still waiting. At last I said tremblingly, "Lord, I will never take a backward step if I know it. If Thou canst ever bring me where I can trust for money, I am willing to be brought."

This seemed to satisfy the Lord. It was the surrender of my will to live, by His grace, the faith life of which I had been so fearful.

Then He asked, "Will you go into pulpits and preach for Me?" I had a great aversion to women in a pulpit. I had always felt that they were out of place, and that the many other spheres of usefulness in home, schools and church were quite sufficient, but now the Lord was asking me to do the thing I had so disliked in others.

"O, I cannot, I cannot," I cried. But the Spirit was unmoved by my human logic, and again repeated the same question, "Will you go into pulpits and preach for Me?" the emphasis upon *"for Me."*

I should be so glad to do some service for my Master, but *this,* how could I? Long He waited, standing there while the struggle went on in my soul. Prejudice, pride, cowardice, everything held me back, while the strong desire to be of some little use to Him drew me toward obedience. I cried to Him to help me, and at last grew still. "Lord," I said with tears, "if You can ever bring me where You can use me in speaking for Thee, I am willing to be brought."

One question more, "Will you put your hand in Mine, and go out alone with me in the dark not knowing where you are going?" I had a sense He did not expect me to answer this question knowing it was beyond my power at that time, but gave it me for future consideration.

Then He was gone, and I sat facing an entirely new prospect in life, sat with fear and trembling, yet with a sense of the reality of dealing with God such as I had so longed to know. Not long after this on the first day of the new year, as I turned to the roll of texts upon the wall in my own room, I found the text for the new day to be, "If riches increase set not your heart upon them." "I shall never need that text," I said to myself. At once I was arrested by the presence of the Lord as before, when He said, "How do you know that you will never need that text?"

So awed was I by His presence that I sat down, and then in vision I saw large buildings, several of them, and a little church. I knew they belonged to a work which was to be in my charge, one was a Faith Home, another a church, but I could not tell what the other buildings were for. "Why, Lord," I said, "that will cost $50,000 and more." He only smiled as He said, "Yes, but I will give it to you if you will trust Me for it."

Then the vision faded, and the conscious Presence of the Lord was gone, but the certainty of a large work on faith lines remained. I told no one of the vision or the call, but kept it in my heart, leaving God to work it out.

[**"Soon after this call to a faith-life God gave our sister very practical lessons, one of which was to learn how to trust God for healing of disease.**

Mrs. Baker was at this time taken through the experience she has related in her tract, published by us, 'My Saviour and Healer,' which appears in the Appendix, under this caption. The following bit of experience followed shortly after her healing. S. A. D.].

Healing Through the Word.

MRS. E. V. BAKER.

"But the anointing which ye have received of Him abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you; but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and is truth, and is no lie, even as it has taught you, ye shall abide in Him." 1 John 2: 27.

"Howbeit when He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth." John 16: 13.

The above Scripture was made life after my healing.

I had been led by the Holy Spirit alone, to see healing for the body, as I lay dying; no person ever having taught me a word upon the subject. We had always been very conservative and greatly opposed to anything like fanaticism, hence never looked into the subject at all, settling the whole thing as fanatical without investigation.

But as I lay so sick, and all the physicians had exhausted their skill and given me up to die, the blessed Holy Spirit stepped in and showed me my privilege in Christ, to health through faith in Him alone. As I thus trusted myself to Him I was instantly and perfectly healed. This came like a revelation from heaven, of a new privilege belonging to the Christian, and my heart rejoiced in being able to go to His sick children with this blessed message of deliverance through Christ alone. I had walked about six months in my new found health, and had seen others raised up in answer to prayer, when I saw a notice in the daily paper that the pastor of one of the largest churches in the city would speak on the subject of "Divine Healing," on Sunday evening. Eager to hear anything to increase my faith or give any further light on the subject, I concluded to go and hear him.

Instead of speaking favorably he denounced the whole thing as the worst kind of fanaticism, and said there was not a promise between the lids of the Bible for healing without the use of means, meaning drugs and doctors.

He admitted that occasionally one was healed in answer to prayer but it must be an inspired prayer and some special case, raised up for some unusual work.

As I listened the enemy was busy suggesting that it was the height of egotism for one to pretend to know more about the Bible than a Doctor of Divinity, who had gone through a Theological Seminary, etc., etc.

In those days, knowing little of the Word of God myself, I had great regard for the authority of a Theological Seminary.

Satan upbraided me with the folly of thinking that healing was for other than a favored few, and that I should never for a moment think of praying with the sick for their recovery, but leave them in the tender hands of physicians to use the God-appointed way of drugs, etc., etc. I was, of course, one of the special cases. As I listened, my faith began to give way and great darkness settled down upon my soul. All the blessing of seeing others helped was slipping away, and I almost felt that I hardly cared whether I was healed or not, if I could not bring the same deliverance to others of God's suffering children. I seemed confused and unable to hold to anything. As I walked down the aisle of the church after the service was over, people all about me expressed their approval of the decision of the pastor.

"No fanaticism in that," they unanimously declared. I felt like one walking in a maze, trying to find my way through thick darkness.

By the time I reached home I was shivering with a chill, hot and cold, all at once, head aching and throat beginning to be sore. (My healing had been of a chronic sore throat from which I was dying). To my utter misery of soul came the conviction that the old trouble was coming back. Sick in body, sick at heart, I dared say nothing to those around me lest I should be misunderstood. All night I tossed in a fever, rising in the morning almost too sick to sit up.

How I cried to God for deliverance, but the heavens were brass. God seemed not to pay any attention to my prayers. The day wore on in deepest suffering both of body and soul. As the night drew on I felt that unless help came I should soon be back in the old terrible condition, and all healing gone.

In desperation I threw myself down before the Lord beseech-

ing Him to show me the way out. As I grew still the Spirit said, "Who taught you the way of healing?" I answered, "The Holy Spirit." "Then" He said, "Does Dr. C— know more about the Bible than the Holy Sprit? Are you going to be led by man or by the Spirit?"

I saw in a minute where I had failed when I had cast aside the precious truth taught me by God's own Spirit, for the reasoning of man. I had forgotten that the Spirit had been given to lead us "into all truth," and He could not mislead. I at once acknowledged my sin and humbly implored forgiveness. I had not sensed the terrible thing it was to cast aside the unspeakably blessed privilege of being led by the Holy Spirit, to be led by man's wisdom and mere human reasoning. I confessed it all with tears and shame and contrition, and the darkness fled and peace once more filled my heart.

I did not ask for healing, but began to praise Him that it was all right between us again, and presently the fever left, and all symptoms of sickness were gone and I was rejoicing in the most perfect deliverance for soul and body.

Surely when the Holy Spirit has taught us a truth, we need not that man should teach us. Alas, for the shepherds who fail to feed the flock, and give but stones for bread.

ELIM HOME

CHAPTER III.

Beginning of Christian Work. Great Trials.

SOON after my healing God led me out into distinctly Christian work. I joined the Women's Christian Temperance Union, which organization was quite strong in the city, and began holding evangelistic temperance meetings several nights each week. Sick people came to me for prayer and many were healed. My husband objected to my praying with the sick, I think his professional pride was hurt. While he knew I had been perfectly healed and was a well woman, yet he wanted it to end there.

Then he objected also to my leading public meetings. Not that he, or the home had been neglected in any way, but he had a strange aversion to having his wife do these things. He was a Christian, but his profession had taken so much of his time and thought that he was cold and indifferent to anything but the regular church services. He believed in the church, attended, as far as his practice permitted, the Sunday service, and thought that sufficient.

He was of a social nature and loved worldly entertainments. He wanted his wife to be of a like mind. That I should turn from these things and spend time on sick people praying for their recovery, and over sinners trying to lead them to Christ, was distasteful to him. "Let the ministers do that work, it was their business, not mine," he thought.

The dear man got directly in God's way for me, and God had to take the matter in hand Himself. Through exposure in one of the presidential campaigns in which he was deeply interested he

contracted a cold which settled upon his lungs. At first he considered it but a light thing, and went on with his practice, but he soon found himself unable to attend to his patients. A council of physicians pronounced it quick consumption and advised him to seek a different climate. All this was a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, a crushing blow to us both.

He was not a rich man that he could afford to take years of leisure in travel seeking health. He knew not how to trust the Lord for healing, nor did he wish to, so nothing but a dread future of decline and death seemed before him.

When all this broke over me I was perfectly stunned. I went about like one in a dream till I realized my husband needed me to be bright, brave and cheerful for his sake. I well remember one day when I talked it all over with the Lord and committed each detail to Him, telling Him that I would trust Him no matter what came if He would only carry me through. I seemed to feel that He had come into the room, and I reached my hand out as if to lay it in His, asking Him never to let go of me. It was a real transaction, and at once a courage entered my heart that all the succeeding weary days of seeing my husband's office furniture, medicine cases, horse and carriage, and all relating to his profession sold for so little compared to their value, never made me lose my cheerfulness, or the brave spirit which did so much to uphold and comfort him. Surely it was God upholding me. I seemed to have a perfect faith that He was with me, and that everything would come out right.

The doctor had proposed going as a travelling agent for a New York firm for physicians' and druggists' supplies, and waited the answer to his application with some anxiety. This would let him travel in other states and bring change of climate, which he felt he was quite equal to do. At last he was accepted and preparation for the journey completed. I well remember the morning he was to leave home, and how we went upon our knees together (he had always been too busy for that before) as I commended him to God's loving care, and then he was gone.

I was left alone in a large house which had been leased for five years, three of which still remained. Accordingly I invited my mother and sisters to live with me, they to have charge of the

house while I would board with them. This arrangement left me free for any work to which the Lord might call.

I became the Evangelistic Superintendent of Monroe county in the Women's Christian Temperance Union, while still carrying on the mission meetings in the city. I was asked to many places for Bible Readings and other services, sometimes assisting pastors in revival services in their churches. In order for this I became a close student of the Word of God, constantly receiving an enlarged vision of its scope and power. It became to me a living Book, to be received reverently as the inspired revelation of God to man, authoritative as a guide in spiritual matters; a great reservoir as to its promises and provisions to cover every need for spirit, soul and body.

God meant it to be obeyed and the promises taken at their face value. Unfortunately the new pastor of the church of which I was a member was bitterly opposed to the doctrine of healing of the body through faith in Jesus' power alone, hence from the time I was so wondrously healed I seemed off color in the church, though I seldom referred to the experience. Later when the Sunday School lessons were on the miracles of Christ, and the scholars in the classes of my sister and myself would ask whether Jesus could and did heal today we could but tell them what we believed, for this we were asked to cease such teaching or resign from the school.

Much as we had loved our classes and the church of God, yet we could but be true to what God had shown us, so we resigned as teachers from the Sunday School work, however, attending the church as usual. Mother was a member of the same church, an active worker in the socials and the various methods used to raise money for church purposes. Soon she came to the front, and was President of the Ladies' Aid Society and foremost in everything looking toward the material success of the church.

After father had retired from the active ministry mother seemed to have no further use for him, and made his life so unbearable through constant reproaches and upbraiding that we children advised him to go and live with my younger brother, William, an artist, who had his home in New York City, which he did. This occurred several years before my husband's break-

down, hence father was not in the city when mother came to live with me.

A year later my brother's business necessitated his removal to Chicago. Father could not be prevailed upon to go with him to another strange city, so at his own request remained behind, alone in New York with what brother and I could send him. God made me know it ought not to be like this, but that I should bring him home to live with us. I wrote him and then went to see him. He said he would be so glad to come but he feared unhappiness for us if mother was opposed to it. He would rather remain alone from all his friends till death than to make more trouble for them. It had been the law of his life to sacrifice his own interests for others so was willing to do so to the end. I hastened home to make one more appeal to mother leaving him a poor, broken-down man alone in that great city.

I told mother all the circumstances, and how I felt it my duty to care for father while he lived, but I found her obstinate and unwilling to allow him to come into the home. She was always a woman of an indomitable will and had ruled her husband and children with unspeakable tyranny, till married woman that I was I found it difficult to know what to do. As long as I had lived at home I had never left the house for any reason without first getting her consent and telling her my errand. It seemed impossible for her to conceive that her children could grow up and have personalities for their own, or ever see or act contrary to her ruling. Any difference of opinion about any matter was taken as a personal affront to her, hence our individuality had been so crushed through all our early years that it seemed difficult now to refuse to be ruled by her will even when duty evidently led us otherwise.

My sisters and myself prayed much over the subject. God was pressing us, so at last although I knew what a discordant life it would mean for us, I brought father home.

From the first mother refused to sit at the table with him except when strangers were with us, and after a while even that concession was given up. We always set the plate and chair, but she would not yield her will enough to occupy them.

For seven years she refused to speak to father though in the same house; would instantly leave the room if he was in it, and

would go out the back door if he was where she must pass him in reaching the front door; an active, acceptable member in her church, an active worker in the city mission, a leader of Mothers' meetings, yet behind the scenes so filled with hate and pride, so obstinate and unyielding, though she knew every member of the family was suffering untold anguish and embarrassment and heartbreak over it.

Not only this, but she filled the ears of everyone with whom she came in contact with misrepresentations of husband and children till we all began to feel the changed attitudes of old friends, and at last were asked to leave our church by the pastor because of it—"your domestic trouble," he stated, without asking us a question about the facts. I also saw that if I was to keep silent I must give up my work in the Women's Christian Temperance Union as mother, who was a member also, misrepresented me on account of my agency in bringing father home. My fellow-workers never knew why I left them as I could not explain.

We began to be shut away from all of our old associations and friends. Of course, we left the church as requested by the pastor, and without a church home to which we had been accustomed all our lives, we felt heartbroken. Many times have we seen father walk the floor when church time came while the tears, he could not restrain, coursed down his aged face. It was all so cruel, after giving the best years of his life to the service of the church. We must bear it in silence or right ourselves by exposing mother, which we could not do. Often when we have witnessed her advancement in church circles, and heard her lauded for her religious activities we have been hot with righteous indignation, but the Spirit would whisper, "As a sheep before her shearers is dumb so He opened not His mouth," so we remained dumb. Poor mother lived on human adulation and sympathy, so must win it by the tearful recital of fancied wrongs which never existed, till almost all who had ever known us shunned our approach as if we were under some sort of a ban. We do not blame them, they did not know the truth, so we went our solitary way bearing our cross till He should lift it.

These were days of sharp discipline, of letting our lives go, bearing reproach and shame like our Lord, of learning to be still and suffer in silence. The shadow on the earth side drew us up-

ward more and more. How real God and heaven seemed those lonely days! What depths of heart-breaking anguish, yet what heights of heavenly joy were ours!

Verily poor mother had her reward in the friendship and admiration of the people, while we could only receive ours on the other side when life was over.

But what about my vision of the faith work God had given me? Many times during those dark days I gave it up. How could God use people who had no reputation and were notorious for "abusing their mother?" My faith almost gave way when I looked at appearances, but "things seen" are never the food of faith under any circumstances.

As we walked more closely with the Lord the breach between mother and her family grew wider. Often she had said, "If you want to be so pious, why don't you become deaconesses in the Methodist church, and drop all that unpopular doctrine about healing and the Lord's Second Coming." But truth once seen cannot be laid down without light becoming darkness. (Matt. 6: 23), so we went on in what we believed to be the truth. We never forced our views upon her, but left her to follow her own inclinations.

One day on returning from a little shopping I found mother packing up her things. Upon inquiry I found that she was about to leave us for good, that she had rented a room outside and was removing her things from the house. I could not believe that really our own mother could take such a stand against her family, but here it was. On asking an explanation she said our relations were so uncongenial that she would feel better away. We knew from past experience that argument was useless so we could only let her have her way, and told her to take anything in the house that would make her comfortable. This she did, and by night had gone of her own free-will thus leaving her husband and children forever. Often we wrote inviting her to return but no answer ever came back. I many times dropped her a note asking if I could come and see her, but only silence was the answer, and when I called was refused admittance. We continued to send her little special things to eat whenever we made them for ourselves, and at certain times gifts and money, but no acknowledgment ever came to us. We only heard rumors of bitter things which

she said, and explanations of her peculiar situation, which were never founded upon the facts. Later she removed to an Old Ladies' Home within a few doors of our own home. To the public it seemed as though we had driven our poor mother from home in her old age, and left her as a charity charge upon the benevolence of others, while after we came to live on East Avenue, so near to her place of residence, we again and again wrote inviting her home and offering her the best room in the house. The letters were found after her death. These offers she never recognized, and we made no explanation to the public, but endured the false position thus thrust upon us, as best we could, by His grace.

It was during these days that our only remaining brother died. He had felt called to give up his studio and his beloved art, and go into the Lord's service. We had hoped that he would be with us as the head of the work, and it was an unspeakable blow when he died. Father was aged and could not be with us much longer, and now our much beloved brother was taken—our cup was full. But we were learning to say with Jesus, "The cup that my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" How wonderfully God manifested His presence and power as we passed through this veritable "valley of the shadow of death."

Until my brother's death one of my sisters, Mrs. Work, (who lived in her own home in another part of the city), had rather stood aloof from the work, not approving but looking on questioningly. Nothing but the power of God could take one through such a trial, and for the first time she yielded all to Him and sought His power. As we bowed in prayer together, while waiting the arrival of the precious remains of our loved brother the tender Presence of the Lord became very real to each of us. Our niece, Olivia Work, now Mrs. David Bruce, lay prostrated under the power of the Lord for two hours unable to rise, so heavily did His Presence envelope us. I remember hearing Mrs. Work praying so simply, "Lord, I had only just begun to trust Thee, and now Thou hast not heard our prayers; Thou hast let our brother die, and I shall not know how to go on. I shall not know how to trust Thee unless Thou wilt do something for me," when the power of God fell upon her, and she lay prostrated under it for some time. With it came such a revelation of God in His

love and power to her heart as to quite transform her. During the trying days that followed, so wondrously did the Spirit fill her and hold her above it all, that her presence was like an angel, so calm, so heavenly.

I could never have believed that the Holy Spirit could so fill a human soul that even her presence brought an overwhelming sense of God, till one stood awed before it.

Two of us sisters went to make arrangements for the casket and funeral, and on our return were telling the others what we had done when I saw that Mrs. Work was not listening, while such a glory of God rested upon her as was indescribable.

She handed to us a little Scripture text-book which she had been reading, open to this text: "Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Truly we saw this heavenly joy filling her, and this glory resting upon her, and remaining till after the body of our brother was laid to rest. Since then she has been heart and soul with us in the work, and greatly used of God in intercessory prayer.

My husband's health seemed to improve, so I went to spend the winter with him in Boston, and there attended Dr. A. J. Gordon's church. I heard him deliver a course of sermons on the Pre-Millennial coming of our Lord, a subject which had begun to interest me greatly. They contained such a clear message that I was much helped by them.

Later I went with my husband to Chicago where we lived for about seven years. I found a precious group of God's dear children here who were being led in daily meetings by Miss Elizabeth Sisson. We worked together somewhat, like David and Jonathan for about one year, when she went to California, and I went on with the work. The meetings were for the deepening of spiritual life and for healing of the body.

I remember a lady who came in one morning on crutches, could not stand without them, who rose and asked prayer that God would carry her through a difficult operation which awaited her at the hospital. We talked a little on the subject of healing, and brought forward the Word of the Lord on the subject. She consented to special prayer for her body, and knelt with a little group of friends. She was immediately healed and rose without

her crutches, and walked around the room with perfect ease. She went home without the crutches, a healed woman. Her husband was amazed to see her come in walking and feared for her mind, but she was never more sane, and the next day the husband came with his wife to praise God for her perfect restoration. She had no need of operation or hospital but went on in perfect health.

Much blessing attended the meetings. Many were brought into the light of a full salvation as a present experience, while they trusted a complete Saviour to be all they needed from day to day. The truth of the Holy Spirit's indwelling in every believer was taught, to perform His office work of revealing Christ in all His fulness, guiding into all truth, a true Paraclete, or One called alongside to help, One to whom we could turn in every need, the One to bring us into, and make the spiritual life a reality. "It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing." (John 6: 63).

I shall always remember the precious friends who stood together with me through these years of labor and service.

My husband's health was so improved that he resumed his practice in Chicago instead of returning to Rochester. I often thought of my call to a faith life and wondered how it could be, and sometimes when I would be tempted to think it a delusion of my own mind God would renew it in such a way that I could not doubt. These were real preparation days, development in my spiritual life and experience in public service.

As health returned my husband turned more and more toward his profession and worldly things. His old dislike to my engaging in any service returned. We were boarding at a fine hotel not far from his office, hence I had no work to take up my time. I was careful to refuse meetings that took me from our apartments in the evening. During the day husband was in his office, but evenings I reserved to go with him, or be with him at home. He had become a member of a club, and often remained away till past midnight. His spiritual condition was a heavy burden upon my heart. While kind to me and careful of all my needs, yet he was far removed from any desire to follow his Lord or advance His kingdom.

One day while in conversation he said to me, "I know that God has called you into His service. I have known all the time

since your healing, that you should lead meetings, and should be at liberty to do so, but I did not like it, and have hindered you up to the present time. Now I withdraw all opposition to your work, I give you my full and free consent to any service toward which you may feel led. I want you to know that you have my entire approval, and that I shall never place any hindrance in your way again; but I want you to know also that I take my freedom to live my life after my own choosing, to go where I like, and to do what I like with no hindrance. As I now give you full liberty, I also claim my right to take the same without interference in any way."

I tried to expostulate with him as to such a step, but he replied, "My choice is made and cannot be altered," and from that time the God of his mother, the faith of his father, the religion of earlier days seemed wholly cast aside. His profession, his club, his pleasures, often questionable, outside of his home engrossed his whole attention. We had no words further, but treated each other courteously and kindly whether alone or before others, yet the aim and object of our two lives was opposite as the poles.

DRAWING ROOM, ELIM

CHAPTER IV.

Opening of the Faith Mission. Beginning to Trust for Finances.

I had been in the habit of returning to Rochester each summer for a little vacation, and assisting my sisters in a meeting which they had started some few years before. In November, 1894, the Lord clearly led me to go home, for what I did not know, but expected it would be for a short visit as I had not left Chicago during the summer. I came prepared to remain but a few weeks and return.

When leading the meeting one evening, while testimonies were going on, the Spirit spoke to me saying, "I want you to open a nightly mission in this city, and trust Me for the finances." I was so astonished as nothing was further from my thought; again it was repeated with emphasis, and on our return home that night I talked with my sisters and we prayed over it together.

It would mean renting a room which would do for a mission hall, getting furniture, and the first month's rent. We began to pray for money but none came. A month went by when the Spirit showed me not to wait for sight but go forward. We at once moved out, and rented the lower floor of a brick building on Main street at twenty dollars a month, and engaged the necessary furniture, then money began to come in till we had quite enough, I saw my business was to go forward in obedience when I was perfectly sure of the guidance, then God would follow up with supplies.

The Mission was duly opened on simple gospel lines for the unsaved. I had intended to keep healing of the body in the background, holding strictly to the gospel message to sinners, when God allowed my sister Hattie to meet with a terrible

accident—(if there be such a thing as accident to one who trusts the Lord) as narrated in her tract "Quenched the Violence of Fire."

This occurred on the day of our first meeting to which my sister went and testified to God's healing power, her face bearing witness to the reality of the injury and her remarkable healing.

Healing through faith in Jesus alone was then thrust to the front through no desire of ours. We felt so reproved, and promised God that the full gospel on all lines should be taught in our mission.

Many times during the succeeding years I have seen men who had been wrecked by drink physically as well as spiritually, healed in answer to prayer, made every whit whole, finding Jesus a mighty Healer as well as Saviour, which precious truth greatly broadened their views as to the possibilities of grace.

The New Mission Hall.

A year later we had outgrown our quarters, and were led to seek for a larger room. One day as I was down Main Street I saw a large addition to an old block going up. It was evidently intended for a business block containing a good basement, room for two large stores or shops on the first floor, forty-eight by fifty-five, and three floors above, five stories in all.

A I stood looking at it, the Spirit said, "I want you to rent the first floor and basement for the Mission." I immediately went to the agent, and found the property belonged to a large estate. The agent informed me that the building was designed for commercial purposes and could not be rented for a mission. We went to prayer about it, and the Lord made me know that we should yet rent the building.

Later, I again applied to the agent with the same result. I waited till the building was about finished and went again. This time he told me that they were about to tear down another property of the estate, and would put the tenants into the new building. Almost before I knew it, I said, "You will never rent that building to any one but me," and was almost shocked at what I had said though I had a deep conviction that it was true. The agent smiled and said, "That is not business," and I went away.

One day I saw the other building coming down, and upon going over to the new one saw that not one of the old tenants had gone into it.

After much prayer I felt led to go directly to the owners themselves. I laid my plan before them, and after a deliberation of a few days was told that we could have it subject to removal in the spring (this was in July) as a business firm wanted it then. I at once closed the bargain knowing that the Lord could keep us in it as long as He wished.

When a lease was brought forward for me to sign, one of the owners said, "Mrs. Baker, we are in the habit of having good security on our leases." I replied that I could ask no one to sign the lease with me, that I had no property or anything to satisfy any indebtedness should it occur, but that I believed the Lord had sent me and would stand back of the need. "We are not in the habit of doing business this way," they replied, "but we will let you have it with only your own name." "Praise the Lord," I said, "it is in answer to prayer that you do this," and they looked as if they thought so too, as it was quite a new departure for them to do business in this fashion.

God kept us in that building for over eight years. The large room on the first floor gave us a capacity of three hundred for our mission meetings. It was beautifully lighted and fitted in every way for our work. This room and basement was fifty dollars a month, quite an undertaking for us so new in the way of faith for money.

I remember the week we were to remove to the new hall going into the old mission, and there taking of the Lord one hundred and fifty dollars, this sum to cover improvements which we needed, fifty more chairs, and the first month's rent. I knew I had received it from the Lord by faith, and supposed it would come by Saturday as we were to open the large hall on Sunday, Saturday came but no money. A furniture delivery wagon drove up and unloaded six chairs for the platform but no more. We did not know till some time later who sent them, but knew then that the dear Lord was behind the kind donor.

Sunday came and the crowds began to pour in till the place was full and many standing. I wondered why God had not answered and supplied the fifty chairs I had taken of Him, when

presently a gentleman offered to bring over a number which he owned from a near-by block. At last the people were seated, and God owned and blessed the service greatly. The service over, we counted the chairs, which with the six on the platform, made fifty. Thus God had them there in time as He knew they were only round the corner within a block. These we purchased at a price far below their value by the kindness of the donor.

We took no collections, but had free-will offering boxes near the door. The offering that day amounted to but little. On Monday I was leading family prayers, reading Psalm 145, when I came to the nineteenth verse, "He will fulfill the desire of them that fear him," the Spirit came upon me and gave me such a revelation of the faithfulness and willingness of God, and that every desire that had risen in one's soul for the glory of God, He somehow would fulfill. I broke out in praise and felt as rich as if I had owned all Rochester.

After prayers I went into the hall for the mail which had come, and there lay a foreign letter containing a check for five hundred dollars, the largest we had ever received up to that time. I had only asked for one hundred and fifty dollars, but here was the Scripture measure, "Pressed down, shaken together, and running over." (Luke 6:38). We were filled with joy and praise to our faithful God. It came as His direct approval upon the largest expenses which we had thus far undertaken.

We do not think it wrong to take collections, but the Lord told *us* not to do so. He said, "Trust Me." It may be right for others, but He wanted us to trust Him for everything. God does not run us all in the same mould. The real bond-slave finds out the will of God for him and obeys it. He is not looking for an escape at the end of a certain number of years, but he is in for life. He gets the details from God, and when he does that he can call upon Him for all needed supplies.

HARRIET M. DUNCAN

CHAPTER V.

By Hattie M. Duncan.

My Salvation, and Remarkable Healing.

I was next to the youngest child born into the family of which you have been reading. I was always a very silent, reserved child, and, when at the age of four years, I met with an accident in which I lost the sight of one of my eyes, it added to my already sensitive nature and shut me more and more up within myself. I was in constant dread of meeting people, since it always caused me to suffer.

From my earliest recollection I attended the church of which my father was the pastor, also Sunday School, prayer-meetings, and class-meetings. I can recall the Sabbath days of my childhood; the quiet, holy atmosphere which seemed to pervade the very air deeply impressed my childish mind. Our parents were very strict as to Sabbath observance, all play-things were put far beyond our reach, and we were taught to be quiet and reverence the Lord's Day.

When at the age of thirteen years I was converted, it was not from any strong conviction of sin, but because one of my schoolmates came and invited me to "go forward" in a revival service which was being held in the Methodist church.

I gave myself to the Lord the best I knew how, but had no marked conversion or experience. As I grew older and would be in meetings where wonderful testimonies of conversions were related, of knowing the very day, hour and spot when their sins were forgiven, my soul would be in torment, and the enemy would tempt me that I never was saved. For some years I went

this miserable way, which so many have trod, because of lack of being taught the truth; taking feelings and experiences as witness to justification rather than the Word of God.

At last I came to the knowledge of the truth, that I was a sinner and had broken God's law, and the penalty was eternal death. "The soul that sinneth it shall die." Then the glorious gospel of the grace of God dawned upon me, as I found Another had really taken my place, all my sins and liabilities were laid upon Him, and I was fully justified through the offering of Jesus Christ upon the Cross.

"But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath made the iniquity of us all to meet on him." Isa. 53: 5, 6.

"For *all* have sinned, and come short of the glory of God; Being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time his righteousness: that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." Rom. 3: 23-26.

Now my soul entered into rest from doubts, fear and uncertainty as I believed that the precious Blood which was poured out on Calvary covered all my sins, and granted me full and complete pardon. Wonderful as that was as regards my past sins, it included all the future days also.

"And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. My Father which gave them me is greater than all, and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand." John 10: 28, 29.

From that day I have never been tempted to doubt my salvation. It is wonderful beyond our comprehension that He, the sinless One, should be made sin for us, that we might become the righteous ones in Him.

"Bless God, Hallelujah! forever and ever,
All glory to Jesus the Lamb;
Bless God for the wonderful gift of salvation,
Redemption through the Blood of the Lamb."

About this time we moved to Rochester, N. Y. This was the first time I had ever lived in a city, and just at the age when the

world with all its attractions began to appeal to me. I did not grow in grace, but like the mass of Christians today, was a church member, with my heart in the world. But God who is faithful had to send sorrow and afflictions to drive me into Him. One of the means He used was to take my sister, Mrs. Baker, down to death's door, and her marvellous healing was really the beginning of my turning to seek Him. As God began to lead her out into a consecrated life, I thought she was getting too pious and did not want that kind of religion. But the hand of God kept pressing more and more heavily, and disappointment and sorrow at last won the victory over my perverse nature, and I was ready to listen.

As the Spirit taught her she would talk to us sisters, and I do praise God He did give me a heart to desire all He had for me. It meant separation from friends, and many things which had held me; but He gave the grace to walk in the path He was showing us. As the light was turned upon His Word and we began to see the truths of Healing, Baptism, the Pre-millennial Coming of the Lord, and began to stand for them, we felt the cold shoulder turned to us, and were eventually obliged to leave the church.

We had been brought up in the church—I shall never forget those Sundays after we had come out; there was no place to go where the truths which the Spirit had been revealing to us were taught, and I have walked the floor and cried from such a sense of loneliness, feeling so outside the camp. Does it not reveal how much the church and the custom of attending religious services really takes the place of true worship and devotion to the Lord Himself?

The call had come to leave all and follow Him, to live by faith, trusting Him alone. Again I do want to thank Him He made me willing, and I do not remember feeling the least drawing back in my spirit.

At this time the light came to me as to trusting the Holy Spirit as a Person to take control and become the power within to cause me to walk with the Lord. It was the time of the death of my dear brother, of which you have read. I began seeking the Holy Spirit, and now I had such a revelation of myself, the old fallen nature with all its corruption and unlikeness to the Lord

Jesus, that it seemed to me as if I had never been saved, and I was almost in despair.

While in this condition my sister, Mrs. Fell, and I attended a religious Convention. One of the dear workers was praying with us, and he asked us what we wanted him to pray for, and I said, "that we might receive the Holy Spirit." He laid his hands upon our heads, and as he prayed with me I felt something like an electric shock go all through my being, and I knew the Comforter had come to take possession. From that time there was a marked change in my experience, and the Lord began to use me more in His service.

A little later as we stepped out in a real faith life, trusting God for our finances, we laid it before our mother, telling her God was asking us to go that way and we dare not refuse; we told her we would have one common purse to which all the family could go for the supplying of the needs. She utterly refused to walk that way and dropped the supervision of the household entirely, and so it devolved upon me to take charge of the management of the home. I had never had any experience on these lines, and I will say to the glory of God, He most wonderfully became my wisdom, and although under mother's regime we seemed always to be in debt, now all bills were met with less money coming in than before. We found Him the same Lord who multiplied the loaves and fishes. Once having no money to purchase coal, in answer to prayer, the furnace fire showed no perceptible difference, giving out as much heat as if replenished as usual, though no coal was added from Friday night till Monday morning when we were able to buy another ton. The furnace was not touched during those two days and three nights, but warmed the house comfortably though it was cold winter weather.

At the death of my brother I became very hard and rebellious, feeling we had believed and trusted, and God had not met us. For months I could not pray or read my Bible. It seemed folly to trust God for healing as the enemy would say to me, "Didn't He let your brother die?"

While in this spirit of unbelief I had something come upon me like lock-jaw which caused me excruciating pain. I did not dare go to a physician, but was not able to trust for healing. I put hot applications on my face, but God would not let anything

relieve the pain. One day in the midst of my suffering, the Spirit came upon Mrs. Fell, and she severely rebuked my unbelief and made me feel the awful danger of the place I was in. As I turned quickly to the Lord and asked His forgiveness, and told Him I would trust Him again, He immediately healed me, and also forgave the hardness of heart and rebellion. God made me feel He knew the trial had been too great for me, but if I had only trusted Him He would have carried me through victoriously. The Spirit did not reprove me, but tenderly restored me again to His presence.

A little later as God led us to open the Mission, He enabled me to trust Him in a very real way through an accident which He permitted to come to me.

On Sunday, January 13th, 1895, we were to hold our first meeting in our new Mission Hall, opened that day for the first time. That noon as I was preparing our dinner at home and was taking a kettle of boiling chicken gravy from the range, it slipped from my hand to the floor, I never can understand how, and the boiling hot contents were thrown into my face, completely covering it from my eyes down, filling one ear until it run out again in little streams. My upper lip must have been cooked through. For a week it was so stiff it could not be moved with the muscles of my face. As I stood there, almost dazed by the dreadful blow, I just sent up the one agonized cry, "Jesus!" and my dear sisters gathered about me and laid their hands on my head, and we called upon the Lord to stop the awful pain and heal the burn. It was but a few moments when I burst out in praise to God; for a moment only was I conscious of pain and yet did not suffer.

It came to me what is said of some of the martyrs who were burned at the stake, that they did not feel the fire; and so with me, I was lifted out of it and flooded with such love to Jesus, my whole being so united to Him, I felt I was indeed honored to be the chosen instrument to show forth His power and glory.

Some who read this may not understand, but I do not believe there are accidents or happenings to God's trusting ones, and in this I felt it was a direct blow from the hand of Satan. But, oh! how wonderfully I was enfolded by the everlasting arms and held so closely that it was inexpressible joy to my heart. This occurred at one o'clock. I felt the dear Lord would have me go to the

meeting at half-past two, as I was the organist. I confess it required some courage as well as faith to go out with my face in that terrible condition, as the day was one of the coldest and stormiest we had had that winter. Every nerve was quivering with the shock, though the pain had all been taken away. I washed my face from the gravy that still covered it and prepared to go. It seemed as though from the first cry to Jesus I WAS HEALED; there was no agony of pain, my precious Lord had indeed borne it all away. I did not have a single temptation to use any remedy; I did nothing, not even covering my face with a cloth to keep it from the air. The word came to me, "Thy name is as ointment poured forth," and I just laid the Name of Jesus on my poor burned face, and it was all that was needed. I only put on a thick veil, and God did not let me feel a touch of the cold wintry air upon the burned surface. I played the organ and sang as usual during the two hours' services, and gave my testimony to the glory of God, and great blessing fell upon the people as they listened, for indeed a "notable miracle had been done in our midst."

One of the wonderful things about it was by this time my face was covered with great blisters which immediately began to break, and drops of water continually ran down my face. So perfect had been the deliverance from suffering that we would never have realized how deep the burn had been, had not my face swollen to double its size the next morning. I could hardly see, the bridge of my nose had disappeared, it being swollen even across my eyes. We just took this to the Lord and asked Him to remove the swelling, and it began to disappear immediately. My face was not even sore, and I did not have one particle of pain in it from the first touch of healing. So rapid was the healing that one week from the occurrence the skin was all coming off. I believe had it not been for the wonderful touch God gave me I should have been marred for life. How it brought to me as never before, "His visage was so marred more than any man's," and it was for me, for you. I entered into the sufferings of Christ in redeeming a lost world as never before, and my heart said, Let the Lord alone be exalted—to Him be the praise and glory.

"How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;

It soothes his SORROWS, heals his WOUNDS,
And drives away his fear.

" Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury filled
With boundless stores of grace."

Within two weeks my face had healed without a scar or mark upon it, though a physician (a specialist in our city) who saw me said I would be marred for life. Instead of that my face looked as fair and smooth as a little child's, literally fulfilling the word, "His flesh shall be fresher than a child's." Job 33: 25. I was kept out of the Mission only two nights. Though my face was a terrible object to see, yet so far as pain or suffering or soreness, there was none, and I went on with my work as usual. God has greatly blessed the account of this His own precious work of healing to the encouragement of many of His dear children who needed to trust Him for their bodies. Numbers have been healed, one from the very verge of the grave. The suffering was so little compared to the blessing which had followed that I can never cease to thank Him for it all.

And thus He lead me on to trust Him more fully, healing me many times, giving victories, and yet in the course of the years so much of defeat and failure, feeling the need of something more in my life, I did not know what.

When I heard of the Pentecostal Baptism, I began seeking. From the time I first heard of it I had a sense it meant a deeper death than I had ever known, and found myself drawing back in fear, but God graciously met me. I remember the day I received my baptism; several were prostrated under the power of God, and they were singing in the Spirit such harmonies as I had never heard on earth, ascribing to Jesus g l o r y, h o n o r, m a j e s t y and p o w e r, when suddenly there came over me such an overwhelming sense that I had never loved the Lord Jesus in any way worthy of Him. The thought seemed to break my heart, and I burst into tears and was prostrated under the mighty hand of God.

As I lay there upon the floor, I seemed to see in vision another body like myself lying beside me, and as if I had been taken out of the old self and put into this other body. The Spirit

said to me, "You have been trying to have faith for impossible things, to love God with all your heart, and you never can do it if you tried until the end of your life."

The old creation could not produce the fruit of the Spirit, but in the other body in which I seemed to be all this would be as easy as breathing, for the Spirit showed me He was the life of the new creation. He in me could love God supremely, He would be the faith I needed, and the power to cause me to walk pleasing to God until life would be a joy without effort or struggle. The Spirit said to me, "Ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you." Rom. 8:9.

It was wonderful, and for some months I walked in such freedom and joy as I had never known. The Spirit spoke through me in an unknown tongue, and sang, and I found I could sing alto, something I had never been able to do before my baptism.

I thought the work was all done in me, when to my amazement I found myself in the flesh again, and was brought to great confusion. But one day the Spirit showed me that on the day of my baptism He had revealed to me the truth, and He had now taken control to bring me altogether out of the old creation into the new; the way was through death to the natural, hence the "needs be" of the humiliating failures, that I might see and hate everything which proceeded from the old self-life, and consent to have it all go to the cross for death that I might live in the Spirit.

He has since taken me down into deeper deaths, stripping me of all my possessions, until I can truly say, "Apart from Him I can do NOTHING."

"Long only that He make you bare and empty—
Take all that is thine own,
Thy prowess, and thy strength, and thine endeavor, and
Leave thee God alone."

MR. AND MRS. O. R. HUBBELL
AND FIRST-BORN, OLIVER DUNCAN HUBBELL

CHAPTER VI.

Opening of Elim Home. Trials and Faith.

SOON the Spirit began to press us to open a Home where those seeking healing of body could come and learn the way to trust, and be surrounded with an atmosphere of faith, where tired missionaries and Christian workers could for a time find rest for soul and body. It was to be called "Elim Faith Home."

" This rest-home by the way,
I need not call it 'home,'
'Tis but Thy guest-house, night and day,
Where pilgrims go and come.

For it is Thine, not mine,
And therefore is no care,
Yet I must do my best with Thine
To make it bright and fair.

To make it bright and sweet
For Thee and Thine alway,
A resting-place for weary feet
To speed them on Thy way."

Accordingly we rented a suitable house and began the work April 1st, 1895, two months and a half after the opening of the Mission. It meant larger responsibilities in every way, and we were but babes in this new life of trust for everything.

We had many lessons to learn, one of which was, never to attempt to follow another's leading, however worthy, but to look alone to God for individual guidance. I had read the "Life of Trust," by Geo. Muller, and took him to be the pattern of the

way God would work for all time. The Lord had to break up our preconceived opinions to bring us where, if He chose, He could work in any new way without hindrance.

The first month brought only one-half the amount needed for rent, and I was obliged to go to our landlady, who was not a Christian, with that small amount. You can imagine the trial when we were never to go in debt.

Then the rent fell behind for three months. We prayed, fasted, examined ourselves, did everything possible to ascertain the reason why God had not responded to our need, but no light came, and the trial went on. We were obliged to stand in meetings constantly and talk about trusting God, and His faithfulness, while this trial, this seeming inexplicable mystery lay heavily upon our hearts. Then a cheque was given which more than covered the full amount.

Next the rent fell behind for six months. We could not get hold of one dollar to apply on it, We thought it over from almost every possible standpoint till our brain was sore, we prayed as before, tried to "take," searched ourselves, humbled ourselves, broke into God's hands the best we knew how, were willing to close the Home if God should ask it, still no relief came.

We had read that Mr. Muller never ran in debt, other faith works never ran in debt, so their leaders said. What was the matter? The only way to avoid the increase of debt was to close the work. As we thought of this we felt so restrained, we dare not do it. We could not help ourselves, so the debt went on increasing.

What agony of soul we endured, what anguish of mind. A month before the year's lease expired the landlady sent for me and said, "I really believe, Mrs. Baker, you intend leaving my house without paying the rent."

Can you imagine how I felt when I would rather starve than do such a thing. I replied, "On the contrary, I want the house another year, but cannot ask you for it under the circumstances." I had told her that we trusted God and He would supply all our needs, and when they were not met, had said that God was true and that it was right to trust Him, but that we had evidently not learned how to trust aright.

"Well," she said, "you can have the house if you can secure the rent," so I went home and sat down before the Lord in my room. I could not pray, I had prayed in every way I knew how, I had said everything to God I knew about it, my cup of bitterness was full.

It all seemed such a failure I could only sit still, and dumb, and then broke out into sobbing, dry, choking sobs, from a breaking heart.

If God would only speak and let us know what it all meant. My brain was sore like a bruise, from searching in the dark to find a reason why God did not move.

Presently I found myself saying, "Lord, I do not want to force Thee to pay that rent, or do anything else that Thou dost not want to do, I thought Thou didst want to do it." Somehow I sank down into God till I wanted nothing but His will done, no matter where it left me. Then God spoke to me, and said, "Child, I *do* want to pay that rent, I want all the care of everything. You need not pray so hard, or think so hard, or tug so hard at trusting. Just let Me have it all", and in that moment I saw how really we had carried all the burden and care. We were so anxious to have the work honor God, to have it honest, clean, and on right lines, to have God really meet needs in answer to prayer, that we were all loaded up with a weight of responsibility, and were trying in a sense to *make* God keep His Word, and work on lines already fixed in our mind, called faith, thus putting Him in a wrong light altogether, and so He had to let us go on till the burden nearly crushed us. Then He showed me that we must let Him work in His own way, even if it was different from the way He took with Mr. Muller. He had His plan for us and we must let Him carry it out, just obediently following in the dark and trusting in the dark, even when He led us by ways we could not understand, and in paths over which He might not lead others. How the rest dropped down into my soul. Then He seemed to lay His tender hand upon my poor, tired brain, and all the weariness and soreness left in an instant, and I felt like a glad, happy child, without a care about anything.

Before long everything was settled, and we had taken the house for another year. God often let the rent fall behind but always met it in His own time. We were seldom able to pay by

the month, but our landlady had confidence in us now that she understood, and was satisfied to have it as it was. We left her house at the end of three years with no indebtedness, to go into the present Home, 161 East Avenue. But our notions and ideas as to the *way* God ought to work were considerably modified. Later we noticed recorded in the life of Geo. Muller, by Arthur T. Pierson, that in his 53rd report which extends to May 26th, 1892, it is stated that the expense exceeded the income of $18,000. This heavy debt remained for weeks and months, till relieved by the sale of some ten acres of land in their possession. Also ten years before, the excess of expenses over the income had been $2,440. Thus God had tried even that devoted servant, by allowing an indebtedness quite beyond his power to meet, for months.

Along with the tests of faith had come great blessing, and we felt the need of larger quarters. A Christian friend had contributed the sum of $3,500 toward the purchase of a permanent headquarters for our work.

God began to speak to us about the large property which we now have as being well adapted to the needs of such a work. In the rear of the same lot was a commodious carriage house, which could be used as a printing office for the present at least, thus keeping all the work together. But the price, $35,000, seemed far beyond what we even dared to expect could be put into our hands. It was such a large sum that I said to God, "If that money can be used to better advantage in any other part of Thy vineyard, I will not ask for it," but He assured me that what He would accomplish through the work was far more to Him than that sum of money, and that we could have that property. I never passed the house during the year and a half that elapsed before we came into possession of it, but that God said, "*It is yours.*"

Many times we crossed the street, during that year and a half, to close "our gate," we said, which boys running through the lawn had left open. Persons looking through the house with an object of buying, would often leave the large outer doors to the vestibule open, and we have closed them when passing with a feeling of ownership, for God had said the place was ours.

Once when Mrs. Fell and I were looking through the house, I said, "Nellie, we have never yet prayed in this house," so we

knelt down in the empty dining-room and claimed the money necessary to purchase the property. These words were given my sister with great emphasis, "Ye shall dwell safely under your own vine and fig tree." Little encouragements like this served to keep our faith fresh while we were waiting on the Lord for funds.

About a month before we entered it, while in prayer one day the Spirit said, "Write the owner of that property (a gentleman living in New York City) and make him an offer." I asked to be led as to the kind of offer to make, then wrote the letter. The next day a telegram came saying that the owner was coming to Rochester the next Tuesday and would consider the offer.

Tuesday came but not the gentleman. As the hours wore away my sister, Mrs. Fell, went to her room to pray over it when she seemed to see three gentlemen walking through the empty house discussing with each other plans for remodelling it. Jesus seemed to be walking by their side, and every now and then touching them upon the shoulder, saying, "You cannot do that with this house." Quite late in the afternoon the owner called bringing with him his architect with plans, which he showed me, to change that house into a large apartment building, which, with the proposed addition, would make it cover the whole lot. He said that he had formed a syndicate, and had come up from New York with his attorney and architect to place the matter in the way of immediate execution unless I could make some arrangement that he could accept. He said that these three gentlemen had spent the whole morning in the building looking it over with this intention.

We saw clearly that God had been speaking to us, and had hindered their proposed plans that we might have the house. We were enabled at this time to make a satisfactory arrangement, which placed the property with an encumbrance of large mortgages upon it, into our hands, possession to be given April 1st. The whole thing was so beyond us, so of God, we did not hesitate. Had the Spirit not led me to write the owner on just the day I did, the building would have passed forever beyond our reach. I remember well how I felt at placing ourselves under such an obligation as the mortgages represented, and while praying over it and feeling that I really could not do it, the Spirit said, "My child, I could have had every dollar needed to pay for that pro-

perty here today, but the way I am going to take is greater blessing for you," and "*the way*" was to bring us, helpless women, into that property, with heavy interests to be provided for, and often a threat of fore-closure from the owner of one of the mortgages. to see our little barque apparently driving straight upon the rocks of an awful disaster, and see the dear Lord turn just in time to save us; again and again to meet large amounts on a very short notice, and with no idea of where it could come from, yet see the hand of our faithful God making it all possible from sources we could never have dreamed of; also the way He held men from taking advantage of our helplessness when it was legally in their power to do so.

Sometimes in sore and pressing need for weeks, then relief and freedom from pressure for some time. "Emptied from vessel to vessel," is the story. "To be full and to be hungry, to abound and to suffer need," that the flesh-life may have no room to live or move and the "Lord alone exalted in that day."

We have found that "as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts," true in our case, and that *obedience is the highest faith.* To take any step God commands, however hazardous it may seem from a human standpoint, is faith.

I was a woman without a business education or training, never having had to meet the world on those lines, and was afraid of meeting men who were accustomed to large business interests. I was anything but fearless and aggressive by nature, and God wanted to take this cowardice and fear of man out of me. I must learn that God could hold men back from harming us when He saw fit, and could use them to aid His plans when they never dreamed it, that "the king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water: he turneth it whithersoever he will." (Prov. 21: 1).

A Mr. A— of New York City who held one of the mortgages was noted as a sharp, close business man. When we recognized that we were in his hands we cried mightily to God to protect us, and turn his heart toward us in kindness as he did the keeper of the prison toward Joseph. (Gen. 39: 21.) This prayer was literally answered. He always treated us with kindness and consideration.

In about a year his mortgage was due, but we had no money with which to meet it. Extension of time was asked, and granted. But this extension far exceeded its limits before the debt was paid. Many times when Mr. A. called I had nothing with which to meet his demand. "But when will you have it?", he would ask. I could only reply that I did not know, that God had placed this property in our hands and would never suffer us to defraud anyone. I professed my faith in the promises of God, when often there was everything to contradict such assertions. Satan often taunted me with the situation, that Mr. A. would lose all faith in God whom we professed to serve, that he would not only lose all confidence in my profession, but would resort to legal measures by foreclosing his mortgage and turn us out to the shame of God's kingdom. All this wrung my heart bitterly, and was like a fiery dart against which my faith often wavered and sank to the lowest ebb. Once when we were crying to God for money, He said, "I want to show you My power over men," a lesson so sorely needed.

A faith life as viewed by many only means God giving money when it is needed, but He soon showed us that was not the only lesson necessary to learn. If the debt had been paid immediately we should never have learned how to trust in an "all around" way as these hard circumstances compelled.

For six years we were in this man's power, but he never harmed us in the least, but treated us like a brother. After the indebtedness was cancelled, and he was leaving the house he said to my sister, "Mrs. Fell, I want to say that I have the greatest confidence in your work and your methods." This testimony was such a comfort after the cruel accusations Satan had continually hurled at us during those trying years.

During this time another mortgage of $6,500 came due, which was placed by the owner in his attorney's hands. I had always foolishly connected court room and law with criminals, and now to be summoned to the lawyer's office and find our affairs in his hands for adjustment seemed to place us in such a false light.

This attorney was a brusque, rough man who appeared to think that a woman knew nothing about business, and therefore she should be brushed aside as quickly as possible. Soon God showed me how easily He could manage even such a man, and

made him know that he could not have his own way even when the law was on his side. Again and again he extended the time for payments, though evidently much against his will to do so.

At times as I would be sent for to his office, I have asked the dear Lord to make him kinder in his manner, as I so dreaded dealing with his hard, merciless spirit, and at such times have found him quite changed, treating me with kindness and consideration.

I always told him about the work and our attitude of trust in God for everything, though, as in the former instance, the situation seemed to belie my words. God helped me to be true in an open confession of His faithfulness to these business men who were so unconcerned as to any relation with God.

What marvelous lessons we learned during these trying experiences. I knew that humanly speaking we were in the hands of utterly Godless men, yet to see the wonderful way in which they were held back from using this power to our injury was nothing short of miraculous. When a payment absolutely had to be met God provided the money to meet it. Other more important lessons had to be learned of God's power in a diversity of directions, which money to meet each payment as it became due would have hindered. How marvelous is the wisdom of God, how high His ways above ours. Many friends rebuked us for being in debt, and "owe no man anything" was constantly quoted.

I believe one should never owe another with no intention of payment. At no time did our liabilities exceed our assets, so that no one could have lost by us. The property value more than covered all indebtedness. These mortgages could have been paid at any time by a sale of the property, which often in times of sharp trial we felt tempted to do, but God always rebuked us for our unbelief. As He said to me in the beginning, He could have had all the money to pay for the property in my hands at the first, but the WAY He would take was for our blessing. I have been describing some of the way, and in no other way could the fear of man have been so thoroughly taken away, or faith in a wonder working God filled its place. One other instance ought to be given, as we desire this simple recital to help other tried and tempted souls.

The larger mortgage of $19,000 was held by a large Life

Insurance Corporation in New York. The interest upon this must be paid at all hazards, which our Lord had always enabled us to do, but now another lesson must be learned.

We had seen how God could hold individuals, but here was a great soulless corporation, what about that? There came a time when the interest was coming due and no money in our hands. I wrote the company asking for an extension of thirty days, but was promptly refused. Nevertheless I took the thirty days for I could do no other way, money not having come in with which to meet it. As I prayed, knowing the peril of this neglect, the Lord would say, "I want to show you that I can hold a large Corporation," and He did. In spite of all our prayers, three months went by and no money. Many a note of warning came from the office, but no steps were taken, a thing utterly unknown before by this company. Then the Lord paid it. In these ways our faith grew. We saw God was indeed the God of the whole earth, and nothing was impossible to Him.

That a few women without means and without rich friends to back them should step out and take a $35,000 property with the payment of $3,500 down, the balance in mortgages upon the property, and be able to hold it against such odds, besides carrying on a Mission work and receiving guests in the home, making no charge for entertainment, with the expense of light, fuel, food and clothing, *is not possible* on any *human basis.* Only the hand of a very real God behind it all could account for the success of the project, for success it is. I am writing seventeen years later.

From the beginning of the work God has not permitted us to set a price upon anything, but simply look to Him to supply the needs. Our people in the mission were never spoken to about the finances. They never knew when the rent was paid or how, the same with the coal and light, or any heavy expenses. We feared that we might get our eyes upon man if we shared the financial pressures with them, so carried them alone. One winter, in the midst of our own pressures, from November to April we gave free breakfasts each Sunday morning to about one hundred unemployed men. This added expense met a ready response from the people in food and money so that at the end we had not gone in debt. Surely, "Give, and it shall be given you," was verified in our case. Some 5500 meals were given away at these

breakfasts besides 1500 lodgings. God saved many a soul that winter whom we never could have reached otherwise. Husbands were restored to praying wives, and sons to mothers. Altogether it was a winter of rare blessing, the Spirit making us know that much fruitage we would never see in this life. The precious Word of life and grace was sown, often in tears, and we expect the promised sheaves to lay at the Master's feet.

After God showed us that He had His way for us and that it might not be just the same way in which He led Mr. Muller, we made no more plans as to what He would do, but carefully and prayerfully waited upon Him as to His will in every case. Sometimes He has led us to borrow money, always when some large thing like a payment on a mortgage or large interests had to be met, never for current expenses. At first we rebelled, thinking it could not be faith, but when we saw that we always turned to God for the supply of our needs and never to man, and when in patient waiting upon Him He would sometimes tell us to make a temporary loan and that He would meet it later, we found that *obedience was faith.* It always proved to be the wisdom of God and would afterwards be met in His own way. How many times He has said to us:

> **"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,**
> **But trust Him for His grace,**
> **Behind a frowning providence**
> **He hides a smiling face;"**

when His ways did not please us, or ran across our preconceived notions of how He ought to work. I think He had to move against, and break up this setness of ideas, which He found in us, and which hindered Him bringing forth His purpose in our lives and work.

Enemies often used this fact of our making a loan to our discredit, for it is so much easier to judge by appearances than to wait till all the facts are in one's possession. It really took more faith and submission to the will of God to follow in these instances than to quietly expect God to supply without any movement upon our part. Sometimes He has told us that He would bring a given sum of money, for which we were praying, from a certain person whom we might know. To sit quietly waiting upon God alone to move this person while the need went on, required far more faith

than if He had not indicated the source, as our knowledge of the person's disposition would greatly hinder our faith if we looked at them. Thus God worked upon us bending us back and forth to break us and render us more pliable in His mighty hands.

Sometimes it has been for the discipline of His children from whom He required the gift, persons who preferred to give according to the dictates of their own desires, rather than as true stewards of their Lord, willing to give for His kingdom where it was most needed whether it pleased themselves or not. God's people are often full of self-will in their service, and while generous, only seek to please themselves in their gifts for His work, even while other departments of real service may be in desperate need. In these various ways the Lord disciplined us, His children, while going forward with His work. A life of strict obedience and trust is the quickest death to the "life of self" as God's thoughts and ways are so contrary to that of the creature. Once when thinking over the question of the death to self, I asked the Lord to show me what would be the quickest and most effectual way to put the self-life to death. I knew that judicially we had been crucified with Christ, but how to make it practical in daily life, was the question. He said to me, "If you will *praise Me* for everything that I allow to come to you or yours, for everything that you think is of the enemy, (for if it touches you it is because I have allowed it, there are no accidents to those who trust, 'all things are of God' so far as you are concerned,) if you will praise Me for everything that comes, self must die."

I could see at once that this would keep one in the will of God, one spirit with Jesus Christ. "He that is joined unto the Lord is one Spirit." (1 Cor. 6: 17.) Thus "the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." (Rom. 8: 2.)

Keeping one with God in all His workings, means the letting go of all plans and preferences, the constant sinking into the will of God over each thing as it arises even when it crosses everything in us, but we will soon experience a life of deepest communion and fellowship far beyond what we ever thought possible.

God is infinite in wisdom and knowledge and knows the end from the beginning, knows the weak places in every soul, and just what to do to bring us out of our narrow selves into His

abundant life, and if we could but believe that He is working to that end in everything that He allows, we would trust Him and be prompt in our obedience and thus make rapid progress.

God has said, "The just shall live by faith," and in no way will the self-life die more quickly than when one steps out to trust the Lord fully on all lines. In a home like this, surrounded by the sick seeking healing; the discouraged worker seeking rest: the hungry soul seeking help and blessing; nothing but a laid-down life, which seeks not its own comfort or pleasure can be of any real service. All home life, or privacy must be given up. It is now sixteen years since we, as a family, have eaten a meal alone. We take all guests alike whether rich or poor, for a limited time, longer or shorter as the Spirit directs. All sit down at the same table, and share equally in the comforts and advantages of the Home both temporal and spiritual. Immediately after breakfast which is at eight o'clock, all come together where an hour is taken up over the Word of God in reading and exposition and prayer. God has especially honored this morning study of His Word, and often the Spirit has fallen upon us in a remarkable way, sometimes holding us till dinner time.

Special prayer and instruction is given each guest privately as the case requires. Hundreds have been healed in answer to prayer alone of almost every form of disease; and other hundreds, if not thousands, have been helped both in soul and body.

Notwithstanding the heavy responsibility and labors devolving upon us, yet so many times we have thanked God for the privilege of leading souls nearer their Lord, and showing them how to trust Him for spiritual and physical healing. A part of our reward has already been received in the fellowship of some of the choicest spirits of earth. Ministers, Church workers, missionaries, and evangelists in turn come to rest within our circle. During these years scores of missionaries going or returning from their fields have rested in our home, thus opening the way for us to touch the far-off lands as well as to minister to those at home.

DAVID WALLACE BRUCE

CHAPTER VII.

Death of Our Father.

Two Years Later Our Mother.

THE HOME had been opened about two years and a half when our aged father's weakness increasing, it became apparent to all that his Home call was not far off.

After mother's separation from the family, a few years before, he had remained with us in comparative peace. He had been with us heart and soul in all our work till his presence seemed like a benediction. His beautiful white hair and beard gave him a venerable appearance, and often during the last year of his life a glow of light would fall upon his face till he seemed more in heaven than upon earth. Many times at the tea table guests have touched me whispering, "Just look at your father," and I have seen the glory of God so resting upon him till a solemn hush has fallen upon us all.

His presence upon the platform in the mission as long as his strength permitted him to go, was such a blessing, and many a rough, hard heart has been softened and touched as they have looked into his face. For a few months he was kept at home through weakness, but never lost his interest in the poor sinners who came night after night to the mission.

As we saw the end approaching, we called in a physician, a friend who knew that we had trusted the Lord for our bodies for years. Father was able to be in the drawing room when he called. After a thorough examination, he said, "There is absolutely no disease about your father. The wheels of life are running slower and slower, and will presently stop. He needs nothing but nourishing food." How we rejoiced in the Christ whom we had trusted for years that He had faithfully kept him from disease.

For two weeks he was confined to his room sitting in his chair cheerful and happy, then for two weeks in the bed too weak to sit up. He wanted us all about him, and was so grateful for any little attention; then one Sunday morning he went home without pain, just breathing out his life like a tired child, and then at rest. It did not seem like death but only sleep. He had done what he could in serving his Lord and Master, and had heard the summons, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Poor mother had been sent for when we saw he could not last long, but she only came the day before he died when it was too late for recognition, and went away again.

At the funeral, standing by the casket of her dead father, my sister Hattie threw her arms around mother's neck and besought her to come home and mother us all, but she was unmoved and went her way, we, never to see her face again till we saw her lying like father lay that day, dead in her casket.

Two years after father's death, returning from an evening meeting at the mission, we sisters felt a strong desire to pray. Instead of retiring as usual, we all went upon our knees with such a burden for our poor mother upon our hearts as to hold us in an intensity and anguish of prayer far into the small hours of the morning. We had never seen or heard from her since father's funeral, yet why this almost unbearable burden upon our hearts for her soul, for her unforgiving spirit and hardness of heart we knew not.

The next day news came of her death. She had refused to let the word of her illness be sent to us, or to see us, though urged greatly to do so, by the Matron and ladies of the Board of the Home where she was living. No pressure could prevail upon her, so, apparently, as unrelenting as she had lived she died. A few moments before she passed away she said to the head nurse, "If I had been sure that I must die I should have had things different, but now it is *too late*."

This little word was all we had to console our hearts that at the very last, when indeed it was too late to mend matters, her heart softened and she sought forgiveness from Him who never turns away from a repentant cry.

The funeral was most painful to us as it was held in the church of which she was still a member, and from which we all had been

asked to retire. We deeply felt the frowning glances of the stern faces about us, and heard unkind criticism upon us made by those sitting near, while in the sermon and prayer no reference was made to her family sitting there, except to "her severe persecution received because of her loyalty to the church." We knew they did not understand, so silently hid our tears behind the black veils which covered us. How different things will look in that day when "we shall all be made manifest without disguise before the judgment seat of Christ." (2 Cor. 5: 10. Conybeare & Howson.)

And so we closed a chapter which had contained little else than painful misunderstanding and agonized suffering borne in silence for many years. May God's grace and mercy cover it all.

All pain has its compensation to those who are in Him, and through these trying days light was thrown upon our way which I trust will be helpful to all, so I here pass on some of the lessons taught us of the Spirit.

Christian Conflict.

Many are wondering at the conflicts which must come in the life and walk of Christians. They often say there should be no conflict, and if there is you are not sanctified. What is the cause of conflict in the believer?

In the first place the sinner has one nature, the Adamic, and when he accepts the Saviour there is imparted to him the new nature in Christ Jesus, but that does not do away with the old, so we find in the believer two natures, the Adamic, which he receives at his natural birth and the new nature in his spiritual birth. It is the old story of Ishmael and Isaac. Ishmael, born of the flesh, and Isaac, the spiritual seed, the one contending against the other. (Gen. 21: 9, 10.)

To get a right understanding of what we need to be delivered from we want to find the meaning of the word "flesh" that Paul uses so much.

Gen. 6: 3. "My Spirit shall not always strive with man, for that he also is flesh."

The whole of man, not something to be taken out of him, but the whole Adamic creation passes under the "all flesh" after the fall.

Psa. 78: 39. "He remembered that they were but flesh."

John 3: 6. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit."

That which we get in our first creation, the Adamic nature, since the fall has enmity against God in it and cannot serve God acceptably. Under the law God gave man a chance to show what he could do, and he failed utterly, therefore, flesh cannot live before God and keep the law of God; but there is within us another creation, in which the Holy Spirit is given to dwell, that we may walk "not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

Man was pure and holy, with every instinct of his being to follow God and do His will. He was, I am sure, indwelt with the Holy Spirit, clothed upon by the Holy Spirit, but there came a time when he took his will out of the hands of God and set up an independent government, and yielded to Satan, and so lost his spiritual life and became soul and body, or soulish. The natural man is not in the least spiritual, he cannot understand spiritual things, cannot have communication with God, he is utterly dead, because in the fall the Spirit left him and his own natural spirit by which he could have communication with God died, so God set aside the old creation by the bringing in of a new one that was spiritual.

Remember, it is not fixing up the old creation. A good many holiness people think the object of God is to cleanse the old and make it right, but it is not, it is to set it wholly aside, and put a new creation in its place.

And now what are we to do with this old life. We find a word in:

Eph. 4: 22. "That ye put off ..... the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts; ..... And that ye put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness"

Here you find something to put off and something to put on. Now if we could put off at one blow and have done with it, the old man, which is the whole old creation, all would be settled, but if we see that there are stages in the putting off, it will greatly help us.

The Adamic creation came to an end at the cross of Jesus Christ, it passed under condemnation and judicially was crucified, and now God wants to work it out of us practically.

In our cemetery at Mt. Hope there used to be an old tower

and visitors would climb to the top to view the surrounding country, but there came a time when the officers of the city condemned it and put up a notice to that effect, with, "You enter at your own risk," but it was not immediately demolished: and so the Cross of Christ passed sentence of death on the old creation, and we live in it at our own risk. How do we enter practically upon this putting off of the old man. First, the guilty, sinful, wicked man was put off at conversion, the old self did not have liberty to commit such and such acts as formerly. In that degree right there the old creation was put off, and a new life is begun, a life Godward, and you love the things of God, spiritual things, and begin to understand in some measure the Word, but you recognize along with it a feeling of independence, a desire to have your own way, a warring in your heart against the will of God, and so you find the conflict within, and you come to a place where you see the purpose of God is, you should not live in your own will, your old independent spirit, but that it must go on the cross, and you come to what we call consecration, and you give your whole being to God. First, you give your sins to God, but at sanctification you give yourself to God, a very different thing. Now, you yield your whole being up to the light you have to God, you put off the unyielding, unbending "old man," these phases are all you see, you put them off right there, and a very blessed experience follows. The Holy Spirit takes such possession that most holiness teachers claim you receive the baptism of the Holy Spirit at sanctification, because the Holy Spirit can at that time get fuller possession than ever before. You find you have victories you never had before, but, friends, there are elements of the old creation in you that you never suspected, refined, lovable, intellectual and noble phases that you feel are all right to have; forgetting that they are of the old condemned nature that must all go on the cross; and you find that sanctification from this point is not so much a cleansing from sin, as a reconstruction into the life of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is cleansing by the Word and Spirit, not a question of sin, but of Christ-likeness, knowing how to get rid of all the old thinking and ways that were not sinful, as we think of sin, but that were not of God. It is a renewing of your mind, which needs as much sanctification as your heart. Now the work of sanctification at this point is to bring you into

the thoughts of God, out of your own ways, not sinful, but unlike the Lord, ways you thought were right, but they were not of the Spirit, and God has to bring you out of these into the life of Christ. It is not Adamic perfection but a Christ-life He is after.

As you have yielded the old creation, the old "I" life to the cross, He gives at once power over sin, it has no dominion over you, but the presence of the "flesh" can still be recognized, though not lived in. Now you are but a crude earthly lump when sin is gone, and God has to take you up and mould you and fashion you until you are conformed into the likeness of His Son.

He is contending against the old creation to make room in you for the Christ-life, and when you feel that contention you condemn yourself and think you are all wrong and that you will never get where you want to be.

Do you know God calls you holy, acceptable, the elect of God right at that point, and yet you are unlike Him in so many ways, and you need not be surprised if, when God is calling you sanctified, you see some activity of the old life. He simply goes quietly on kneading, moulding and fashioning without the least condemnation toward you, because He knows, if you keep your hands off and trust Him, He will bring you out of it all, and as long as your will is surrendered to God you are one with Him. All you need ever look at is the state of your will, and your spirit. Are you one with God? All the rest is the Lord's work. The trouble is that you worry; that you distrust Him and condemn yourself; that you resist His discipline because you know not what He is doing, but the Lord goes on rejoicing over you while He works away at you, and He wants you to learn the lesson of just being still in His hands, you have given yourself over unto Him, then you are His, all the work to be done has to be done by Him, then keep your hands off and let Him work and believe He will.

Rom. 8: 2. "For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death."

He says that the law of life in Christ Jesus hath made you free, but you have to learn to live in the Spirit after you are given over to Him. All that has to be learned and if, while learning it, you take a misstep or make a blunder you need not be surprised.

You should be continually occupied with the Spirit of life in

Christ Jesus, for all that you lack is in Him and it is all for you, but it takes much time to learn this great fact. You watch yourself, and superintend your own Christian experience, and your eyes are on yourself all the time, on your failures and lacks, etc., and that is not progress, but going around in a circle, but if we look to Him, He can work and real progress will be made.

Now the Lord does not finish all that is to be done in a minute. The reproduction of the Christ-life is not done in an instant. God cleanses you by the blood and you are not sinning against Him, but there is still the activity of the old life at its best, the natural life that has to learn to give way to the Holy Spirit. He is patient with you and He wants you to be patient with yourself in all the unfinished work which is still so in evidence in your life.

Let Him have liberty in you to work. He does not always want you to be doing the same thing, He does not want things to run in a groove, He wants liberty to have a diversity of operations in the Spirit. At times you will be full of praise and running over and at other times you will be quiet. It is His business and not yours, providing you remain in His hands without rebellion.

Do not judge yourself at all by your feelings. The Holy Spirit does work upon your sensibilities and He does cause praise to rise up like a fountain in your heart, but He does not always work on that line, and it often takes more grace to be still than to be doing something.

God lifts you up and puts you down, for He is training you. moulding you to make you pliable in His hands, and get you out of your old thoughts and ideas of what He ought to do and what He ought not to do. If we could see this, we would condemn ourselves less and glorify God more.

God is working for eternity, He is not in a hurry; we would slur things over quickly, but He is taking time, for He is making something that is to be like Jesus. He is going to reproduce the life of His Son in us, make us one Spirit with Christ in everything. He is bringing us out of our own ways, our wisdom, out of ourselves to make room for the Christ-life.

Rom. 8: 29. "Predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son."

And God is going to take time to do it, and He will stand and wait until your own activities die out and you just let God

work; and it is such an immense, such a wonderful and beautiful thing God wants to do! O, let go and let God work.

One other phase of warfare, Eph. 6: 10, "Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might."

Now, mark you, the warfare is not with yourself so much as it is with Satan, and he recognizes that the old creation is the domain that was handed over to him in the fall, and he does not give up possession easily, but does his best to resist any crucifying process, so he stirs up your sensibilities and makes you think you are as bad as ever, a state of things for which you are not responsible in any sense. It is wholly the work of Satan, and all the time in your will you are standing with God. Then again he makes you feel dead and dry and condemns you first, for what you do feel, and then for what you do not feel. Paul says he was not ignorant of his devices, and we too often are and so condemn ourselves.

These are some of the tactics that enter into the life of the sanctified one while God is working, not now to put away sin, which has already been done, but to reproduce the life of His Son in you. A vine that is healthy never refuses to let its life flow into the tiniest branch or twig upon it, the sap, the life, belongs to the branches as if the vine said, "Take all you want here it is," and Christ, the true vine, is so ready and willing to supply His life to the very feeblest branch.

Oh, friends, do you know it is yours this minute, that precious life of Jesus, and you are part of Him. God never sees you separated from Christ, but always sees you in His Son. All that is His belongs to you, and He wants you to appropriate it and depend upon it, and acknowledge no other life as yours.

The vine, you know, depends upon the branch for fruit bearing, and the Lord has to depend on His branches to bear fruit. He is saying if you hold steady in Him, if you trust Him and live in Him, you will bear fruit, He will see to that, your business is to stay in Him, to worship, to be occupied with Him and yielded to Him so that He can have His way, then fruit will be seen in your life. The fruit of the Spirit, love, joy, peace, etc., will be borne in you by the Holy Spirit.

Oh, we wear ourselves out with this conflict which God does not want. Take your place as one who is alive unto God, it is

not enough to reckon yourself dead all the time, but you must reckon yourself alive also. We are dead in just that measure that we have turned from self to God, alive to God.

From this hour trust Him to work out in you just what He pleases day by day, be occupied with Him, live in the Spirit. Our real warfare should not be with ourselves at all, but rather with the enemy. The more you get into the heavenly places, the more you feel the conflict with the powers of darkness. Satan is trying to drive you out of the heavenlies, back into the flesh life. God says, "You are in the heavenlies," and Satan says, "No you are down here." Do not acknowledge him; stay where you belong, alive unto God, in the heavenly places, and the Holy Spirit will make it all real in your experience as you yield and trust.

CHAPTER VIII.

By Susie A. Duncan.

Incidents Connected With My Call.

BEFORE I had finished my studies in the Seminary I was conscious of a call from God to some special work, but what the work was to be was not revealed. Some said I ought to go as a missionary; others that I ought to write.

Upon finishing school I did conscientiously consider going to the foreign field, but as I prayed about it I was very definitely given the word in Ezek. 3: 5. "For thou art not sent to a people of a strange speech and of an hard language, but to the house of Israel." I did not take this to mean literal Israel, but to Christian work; though the cause of true Israel has ever been very dear to my heart; believing, as we do, that God's word of prophecy concerning them is to be fulfilled, and that the Hebrew race will yet be the ruling power in the world, in the millennial age. Soon after making Rochester our home, I had the privilege of knowing intimately many Jewish families of the better class, through my work as a teacher of painting, and during the lesson hour, our conversation was quite as often on the future of Israel as upon subjects of art. I was thus able to bear witness, at least, to the truths of Scripture, and often found them deeply interested and eager to hear more, thus increasing my regard for them and interest in them.

I was absent from home, studying art in New York City, when the first wonderful healing of my sister, Mrs. Baker, occurred, but on my return I was much impressed by what was then to us, a new thing. I was perfectly convinced that God had wrought a miracle of healing, but the unpopularity of this truth did not please me, and I began reasoning thus with myself: "It is all

SUSAN A. DUNCAN

right for God to heal one if He chooses, but our work is to save souls, and I don't see why so much should be said about healing, God has a right to heal this one or that one if He chooses, but why make such an ado over it!" The Holy Spirit at once reproved me for this reasoning after the flesh, and said to me, "No, I have not a right to heal one and leave the other out; you make Me a 'respecter of persons,' which I am not." My attention was then called to Ex. 15: 25-26.

"There he made for them a *statute*, and an *ordinance*, * * * and said * * * I will put none of these diseases upon thee * * * for I am Jehovah that healeth thee."

Then I saw clearly that God had made healing one of His statutary laws, and sealed His word with His eternal covenant name *Jehovah*, and if I would be fully surrendered to His will in all things I must trust Him as my Healer as fully and freely as my Saviour, and from that hour I was committed to the so-called "heresy" of Divine Healing.

I clearly saw that healing of disease was to come to us through faith in Jesus just as other gifts or blessings are received, and I was as perplexed as ever, for I reasoned: "It is all true, but I can never have faith enough to be healed." I am naturally rather unbelieving, and was the last member of the family to step out experimentally in a life of faith.

There are no happenings to a child of God, and very soon opportunity was given me to prove the ground I had taken. While at work, one day in my studio, I met with an accident, by thrusting a sharp gouge into my wrist. It bled so profusely that I was about fainting when one came in and helped me to a chair.

Now the question was, "Shall I use remedies, or shall I ask God to heal?" The old subject of *faith* came before me, and again I reasoned: "How will I know if I really am believing, for this is not like a pain that I would know when it is gone, but this is a wound that must have time to heal?" I could not step out, and so resorted to an old remedy for cuts and bruises, and retired for the night. In the morning my hand was swollen badly and the wound looked inflamed and angry, and I saw that something definite must be done. I wanted to be true to God, but I could not see how I was to exercise faith sufficient for the emergency. God is so true and faithful when a soul is really committed

to Him that He always comes to the rescue as He did now to me. As I sat meditating upon the amount of faith that would be required, and where was I to get it, the Lord appeared to me, not to the natural eyes, but in the Spirit I saw Him bending over me with such a beseeching gaze, and He seemed to say to me rather reproachfully: "If one whom you love should come and ask to apply a remedy, would you not trust them?" Of course, I knew I would, and then He asked, "Can you not *trust* Me like that?"

He had changed the word *faith* (which was such a bug-bear) to *trust*, and I said, "Yes, Lord, I can *trust* You," and I knew I did. Immediately He responded, and I took off the bandages and retired with the open festered sore, to awake in the morning to find it perfectly healed only leaving a scar. It was so wonderful to me that I asked Him to leave the scar forever, it seemed like one of the "marks of the Lord Jesus" that Paul speaks of, so real was the healing touch of my Lord.

This was really my introduction into a life and walk of faith, and now for twenty years we have walked on together, learning many precious lessons and passing through many and deep trials. Sometimes a trial has come that threatened to engulf us, and some of us would be overwhelmed and sinking under it; but we have often remarked: God never let us all go under at once, so there were always one or two to rise and say with Caleb and Joshua, "We be well able," and thus God has brought us on through dark and light, through cloud and storm, until today we feel it a great trust committed to us, that of walking alone with God, and depending upon Him for all things needful. As I look back over those early testing days, I marvel at the grace of God which alone enabled us to stand true to our call.

The first year of our faith life we had meat only once a week, and that came regularly each Saturday night through a child of God who had already been helped by our experience, though utterly ignorant of our needs. We were also tested on other lines; once the last coal was in the furnace, and we were looking to God for money but none had come in until we were at the tea table. The bell rang, and a young couple came in to have father marry them. After the ceremony the groom handed father five dollars, just the price of one ton of coal. It was such an unexpected

occurrence, as father was not at this time in the active ministry, that we enquired as to the circumstances which led them to us. They proved to be a couple from out of the city. They were strangers, and said they looked into the city directory finding several hundred ministers, and happened (?) to select our address, they did not know why. To us it was not a "happening," but God's direct answer to our prayer.

In the autumn of the next year God did not give us any coal for our furnace until Thanksgiving week. It was an unusually cold season, and the windows were white with frost as we endeavored to heat the sitting-room with a very small oil stove. We had managed to keep the fire in the kitchen range, purchasing coal by the bushel and carefully sifting the ashes, and upon one occasion sifting the siftings. Through all this severe trial which lasted for weeks, the weather constantly growing colder, I cannot remember hearing one word of complaint from any member of the circle, so sure were we of God's faithfulness, there was joy in the trial as we received it from Him.

At this time, however, there was a pressure that was more severe than lack of food or coal. God had clearly told us we were to open a Faith Home and a Mission, but about this time a Christian woman who had been very wonderfully healed of the Lord, being surrounded by a number of influential workers, opened a Faith Home, but a stone's throw, as it were, from where we were then living. We, with a little company of believers, were holding a meeting each week in a quiet way, waiting upon God for the further development of His plans. As the other Home opened up, teaching the same truths we were standing for, an overwhelming temptation swept over us to question our call. As we heard from time to time of the success and prosperity of the new Home, we said within ourselves, "Can it be possible we are mistaken, and God did not mean us to open a Home in Rochester?" Only those who have had like experiences can fully understand how sore was the trial of our faith. God came to the rescue, and one night as we were in prayer together, the Spirit came upon one of our number, as upon Jahaziel of old, (2 Chron. 20: 14.) and clearly declared God's purpose to give us a Home, and He said distinctly, "There is no house in this city too good, if you will trust Me for it." My Bible was before me

on the chair, and the Spirit showed us through the 83rd Psalm the exact situation, and God's purpose in it. Attention was especially called to verses two to five:

"For, lo, thine enemies make a tumult: and they that hate thee have lifted up the head. They have taken crafty counsel against thy people, and consulted against thy hidden ones. They have said, Come, and let us cut them off from being a nation; that the name of Israel may be no more in remembrance. For they have consulted together with one heart: they are confederate against thee." Verse 12. "Who said, Let us take to ourselves the houses of God in possession."

These Scriptures just thundered through my whole being, and this added word was given from Isa. 66: 5.

"Hear the word of the Lord, ye that tremble at His word; Your brethren that hated you, that cast you out for my name's sake, said, Let the Lord be glorified: but He shall appear to your joy, and they shall be ashamed."

With this there came such assurance of God's purpose that I turned round and said, "Girls, I don't care if God gives us coal by the spoonful, we are in His order and will see the fulfillment of all that has been 'told us of the Lord.'"

In matters of guidance we do not sanction the distorting of Scriptures to suit our notions, but we do teach that the Holy Spirit has a right to take a message from the Old Testament and apply it to our need in the present dispensation, if He chooses so to do. The sequel proves this application to have been of God.

We are often asked, "How did you go on in the enlargment of your work, how did you know what to do next?" I would say that never since the first moment when we hearkened to God's call, have we as sisters or workers together sat down to consider the seemingly important question, "What shall we undertake next?" We have never taken a step in the enlargment of the work until pressed in spirit, and absolutely certain that the plan was God's. Had it not been thus, we could never have stood against the opposition and mountains of difficulties that have thronged the way. So now that we should open a Home in the face of the one already in operation would place us in a wrong light, therefore we tried to reason with God, and beg off, as it were, until one day while in prayer together concerning it, the Spirit again came upon one of our number and clearly said, "That Home is not of My choosing, it is zeal without knowledge, it is a work of the flesh, and therefore I am going to blow upon it, and

it shall be 'as stubble before the wind,' and I will take their leader out of the city."

This message from God came with such power that not one of us had a doubt but that it would come to pass, and we saw at once that God's time had come to open our Faith Home.

In less than three months God fulfilled to the letter all that was told us by the Spirit that night. We are not acquainted with the circumstances of the dissolution of the work, we only know that the Home suddenly closed and the leader went out of the city, not a vestige of the work remaining.

We have gone thus into details, not because of any personal feeling against the founder of the Home referred to, for though a stranger to us, we have no reason to regard her other than a sincere and worthy Christian woman, (whom God has since taken to Himself,) but because so many in our day are seeking to be some great one, that movements are often started in the flesh rather than through any call of God, and therefore end disastrously, thus injuring the cause of God.

There seems to be so much misunderstanding upon the part of people generally concerning works of faith, that we desire just here to answer in some measure, the query, "What is a Faith Home?"

We would say first that those engaged in such works do not do so with the idea that it is wrong or belittling to work and earn one's living; or to teach that faith means, as many seem to think, that one expects to sit down and do nothing and let God support them. We are acquainted with a number of Faith Homes throughout the land, and we do not know of any whose occupants do not work as hard as in other homes. We are called out upon the same principle that a pastor leaves secular business when he takes upon him the responsibilities of a church. All admit that he could not meet his obligations as teacher and pastor if all the working hours of the day were employed in his store or office or shop. Therefore being called to a special work for God, we, too, must cease from other occupations and look to Him alone for support since the call comes from Him and not from the people, as in the case of church and pastor.

Another prevalent idea is that people of faith are always or should be poorly fed and clothed, and poverty stricken generally.

A dear woman once remarked to us, in speaking of a certain Christian man who was avowedly living by faith, "I think dear Mr. —— must be a man of wonderful faith, for his clothes always look so shabby."

We agree it was a wonderful kind of faith, but not the kind spoken of by our Lord when He said to those who trust Him, "*All* that I have is thine." To be poorly clothed or fed is *lack of faith*, except at special times when God may choose to prove and discipline His children.

Those called of God to a faith life stand in relation to other Christians as the Levites stood to the great body of Israel. The Levites were to have "no part or inheritance" with the other tribes, for God had chosen them out for His own work, and He said, "I am thy part and thine inheritance," and made it a law that the Levites were to be supported from the tithes and free-will offerings of the people.

It is thus perfectly clear that God through these faith works is not only dealing with those who are the called out ones, but He is testing and proving and educating His children the world over. He is putting His work with great needs in your midst, and every such work—if founded by God—is a challenge from Him to His people as stewards of His grace.

People sometimes say, upon reading published reports of this kind, "Do you think it is faith to publish answers to prayer on money lines; does it not seem like a bid for more money?"

We would say, on the contrary, that such reports accomplish two things. First, they magnify the goodness and grace of God by giving out to the world instances of His interposition in human affairs, thus proving beyond a doubt that He is a *living* God who today as in times past "delivereth and rescueth." On the other hand, instead of an appeal for money, God's children hearing of His mighty doings, are made aware of opportunities to become workers together with Him, for the accomplishment of His purposes; we as children of faith looking directly to Him for every need; others as His stewards looking to Him for guidance in dispensing the means entrusted to them; and thus God's thought is that all His children shall compose one great household of faith, all working in beautiful harmony to fulfill His design for each.

"Growing up into Him in all things which is the head, even Christ: from whom the whole body fitly joined together and compacted by *that which every joint supplieth*, according to the effectual working in the *measure of every part*, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love."

It is the failure in seeing the unity of the body, and the need of each member's supply of helpfulness, that brings such weakness in the Church, such a distressing lack of service in every branch of Christian activity. Instead of unity, too often self-will rules, and consequently, there is neither successful service or personal overcoming. There came a time in my life when there arose a deep cry to God in my heart concerning this failure on the part of many to live an overcoming life. As I looked at my own life and saw failure, and also saw failure in the lives of those even who were teaching about a life of victory, the desire became an agonizing cry to God that He would show me the root, the real cause, of this failure on the part of many of His children. I believe He has shown me, and at the request of dear friends who have already been helped by my experience, I give it to you, trusting God that it may help you also into a really overcoming life.

Our annual convention had been announced, and many prayers had been offered that God would visit us with Pentecostal power. One night I retired especially burdened, longing for the solution of the old problem, but through utter weariness fell asleep unanswered. I awoke at early dawn, and became at once conscious that God was speaking to me. I lay as one listening to another speaking, making no effort to think or to analyze, but just receiving the heavenly message from God Himself. I give it to you as it impressed me.

We have thought that an entirely surrendered will is all that is necessary to bring us into a life of victory, but that is not enough; there must be also a broken spirit, which will enable us to accept God's will joyfully without chafing. A surrendered will and a broken spirit are not the same thing. The will is in the realm of the intellect, and corresponds to the law; the spirit is in the realm of the heart, and corresponds to grace. Then there was presented to my mind several illustrations to show that a surrendered will alone does not bring overcoming power.

God, by the hand of Moses. called out His people Israel. He delivered them by great power and might, many times causing

them to stand awe-struck and dumb, as at Sinai, before His lightning and thunders. When face to face with God's power, they were very penitent, and always said, "All this we will do," but as soon as the trial was over, thirst quenched or hunger appeased, they fell to murmuring and complaining against God and His way of working, thus disclosing the fact that though the will surrendered and said, "We will do," their spirit was unbroken, and wanted its own way, and was cross at God because it could not have it. That whole nation, for forty years, though following on chafed against and questioned God, until all but two perished in the wilderness; and the record gives us the secret of their victory. they had "another spirit," an obedient, broken spirit.

In war time we have what we call a disciplined army. It is composed of men whose will is surrendered to the army rules and regulations, they rise at a certain hour, eat, drill, or do whatever they are commanded, faithfully, obediently; but though they obey orders, many of them chafe under the restraint, and inwardly are stubborn and unsubdued; their spirit is unbroken, though the will is surrendered and becomes obedient; they obey orders because they must, not because it is a pleasure to do so. I saw that this unbrokenness of spirit is the cause of all difficulties and failure in human life.

Take a man in society; unexpectedly his friend offends him; hot blood begins to move, and rash words are forming on his tongue, but he is instantly composed, he does not speak. What is the fact? He has surrendered himself to the rules of etiquette, and though filled with rage and indignation, his will obeys the rules, and he is outwardly the perfect gentleman, though it is the same unbroken spirit surging within that leads one less cultivated to harsh words or even to blows.

Parents begin training their children. In most cases it amounts to this. The child becomes conscious that this man and woman are his father and mother, and he is expected to obey them. He therefore submits to their authority, but with a wholly unyielded spirit. He soliloquizes when under the rod: "I will submit now, but one day I will become of age, and then I will submit no longer." And sure enough he goes out from the home perfectly unbroken in spirit, and as law held him within bounds at home, now nothing but the larger law holds him from riot and bloodshed,

and all manner of disaster that follows in the wake of an unbroken spirit. Parents are not satisfied with the results of a forced obedience, neither is our heavenly Parent, for in Hebrews 12, we are told that God dealeth with us as sons, and that He corrects and chastens us for our profit, that we may be partakers of His holiness; and then He says that though the chastening be grievous, it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby. The purpose of God is that our spirit as well as our will may yield to Him, and thus the entire nature be brought under His sway, and responsive to Him. The reason that we see so many Christians living a life of struggle and failure is because they have refused to be exercised by, and yielded to, the chastening hand of God, and thus, though rendering obedience through fear, are wholly unbroken in spirit.

My thought was then directed to Paul as an example of brokenness of spirit. In the ninth chapter of Acts we have his conversion, where, with one masterly stroke of Almighty God, the riotous, persecuting Saul is changed to the ever-obedient, broken-spirited Paul. I saw that what happened to Paul in that hour must happen sometime to every living man and woman who would know a life of victory over the flesh. We have in Acts 9: 5, 6, "And he said, who art Thou, Lord?" And the Lord said, "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest: it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." And he trembling and astonished, said, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" Saul found what was the matter with him, he had been kicking against God, and as soon as he saw it he surrendered, and God took the kick out of him. He said, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" not as the terrified keeper of the prison, who yielded because of fear, and said, "What must I do?" Acts 16.

The will is always saying, what must I do? But a broken spirit ever says, what wilt Thou have me to do? I saw that the kick is in our spirit, not in our will.

To illustrate: Quite unexpectedly God called my sister, Mrs. E. V. Baker, to go to India, not as a missionary, but to accomplish a certain work, and to return, requiring six or seven months. The call came to us like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. There were reasons why it seemed impossible, my sister being in charge of our work, and we just having taken possession of the new Elim

Home, with much of the business unsettled, seeming to require her presence. I was the one on whom the responsibility would largely fall in her absence, and to me it seemed absolutely impossible. Do you imagine that as I took the matter to God in prayer, I entreated of Him not to take her away, and as the days passed by became more resolute in my entreaty that God would change the plan? Not at all; why? Some years ago I had surrendered my will, and I had said an eternal yes to God, and now in my will I was saying yes, and had no thought of asking God to change His plan; but my spirit was not one with Him, my will said yes, but my spirit chafed, and if I had put the matter in words, it would read thus, "Not my will but Thine be done, nevertheless I think it a most unreasonable request." My will consented that God should have His way, but I questioned His wisdom, and my spirit chafed and was cross.

Here is where many dear ones fail; they are perfectly sure God is speaking, and they do not actually intend to disobey; like the Israelites they say, "We will do," but they do it with a "kick" in their spirit, which destroys peace and hinders blessing. God made me to see how one could even be willing to go to the stake, and yet do so with a wholly unbroken spirit, utterly at variance with Him who said, "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God;" and whether it was success or bitterest persecution, it was all the same, "I delight to do Thy will," no chafing, no resistance, no questioning, but absolute brokenness of spirit. Had it been otherwise His mission on earth would have been a failure. Can you imagine Jesus during all His life obeying His Father with His spirit chafing, and crying out at every step to be eased or released from the trial, the burden lifted or the circumstances changed? It is not alone His utter surrender of will that excites our admiration, but it is the consciousness that His whole being went with the will in glad obedience, and thus we learn the meaning of the Lamb slain. And we, His bride, are to be united to this Lamb. How can we unless we too have been slain?

Much has been spoken and written on the subject of death to the self-life, and much honest effort has been put forth on the part of those seeking an overcoming life, but alas, all our efforts have not left us dead but more like the prophets of Baal on Carmel, only hewed and hacked until body, soul and spirit are bruised and

sore and aching. What then, is the way out, for if honest desire and effort will not bring victory, where are we? I saw that something is radically wrong with us, that the root I had been seeking is in a wrong spirit. It is just as necessary that we have a right spirit as a clean heart; a heart that is cleansed from sin, and a spirit broken, the "kick" taken out. How are we to obtain it? We are told in Ezekiel 36: 26: "A new heart also will I give you and a new spirit will I put within you." My heart simply leaped with joy as I saw God had provided a way out. "A new spirit will I put," no efforts of mine, but a work of God, a creation, as it were, of a new human spirit, a displacing of the old, unbroken spirit by a new one that will yield, that will be obedient, that will not chafe, but will be utterly and forever one with God. Oh, what a relief! nothing to do but to feel our need, bring it to Him, and make the exchange. What will happen then? He tells us in Ezekiel 36: 27: "And I will put My Spirit within you, and cause you (not help you) to walk in My statutes, and ye shall keep My judgments, and do them." Blessed truth! of course, "ye shall," because it is God, not you, working.

People everywhere are praying for Pentecostal power; I saw the reason it is not given. God will never baptize the flesh with His Spirit. Of the sacred oil, it is said, "Upon man's flesh it shall not be poured." He does not baptize our intellect, but the Holy Spirit comes upon our spirit, and He gives wisdom through the heart, instead of the head. David saw after his one great sin that what he needed was a broken spirit, Psa. 51: 17. This is why God often takes up one of no culture, and little intellectual power, and like the case of the African Kru boy, so baptize them with the Holy Ghost that they become a wonder unto many. If it were not so, man would use God, instead of God using man.

He does graciously put His Spirit upon man at times, and there is really Pentecostal power, but man cannot be trusted with power, so that this intermittent life is the best God can do for an unbroken spirit. But when once the will is surrendered and the new spirit received, it is upon this spirit that God says, "I will put My Spirit," and a life of power and victory is assured. Weary heart, as you read these lines, give to Him the old, hard, unbroken spirit, and let Him put within you the new, and life will be a joy. Whether you are called to "scrub or preach," it will be all the

same; for, like your Lord, you will say, "I delight to do Thy will."

One dear Christian man, on hearing this truth, said, "I have long known that something was wrong somewhere, but I did not know what to call it, and I am so glad that it is now labelled, for I shall know better how to deal with it." God has made me see that the character and work of many an honest Christian bears the label "unbroken" and that is the reason that He permits many trials that are beyond our understanding, beyond our faith, even beyond our endurance, not only that the will may surrender, but that we may be pressed to exchange our human spirit, which is forever warring with God, for the new spirit promised us, which is broken, teachable, humble, and like our Lord. "I will yet for this be enquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them." Ezekiel 36: 37.

"My wild will was captured, yet under the yoke
There was pain not peace at the press of the load;
Till the glorious burden the last fiber broke,
And melted like wax in the furnace of God.

And now I have flung myself recklessly out,
Like a chip on the stream of His infinite will;
I pass the rough rocks with a smile and a shout,
And just let my God His dear purpose fulfil."

MRS. NELLIE DUNCAN FELL

CHAPTER IX.

By Mrs. N. A. Fell.

The Word Made Life.

AT THE age of nine I was converted, during revival services held in our church. I remember the peace of God which came into my heart at that time, and how a real love to God began to spring up within me. It was shortly after this when the call of God came to me. I cannot tell you how, but it seemed to be a settled thing between God and me that some day I should be in service for Him.

When about seven years of age, I had malignant scarlet fever which left me with muscular rheumatism, which each year grew worse until at the time of Mrs. Baker's healing, I was rapidly becoming a cripple.

At about this time the Lord permitted a disease to attack my eyes, which also caused great pain. I was in the hands of an oculist, but steadily grew worse. As I saw Mrs. Baker raised up in answer to prayer, (which account occurs in this volume) it greatly impressed me. A week or two later while in great suffering, as she was dropping some medicine in my eyes, she said, "Nellie, why don't you trust God?" My reply was, like many another, "I am not good enough."

I could not get away from these words, "Why don't you trust God?" and one day taking my Bible I looked up the passage in James 5: 14, 15, which our Pastor quoted when praying with Mrs. Baker:

(Is any sick among you? let him call for the Elders of the Church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him.)

To my surprise it read, "And if they have committed sins, they shall be forgiven." The fact of faith being needed never occurred to me. I simply saw that God said, If you will do *this*, I will do *that*. The next day I said to her, "If you will go over to the Pastor with me, I will be anointed."

Since the disease had come upon my eyes, I could not go without blue glasses and a veil, but as I was getting ready to go I said to Mrs. Baker, "I am not going to wear my veil and glasses; I can stand the pain going over, for I shall be healed when I return." And to the glory of God, I can say I was perfectly healed from head to foot, rheumatism and all. God doing more than I had asked, by healing a throat trouble from which I had suffered every winter for years.

From this time I took the Lord as my healer. Shortly after this Mrs. Baker went to Chicago to live, which left me the only one at home believing the truth of healing. I was permitted to go through many severe tests, but was always delivered. Finally, one night I awoke with apparently the same old pain of rheumatism, with my limbs drawing up, etc. I was so surprised for I knew nothing about Satan as the author of disease, or his attack upon one's body. But I said to the Lord, "This cannot be rheumatism, for I know You healed me, and I never read of a case in Your Word where You let the disease return."

With that God opened my eyes, and I saw a Man standing by my bed, with His back bared to the waist, and great gashes all across the whole length of the back. With the vision came these words, "With His stripes ye are healed." The reality of the atoning work of the Lord came over me, and I saw how this was but the work of the enemy. Immediately I was able to straighten my limbs, and I found they were perfectly whole. At this time I was book-keeping in an office in our city, and many times would be attacked with various ailments, but always this same word would be given to me. I was not permitted in those days to spare myself at all, but wholly to believe Him.

One day while feeling very ill, I started for the office as usual. Thinking I would take the car I turned that way. But the Lord spoke to me, and said, "What are you taking the car for?—with His stripes ye are healed." I turned and walked in great weakness, and for three days I just walked on His Word, and then the

deliverance came. This is the way I was taught by the Spirit to trust God, and I want to say to His glory that He has always been faithful to His word in healing and delivering.

Knowing I was called of God to some work for Him, I began to chafe under the burden of my work, until one day while in prayer, I cried to God to take me out of the office, when this word came, "I will take you out of the office when you learn to keep books for Me." That was quite a different aspect of things, and from that hour, I began to take my work and everything from the hand of the Lord, until things seemed easier, and it brought God into my life as never before.

Two years later the Lord spoke to me saying, "*Now* I want you out of the office." I was not willing to listen then, as I was the youngest of the family, and it seemed so foolish for me to just come home with nothing definite in view, and my salary was really needed in the maintenance of the family, so I paid no attention to the call. It was repeated to me at intervals, to which I gave no heed. Finally a terrible pain was allowed to attack my head, from which I could scarcely get deliverance. These attacks were repeated for six months, until an attack came that sent me to my bed. As I lay there crying to God for deliverance, He said sternly to me, "You will be no better until you are obedient and come out of the office."

I could not face it. What would the family think—where would the money that was needed come from? All these thoughts and many more only served to increase the pain in my head. Mrs. Baker being home at this time, I awoke her and asked her to come into my room and pray. The first thing she said was, "Nellie, the Lord is dealing with you."

How well I knew it, but said nothing. Finally she asked me if I knew what it all meant, and in sheer desperation I said, "Yes, He wants me out of the office." Her reply was, "I know it; God spoke to me when I came into the room." Also another of my sisters said the same thing. I told them to leave me, and I would settle it with God. It was dawn before I could say yes, for I knew it meant a faith life, and the enemy held up all sorts of pictures of poverty and distress. But the Lord enabled me to say yes—and the pain began leaving my head and I went to sleep. When I awoke the church bells were ringing, and there was such

a sweet hush over everything that Sunday morning, and I was so conscious of the presence of the Lord, as He whispered the words to me, "My poor, tired child, I will take care of you." Surely the peace which passeth all understanding filled my heart. This was in 1890, and truly in a marvelous way He has taken care of me, supplying every need above what I could ask or think.

Two years later I was married to Mr. Elmer M. Fell, who was of like faith, also having a call to the work of the Lord. One child, a daughter, Marguerite, was given to us, and we began from her birth to take the Great Physician for her. Having been asked by so many, "How did you begin to trust for her body?" I thought I would answer the question in these pages, hoping others might be inspired also.

Having heard physicians say that many of the chronic diseases were caused by the powerful remedies given in childhood, and seeing so clearly that He hath borne our sicknesses and carried our pains, (Isa. 53: 4. R. V.) I determined to trust God with the health of my baby. It was a hard struggle, I can assure you, as the enemy made repeated attacks upon her, but only to find Christ "a present help in time of need."

From her birth she was not a strong child, and was troubled with constipation, which every day became worse. The Lord did not seem to answer prayer in this respect, although He would respond quickly to other symptoms of disease. What was I to do? There were some simple remedies which I felt sure would bring relief, but if I yielded in this, how could I trust in the next hard place? The trial of faith and the heart-aches of those weary months can not be understood except by those who have been thus tried. We were living at home, so that my sisters stood with me until the condition became so alarming, that it seemed like insanity not to resort to something for relief, but still He held me to the truth of Christ's atoning work for our bodies.

One day my husband came into the room while she was suffering most intensely, and seeing it, said, "I shall have a doctor, this can not go on any longer." I almost hoped he would, but fearing lest I should fail to trust, I asked the Lord not to let him go for a doctor. And so it went on for several weeks longer, with no apparent change, until one day I went to my room in perfect despair, threw myself on my knees and prayed, saying, "Dear

Lord, will you not let me ask Dr. S. what is the matter with the baby?" The answer came, "Who made the baby?" I said, "You did, Lord." "Then does Dr. S. know more about her than I do?" "No, Lord." "Then will you trust Me?" I could not answer this question, for I had been trusting for nine months, and there had been only partial deliverance. So rising from my knees, I sat down by the window, still in perplexity. Presently God spoke to me again and said, "What are you singing?" and I found to my surprise that in my heart I was singing this little chorus:

"Healing for thee, healing for thee,
In His atonement is healing for thee,
O, it is wonderful, how could it be,
Jesus brought healing for thee."

Then He said to me, "Do you believe that?" My answer was very emphatic, "Lord, *You know* I believe it." Then there stole into my heart such a peace as only God can give, and I knew the work was done, It was too good to be true, but from that day she was perfectly healed. We had been giving her sterilized milk, which was not very beneficial for her condition, but as this was in the beginning of our life of faith, and we were being tried on many lines, I felt we could not afford to change the food, as other foods were more expensive. Since then I have been so thankful we were not permitted to change her diet in any way, or the enemy would have attributed the healing to that. But, praise the Lord, we who went through the test know it was nothing but God's power that brought the wonderful deliverance. Had I failed then, I should never have been able to trust again. Now I can praise the Lord for the nine months of testing, as it has made me so sure of God's will in regard to the healing of our children.

Since then Marguerite has had many severe sicknesses, but "out of them all the Lord has delivered." But the best of all is, that from her babyhood she, too, has learned to trust God for her body, so that today I have no anxious care for her knowing she expects deliverance, and thus far has been "more than conqueror through Him that loved us."

At the present writing she has grown to womanhood, and is the wife of Rev. Oliver R. Hubbell whom God called to the work

to take my place as Treasurer of the Elim Faith Work, I having taken the place of house-mother in the Bible Training School.

The first year of the school, at the holiday time, many of the students being away, we were all seated at one table, young men and young ladies together, when at the close of the meal I felt the Spirit's power upon me. Rising from the table I could scarcely walk, but was able by assistance to get to my room, where until midnight God was talking to me about the management of the school.

It being a faith school, where no set price was made for board, I had thought that if there was a lack it would make no difference, as the students must sometime learn to trust God. But I soon saw as never before that God's thoughts are not our thoughts, neither His ways our ways. Then I became conscious of a person in official robes entering the room, and taking entire control as Dean of the school. He said to me, "Compared to these students you, as workers, are *patriarchs* in *faith*, and you must bring your faith up to the demand, or it will misrepresent Me. I am a faithful God, and I do not want the students to see any lack. I will train *them* afterwards as I see they have need."

He spoke also about the table service, saying He wanted the tables waited upon as if a King was at the table. Truly He is the King of Kings, and also is the Head of the school. I listened dazed and weakened by His glorious presence. The next morning as I took my place at the head of the table, I became conscious of the presence of this same glorious King, until I could scarcely eat. This was continued day after day for several weeks, until many of the students also were brought under the power of His presence in the dining room.

Our January convention came on with the usual power of God, and on Saturday evening the speaker said, "Tomorrow will be the great day of the feast." As I retired that night, I said to the Lord, "Please rest me, and make tomorrow the great day of the feast." My custom is to arise at six o'clock for prayer and reading of the Word, but this morning I awoke as the clock was striking five, and I said, "Dear Lord, do let me sleep another hour as I am so tired, and this will be a hard day." But the Lord said to me, "I thought you wanted this to be the great day of the feast? I will begin now if you will let Me." As I said, "All

right, Lord," I found myself lying just as straight as an arrow, and the power of God surging through my body, and it seemed like another singing within me,

"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty,
Early in the morning my song shall rise to Thee."

My whole being seemed to be filled with praise. Thus I lay until time to arise and dress.

I then still had my rooms at Elim, and as I was crossing the lawn going to the school building, the sun was just rising, and I did not know then that I was seeing a vision, but thought it the most beautiful sunrise I had ever seen, until everything in me thrilled with the life of God. West of our property stands a church, with a high tower. The Spirit said to me, "Turn, and look to the west." The tower was looming up in darkness, cold, hard, and grey, when the Lord said to me, "That is man's work." The contrast I shall never forget. Everything was teeming with life in the east, and the work of man behind me was a terrible contrast. I was speaking of this to some of the students whose windows face the east, and they said there was nothing unusual about the sunrise that morning. Then I knew it was an illumination of the Spirit.

Thus the Lord led me on to that wonderful day in June when the Spirit fell in Pentecostal power. The convention in June opened on Wednesday with an unusual presence of God and power of the Spirit. It went on until Saturday afternoon, when I was called from the meeting by one, saying, "Marguerite is speaking in tongues." I went over home as on hind's feet, and found Marguerite and one of the students speaking in tongues. I was too astonished to know what to do, but fell on my knees in awe and reverence. Another of the students came into the room, and very soon was prostrated and speaking in tongues. By this time it had become noised abroad in the convention, and large numbers had gathered to see the workings of the Spirit.

My sister, Susie, came into the room, and as she looked around, said, "Oh! the slain of the Lord. Pentecost has come to Elim." With that I was laid down as by a gentle pressure, which I did not try to resist; she also was prostrated at the same time. The Spirit within me began to laugh, and such joy and restful laughter I had never known. As I saw the complete

finished work of Christ on the cross and we in Him, it filled my whole being with joy and praise. This continued until about seven that evening. In the meantime several others who had come in were prostrated under the power. Then some one thought we had better get up and go over into the meeting. (The Lord forgive us for our ignorance!) We were really unable to walk, literally drunk with the Spirit, but we went to the service, and the power died out of us, for the time.

The next morning after breakfast as the people were assembling for prayers, the Spirit said to me, "Take the company that were baptized, and go over to Elim, and I will begin where I left off." We all gathered and immediately several were prostrated and began singing in the Spirit. A professor of music who was in the room and heard the singing, writes this:

"To my amazement and admiration they sang so perfectly, so harmoniously, so artistically as no trained choir could sing. Their intonation was sure, with no deviation of pitch: their duos, and trios, their full chorus so overwhelmingly beautiful, as to thrill the heart of the hearers. We heard anthems of classical beauty moving in correct resolutions of chords, no discord marring the progress of harmonies, embellished by passing notes and runs, closing with superb cadenzas. The dynamic shadings were exquisite; every singer given up to God, guided by the Spirit. To me as a musician this singing is conclusive proof of the absolute divine origin of this present manifestation of the Holy Ghost."

I felt that I could truly say with Paul, "whether in the body or out of the body I can not tell." It was the nearest to heaven I had ever been, and the glory could never be described. This singing continued for hours, and the glory of it has never died out. With the new song came the new tongue with its glory and power. Only those who have entered into the experience can understand the depths or the meaning of it all.

Visit to England.

Friends in England had invited my sister, Mrs. Baker, and myself to the Keswick Convention held in July, 1907. We were obliged to sail July 9th, just in the midst of the mighty Pentecostal outpouring that fell upon us in June. We felt very reluctant to go but as the matter had been carefully prayed over, and our

stateroom secured, it seemed best to go forward. The English friend who had invited us was an official of the Keswick Convention, so we were brought in direct contact with the principal speakers and workers. God gave us thus the opportunity of witnessing to them of the Pentecostal movement, which had broken out in many places in America, and from our standpoint as eye-witnesses, we were enabled to give a clear testimony as to its divine origin and power.

We found so many hungry hearts among workers and missionaries, that our whole time was largely taken up with private interviews and little gatherings of hungry souls. I believe God blest the testimony to many, and removed prejudices and false conceptions hitherto entertained concerning the Pentecostal movement.

During our travels we visited Swansea, Wales. While there, we had the privilege of visiting Evan Robert's home, and had real fellowship with his mother, and brother, Dan Roberts, the only members of the family whom we met. We held a little meeting with the dear Welsh friends, and could still feel the mark of the wonderful revival which had so recently swept that Rhondda valley.

The marvelous Welsh singing comes nearer to the Pentecostal gift of song than any other to which we have ever listened. We could feel the power of the Spirit resting upon these dear ones as we sang and prayed together. Like a fire leaves its mark upon objects touched after it is quenched, so the fire mark of the great revival could be still felt and seen upon these dear Welsh souls.

We praise God for letting us worship Him together even for so short a time. We cannot feel that God is through with the marvelous work which He began in Wales, but that somehow the thrill which was felt throughout Christendom will result in a world-wide revival far beyond anything yet seen. May God hasten that day.

Just before leaving for home we were permitted to visit the Isle of Man, and one day while sitting alone on the rocks by the sea shore, the Spirit said to me, "You and Marguerite and Miss Lawson (one of our workers) will be back in England soon." I was speechless, not wanting to return, so I said nothing.

We sailed for home on the eighth of September, and all the way across the ocean God was speaking to me about England. I

am afraid there was a little rebellion in my heart, for I would not listen. But I could not bring my heart into the work at home as usual, and many times I could not refrain from lying upon my face and crying to God to liberate souls in England, and bring them the truth of Pentecost. This went on until January, when the Spirit began to speak to my sisters and Miss Lawson about our going to England. Finally one evening as we were gathered in prayer, one of our number ventured to say that she felt Miss Lawson, Marguerite and I were going soon to England. We waited upon God until we were sure it was His will, then began to trust for the money. The first offering given was $300.00, which confirmed the leadings of the Spirit. The date of the sailing was fixed for March nineteenth.

It was with reluctance that I started for New York for God had given us a special mission, the import of which cannot be revealed here, but God was with us and aside from our special work there came much blessing in service. It would take too long to tell how God led us from place to place, first going to London where we were in the Faith Home of Mr. and Mrs. Cantel for five weeks, taking all of the regular meetings which were five each week. We had real fellowship in the Spirit while there with our brother and his wife who were doing a noble work for God, and our souls were greatly refreshed while ministering to the hungry flock.

The way the Lord brought us in contact with Christian workers was truly marvelous. Just those whom the Lord had laid on our hearts we were brought in touch with, and had the blessed privilege of giving our testimony of Pentecost; thus we left many seeking who had previously been afraid of the outpouring. We were also used to help the young ladies in the Young Women's Christian Association in a precious way. In one Association we were nine weeks having several services a week. The Superintendent being a woman of God allowed us to teach the truth of the Lord's Coming, which brought a real awakening among the young ladies, and many consecrated themselves to the Lord who had previously been worldly and unspiritual. Thus the Lord led us for six months, supplying every need, and returned us again to the home-land "full of joy and the Holy Ghost."

MRS. MARY DUNCAN WORK

CHAPTER X.

By Mary E. Work.

My Conversion, Consecration and Healing.

Also My Daughter's Experience.

IN THE winter of 1875 while attending Lima Seminary, revival services were being held in the Methodist church. Believing I was saved, I joined a large number of my classmates who were uniting with the church. Not knowing how to study my Bible I soon became cold and indifferent; I would pray, but did not receive answers. I see now it was because I did not wait upon the Lord as I ought. I knew nothing about the Holy Spirit to teach me to pray.

At last I became discouraged, and for a time gave up prayer. About two years later I came to Rochester to live, and married Mr. Charles P. Work, who was the son of a Baptist minister. I attended church with him, and once more tried to work for the Lord. I was very much interested in the social work of the church, and sang in the choir for years. There were times when I longed for a rest and peace which all my activity to help the church did not bring.

Things went on this way a number of years until my daughter gave her heart to the Lord. She had a very clear and wonderful conversion. The Lord spoke to her and said, "I want you to be immersed and unite with the Baptist church." (I had held my membership in the Methodist church.) Her experience so moved me that I gave up all my former sectarian ideas, and we were both baptized at the same time, and together united with the church of which my husband was a deacon.

I had not gone on in this separated life with my father and sisters; but, as it were, I stood looking on to see what it would mean for them. It seemed to me that it only meant suffering. I

could not understand why we must give up everything that seemed to me good and right. Very few people whom I knew were living that separated life. I saw no joy or service in it, for it seemed to cut one off from friends and all which I had held most dear; it looked to me very narrow. I thought over the matter considerably, and at such times a great longing would come into my heart to know God. Little did I imagine how He would teach me to know and love Him above all others. "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments and His ways past finding out!"

When in His wisdom he took my dear brother to Himself, He taught me what love was. This great sorrow came so unexpectedly that it seemed almost more than my little faith could bear, for I had confidently expected his healing.

On the evening of August 26, 1893, after we received word of his death, (as he was not living at home) we all met together before God in prayer, asking Him if He would tell us what it all meant. I felt as if I did not want sympathy;—it must be more than that. Only some word from God could relieve the agony of my heart. I said, "God, show me thy power," Words cannot express what followed. O, the mercy and love of God! The power of God came first upon my head and was so great that for a few moments I could see nothing; then it filled my whole being until I cried out, "O, the resurrection life of the Lord." I repeated it over and over; it seemed as if my body could not bear it and live. I remember saying to the Lord unless He lifted His hand I should die. I was prostrated, utterly unable to rise from the floor.

No words of mine can ever express the glory of the Lord at that time and the days following. I was more conscious of the presence of Jesus than of any one around me. He was so very real that the Scripture in 1 Peter 1: 8, "Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory," came to me as a living word.

The day came when we must lay away all that was left to us of our brother. I remember hearing the singing, and address of the minister, but cannot recall one word he said. I felt the tears running down my face and I would wipe them away, and

then such mighty power of God would rise up in me I scarcely could refrain from bursting out with joy and praise to Jesus. They were days never to be forgotten; even after these years, my heart quickens with praise to Him who has loved us and given Himself for us as I recount them. My whole life was forever changed. I now knew without a doubt I was saved, and forever belonged to the Lord.

Deep trials very hard to bear have since come, but in my heart there was a very sweet remembrance of my blessed Saviour and His love. I knew He would never leave or forsake me though all else should fail. I have had many blessed experiences since, and now He has brought me into Pentecost with all its marvelous manifestations. Since He has become so real my one thought and desire is to do His will.

My husband was also very active in church work, standing high in the councils of the church, and was deacon in one of the large churches at the time of his death. For years he did not seem to be interested in the deeper truths, but a few years before he died he came to believe some of them.

I have been healed very many times, but will write of one experience only. I had been troubled with muscular rheumatism in my chest and one arm for some time. It had become so very painful I could not raise my hand to my head without great agony, my shoulder being drawn out of place; the muscle was swollen as large as an egg. One night just before retiring, I said, "Jesus, it is written by Your stripes we are healed." I remember putting my hand on the aching muscle and saying, "By Your stripes I am healed." In the morning when waking, I found I was made every whit whole; not one touch of lameness or soreness; the swelling had also disappeared. My heart went out to Him in praise for His wonderful power manifested in my body.

He has kept me through the trials narrated by my sisters, and I do commend His faithfulness to all who are timidly stepping out in the life of trust.

By Olivia Work Bruce.

From my childhood I had heard my aunts, Mrs. Baker and her sisters, talk of the deeper walk with the Lord; therefore, when quite young, I heard the call of God to come out and be

separated from the world. My young heart did not want to give up all the pleasures and friends, so for years I tried to serve God and the world. Those were unhappy years, for my conscience troubled me when I tried to draw near to the Lord; neither could I take full enjoyment of the pleasures of the world, so that altogether it was a very unsatisfactory life.

At last God brought me to a place where I said, "Yes," to Him, and yielded my whole life to His service. From that time He took me through deep waters, many of them in connection with the trials related in the foregoing chapters, besides others which were personal; but through them all there was a joy and peace that I never had in the old life, and I can say heartily that the way was sweet, and never did I wish to go back. All the old desires for the world dropped off after a glimpse of Jesus.

The year before Pentecost came to our church was one of great trial to me, until it seemed as if I died to the self-life as never before. During that winter we were waiting on God for a fresh outpouring of His Spirit. The news of the movement called "Pentecost" had reached us, and we were questioning over it. Personally I shrank from it, although believing it was from God. I argued that it was not necessary for every one to speak in tongues, for I failed to see the real meaning as God has since shown us.

Just before the 1907 June Convention, while out walking one day, I asked the Lord to do something special for us this year, and immediately the miracle of the multiplying of the bread for the five thousand flashed into my mind, with the emphasis on the twelve baskets of fragments. From that day I found myself saying, "O, those convention days—how we will look back over them!" Truly that has been fulfilled.

A great part of the convention was taken up with the thought of this new movement. So once more I faced the question, and said, "Lord, I am so hungry for Thee that I want this new experience too." I believe tongues are for everybody. After two days had passed and nothing special had happened, I said, "Lord, I do believe what You said to me before the convention opened, and I now receive that blessing, and thank Thee for it."

On the third day of the convention I was very busy superintending the serving of the meals, when my husband came and

told me that my cousin Marguerite was speaking in tongues. He asked me to come over to Elim where she was. I wanted to go, yet the enemy made me afraid, so I pleaded my busy state as an excuse for not going.

As soon as he left me the Spirit said, "You will be sorry if you do not go," so I dropped everything and followed Mr. Bruce. As I stood looking on that wonderful sight, of Marguerite and one of the students talking in tongues, and in a moment another dropped under the power, also speaking in tongues, instantly I exclaimed, "It is God. Glory! Glory! Glory to His Name!" and the Spirit then fell on me.

I had heard so much about being prostrated and thought it strange that I was not, when the Spirit said, "Let go." I did so, falling to the floor. He took possession, first with holy laughter, then with an overmastering desire to sing, I never could carry a tune without the notes, so it did not occur to me to yield to that desire, until it came with such force I just started singing. Hallelujah! and never stopped for two hours. Praise His Name!

I need not speak of the next day as it has been told elsewhere, but I was one of that glorious choir. I never can praise Him enough for that touch of heaven on earth.

It had not occurred to me that I was not speaking in tongues, for the joy was so great I thought of nothing but my Jesus. I suddenly thought, I may have tongues too, so asked the Spirit for them. The next evening, in the after meeting, I broke out in the new tongue. It seemed then as if I had all there was to get from God, but the years since have taught me it was but a beginning, and I am looking for and constantly receiving more and more of His power in my life.

MRS. D. W. BRUCE

CHAPTER XI.

A Call of God and What Came of It.

Mrs. E. V. Baker.

And now to resume the narrative, we came into the permanent Elim Home April 1st, 1898. We were in the midst of the many financial trials already recorded, when I, feeling that I ought to trust without so much anxiety, went to the Lord entreating Him to strengthen my faith and enable me to keep the burdens on Him. I suddenly seemed to lose all interest in the work, and had a sense of being away on some foreign shore. I could not understand it, but thought it was God's way of showing me how to keep out from under the burdens. This continued for several weeks.

It was a Sabbath morning, and Elim Home was full of guests. I was to lead the morning prayers, and as I sat in the library waiting for the others to gather, I seemed so uncertain as to quite the portion of Scripture for our morning lesson. I felt so blank and empty that I just turned myself over to the Holy Spirit, who always has a freshness, and asked Him to bring out through me that morning His thought for the little group of believers gathered about His Word.

I do not remember just where I opened and began to read, but as I turned from passage to passage, our thoughts seemed directed toward the salvation of the whole world, the light we had received in these Christian lands, and how we had kept it to ourselves, reaping all its blessings, while the great heathen world, with its heart-aches and sorrows, its consciousness of sin with all its guilt and misery, was still groping in midnight darkness unrelieved by the light of the salvation of Jesus Christ which we had enjoyed so long.

The awful selfishness of it all broke over us in a fresh light, as the Spirit burdened us with the unspeakable woe and degradation and wretchedness of the many millions who had as yet never heard of Christ. We went to our knees with such a burden of prayer as we had seldom known. We believed in foreign missions, and once a week had held a meeting in our Mission Hall on the needs of one and another of those distant fields. A little stream of money had flowed through our hands to various mission sta-

tions, but in the blaze of light which God poured upon us that day it seemed so little, so *little*, really as if we had been but sleeping. We prayed sobbingly, repentantly, and besought the Lord to use us to the utmost in the future for His kingdom in those distant lands. When I went to my room later with this burden yet upon my spirit, I sank into a chair still weeping, and cried to God to show us how we might do more. I asked Him to never let our little work stop with this city, but show us how we might touch the whole world for blessing in a way we had never known before.

As I grew stiller the Spirit spoke into my consciousness this word: "*I am going to send you to India this fall with Mr. and Mrs. Norton.*" (The Rev. Albert Norton from our city who was about to return to India.) I caught my breath! "*I going to India?*" I asked with real alarm; "Lord, how can I leave my work? Surely I cannot go."

Again that still, small voice spoke into my heart, "*I am going to send you to India this fall.*" No asking my permission, but an authoritative announcement of His plan for me, but what a tumult it raised in my mind. How can I go, my hands are now so full with our Faith Mission and Elim Home, how can I leave my sisters with all this burden, I reasoned.

I was willing, even anxious to help the foreign work, but this seemed so impracticable, so impossible, could it really be God's way? At last I ceased my reasoning, and in the quiet of my spirit I could not doubt that God had spoken, and He could make it possible when I was willing to obey.

My sisters were in the house, and I sent for them; they must be told at once, yet when they came my heart failed me—how could I tell them? If it had looked so impossible to me, how much more so to them: so I said, "I believe God has spoken to me, and that He is going to send me to England;" that was as far as I could get. Mrs. Fell (my younger sister) said, "You are going to India." "How do you know I am going to India, what makes you think so?" I asked. "Because," said she, "India and Miss Edmonds, (a young lady who had been in our Home for a while, and whom our Mission had helped to go to India the year before,) have been on my heart day and night. Many a night I have prayed far into the night, and wet my pillow with my tears, crying to God for India and Miss Edmonds whom I felt was in

need. At last I asked Him, Lord, are you going to send me to India? Must I leave Marguerite (her little daughter) and go myself? He said, 'No, I am going to send one of you to do a special work for Me, and bring her back again,' so I know you are going to India."

We all sat dumb before this revelation of the working of the Spirit. Yet in spite of all this, many were the doubts and fears that rose in our minds as the days went on. The obstacles were so great, the difficulties so many, that as we looked at them our hearts failed us, and we did not speak of my going to any one, save our friends Mr. and Mrs. Norton. Then what about the money for traveling expenses? Our Mission people were doing their best to assist these friends with their little son, to make up the large expense for their journey. I simply looked to God to work the whole thing out. Our All-Day meeting in September was on the last of the month, and we had planned to have it a farewell meeting to our friends who were to sail October 12th, as this was the last time they could visit our Mission. We were led to speak publicly of our call to go to India, and also that we were to sail on the same steamer with these out-going missionaries. Great was the consternation of our people, they were hard to convince that God was calling to such a thing, but finally accepted God's will in the matter. Only twelve days now, and no money in sight, and my wardrobe needing much replenishing. Two days later a cheque for one hundred dollars, then gift after gift kept pouring in. One dear friend from out of town coming to us looked over my outfit without my knowledge, and supplied every thing, the smallest article not forgotten. A dressmaker kindly offered her service, and in a few days all was ready; money, clothing, every little needful thing, till I could truly say, "I lacked nothing." I speak of these details to show the tender thoughtfulness of our Lord in temporal matters.

October 12th found me on board the "Majestic" steaming out from New York, under "*sealed orders*," bound for India.

What was I going for? What was I to do when there? Where was I to stop? All these questions crowded thick and fast upon me, and many times when out upon the sea I laid them before the Lord, and this word kept coming, "*Go, and it shall be told thee what thou shalt do.*"

A few days in London, most kindly entertained by dear Mrs. Baxter of 10 Drayton Park, who pressed into my hand at parting £5 ($25) much to my surprise. Surely "Before they call, I will answer" was fulfilled. Now off again upon the sea for three weeks landing at Colombo, Ceylon, where we remained for a few days, then across to India, and a long journey by rail to Kedgaon where Pandita Ramabai has her Mukti Mission, her larger work for high caste widows.

As my friends were to stop with Ramabai for a while, I thought it a good opportunity to see her work of which I had heard with deepest interest, then after that I had it in my mind to go a thousand miles further north to see Miss Edmonds.

I had thought as a matter of course my work in India must be in some way connected with her. After a few days of rest enjoyed through Ramabai's very generous hospitality, I began to think of packing up for my further journey, but somehow I felt a strange restraint in my spirit. Every time I took up anything to begin packing I simply could not do it, till at last I asked God what it meant. Why should I not go on? What was there at Kedgaon that I should remain? Ramabai might not want to take a perfect stranger as a helper, not sent out by some recommending Board. I grew anxious and worried and again attempted to get away, but the inward restraint was so strong that I dare not move. While praying over what God meant for me by holding me here, He impressed me very deeply with the imperative need of a suitable Home where poor fallen girls could come and find helping hands to bring them to the feet of Jesus.

There are so many in this country, the Temple girls married when but babes to a god, then carried when but little girls to the Temples to lead a life of prostitution in the name of religion: and young widows, to escape a life of cruelty and desolation at home, often throw themselves into a life of shame, besides many others who through poverty and other causes swell the ranks of this despised and oppressed class. God made me feel that He wanted Ramabai to add this branch to her other work for women.

I went and laid it all before her. Her heart had long been burdened for these girls, but how could she take up this new departure when her hands already were so full. We prayed much over it, when it became impressed upon my mind to send for Miss

Edmonds, who had been matron of a similar home in America. Already six girls of this class had been sent to Mukti, but Ramabai knew not what to do with them, as they could not be placed with the other girls.

Miss Edmonds came and a Home was opened, an old building being at her disposal for the purpose. We were so touched by what these girls said to Miss Edmonds when she took charge of them; they asked, "Are you the one your God has sent to take care of us? When Ramabai told us she could not keep us, but must send us away; where could we go, we knew there was no place for us in India, so we prayed to the English God, to Ramabai's God, to send some of His people to help us, and to take care of us so that we could live right, and did He send you in answer to our prayers?"

Think of it—these poor heathen girls crying to an unknown God for some one to help them to lead a pure life, and who will not say that in answer to that cry, God sent me from far away America, and Miss Edmonds from a thousand miles north of Kedgaon to help Ramabai do what was long upon her heart, but which her already full hands made impossible. The Home opened with six girls, but the number soon increased to twenty, as many as could be comfortably cared for. We soon felt the need of a large building, one that would accommodate about one hundred girls. All this work at Mukti Mission is supported alone in answer to prayer, so this need was earnestly carried to God, and funds taken of Him by faith to put up such a building, which when completed with a well, which is a necessity in this climate, would cost not far from £2000 or $10,000. God soon sent an earnest large enough to justify the digging of the well, which work was at once begun.

Later, the word came to me that I was not to remain to see the building go up, but must go home. My heart had become so deeply burdened with this work I felt that I could hardly go away and leave it, but our part is not to question orders, but to obey, yet I could not help saying to Ramabai when telling her about my going, "I had hoped to see the foundation of the new home laid before going away."

A little later she came to me, and said the Lord was saying to her, "Why wait for the money, can you not lay the corner

stone in faith?" And with a light born of the Holy Spirit in her eyes, she said smilingly, "I have sent the masons at once to the new compound (which had been set aside for this work) to lay out the site for the foundation, and you shall lay the corner-stone." Accordingly a day later we gathered around the spot, the few Europeans who were there, the native teachers and helpers, and nearly a hundred native workmen, who were employed on other buildings and about the place, all heathen men, but who asked the privilege of being present at the service.

The hour was just as the sun was going down, to avoid the heat. A hymn was sung, and then I read portions of Scripture, Isa. 58: 6, 12; Hag. 2: 1-8; 5: 8, 9, 15, 20, interpreted in Marathi. Then the stone was lifted to its place, followed by a number of earnest prayers.

Then Ramabai, standing upon the mound of earth thrown up from the excavation, began telling the story of the new home. She talked like one inspired. She told of the poor destitute girls shunned by everyone, though often more sinned against than sinning, for whom India has few homes or friends; how God had led me from far off America, and Miss Edmonds from the distant north to open such a place of shelter, a home where they might find the God who loves, and the Christ who saves. Then there followed burning words about God's infinite love and mercy for the sinning, the forsaken, and the outcast. She told them how she was laying the corner stone of a building which would cost thousands of rupees, with an empty pocket, but a mighty God back of it all who has said, "*My God shall supply all your need.*" O, how she poured out her heart. How near God seemed, how real His presence; I can never forget that scene, but still carry it in my heart though in this far away home land. That eastern sunset, the deepening twilight, the rising moon casting a soft light upon those upturned earnest faces, the turbaned heads, Ramabai, white robed (her usual dress) like the angel of mercy she is, the silence broken only by her impassioned voice, the stillness over all nature, the holy hush upon all our hearts; God bending over us, so truly taking the responsibility of the work which we there placed in His own hands to carry forward! We shall never forget it, but it shall ever be an inspiration to pray and labor for this blessed branch of work for the women of India.

One could see that those workmen were deeply impressed. They had been toiling all day beneath a burning sun, and up to this time were supperless, but no one moved, and when we turned slowly away they still lingered as if loth to break the spell that had fallen upon all hearts, how I did cry to God that those hearts that had been touched by His presence that night might soon surrender to Him. How I praise God for ever having sent me to India, and did I not know that *His* work still holds me in America, would gladly spend my life upon her soil helping in some little measure to lighten the darkness.

Soon after I sailed for America, not knowing that I should ever touch the work again except through faith and prayer, and what little I might do in my own land to awaken an interest in other hearts. I arrived home about the middle of May, accompanied by a dear friend, Mrs. Staveley, of Berachah, Southport, England. A few weeks later in our annual convention held in June, at the Missionary meeting Sunday afternoon, Monoramabai, Ramabai's daughter, who was at school in this country, was with us, and gave some interesting facts about her mother's work, after which I followed with an account of how God led me to Kedgaon, and about the opening of this new Rescue Home. I told them how we laid the corner stone in faith without a rupee to add another stone to the building, and how I had come away leaving that one stone lying alone in that corner.

We never take a collection for any object in our Mission, and as I finished I was about to close the meeting with a hymn when a gentleman rose and asked that he might have the privilege of adding another stone to the one lying out there alone, and naming a sum of money sat down. Instantly all over the house hands went up, and sums of money were named faster than we could take them down. I was obliged to ask the audience to act more slowly that we might not miss a name. It was surely an inspiration of God, and within a few minutes $800 were pledged. It was six o'clock and we had been in a continuous meeting for four hours. We adjourned till evening, and when we came together again, the offering was resumed till $1000 had been given. We sang again and again the doxology of praise to our wonderful God. The audience was made up of poor people, not a wealthy person among them, so that this offering meant real sacrifice and

love. We had prayed much for this convention that it might be a Pentecostal time of blessing, and while that marvelous outburst of spontaneous giving was going on, the Spirit seemed to say to one of my sisters who was sitting on the platform. "*You have asked for Pentecostal power, this is the Spirit of Pentecost.*" The first effect of Pentecost was that each gave to those who had need. (See Acts 2: 45.) A religion that does not unlock our pocketbooks as well as our hearts is not the religion of the Christ who gave Himself to poverty that we might be rich. Christians, who have the spirit of their Master, must be givers.

Doors began to open on all sides for me to speak on this need in India, and money always flowed in though I never asked for a penny, or allowed a collection to be taken for this object.

Presently God began to speak to me about returning to England to tell the story of this need to the people there. I at once shrank back. I had been home so short a time, how could I go away across the sea again so soon. Still I heard the Spirit speaking and urging me to go, and when my friend, Mrs. Staveley, fixed the date of her return to England for August 12th, I knew I must go with her. At last I consented, my dear sisters cheerfully assuming the burden of the work here, and we sailed from New York on the day appointed.

Then the question arose how was I to reach the English public? I saw at once their conservative methods would forbid their accepting a stranger without credentials. I prayed much over it, then remembered that Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Dyer, former editors of the "Bombay Guardian," whom I had met in India, and who were warm friends of Ramabai, had returned to England. I at once wrote them, asking for a letter of introduction to Messrs. Morgan and Scott, editors of the London "Christian," whom I wished to act as bankers for any funds that might come into my hands. They kindly sent me two letters one to the Conveners of a Convention in Rothesay, Scotland, and the other to Morgan and Scott, who afterwards received and forwarded all moneys which came to me, acknowledging the same in their paper, thus relieving me of much financial responsibility. I was invited to speak at the Rothesay Convention by the kindness of Mr. Gowan, and from that doors opened everywhere. From a little notice of my work kindly given in "The Christian" by the editors, money

came to me from people whom I have never seen, but whose generosity I have never forgotten. A constant succession of engagements followed so that I was kept traveling and speaking for over two months. I shall never cease to be grateful for the kind and cordial reception accorded me by the English and Scotch people. Never have I found larger hearts, or a more noble and generous response to a real need; also the warm and tender personal friendships that will ever live in my heart, and make me their lasting debtor.

Although I never asked for a contribution, yet about $2415 was realized for India in this short time. Surely this was all of God. It was He who opened doors, and then opened hearts and homes to His child. How very real He seemed in those days when I was a stranger in a strange land. I remember with what force it came over me one day in the streets of Glasgow, how opportunities were made, and homes opened for drawing-room meetings, unexpected chances for speaking at conventions, beyond what was set down for me in the program; somebody always at the right place and the right moment to do the needed thing, always just the needed help, or home, or hall, or friend ready at hand, and all this attention and comfort and success planned by an unseen Being, even our faithful God.

My heart would have failed me many times but for the deep consciousness of His presence and direction. To Him be truly all the praise and glory first, and then deep and lasting gratitude to His faithful stewards, who so constantly and freely responded to God and made it possible for Him to carry out His loving plan for these poor friendless girls in India. I also thank God for the beautiful Christian home found at "Berachah," Southport where dear Mrs. Staveley and her co-workers kindly invited me to make my headquarters while in England. How much I owe to these dear friends can never be told.

Business affairs made it necessary for me to visit India again before returning home. I was obliged to leave England about the middle of November, arriving in India in the midst of that awful famine. Such suffering and want everywhere; Ramabai took me out to her cattle sheds where about twenty-five poor buffaloes (from which she obtains their milk supply) stood, looking more like skeletons than living beasts, their dumb misery appealing to

our hearts almost as if they were human beings. About two hundred starving natives clamoring at the compound gate each morning, always finding as much relief as was possible to give them without neglecting the many girls already under her care. Although her girls numbered hundreds, yet this intrepid woman, taking her life in her hand, was preparing to go into the Central Provinces where the famine was the worst, and rescue many more, which she did before I left, securing during the famine hundreds more, making now with her about 2000. Three hundred of whom are in the Rescue Home, the "Kripa Sadan," Surely God had this need in view when He sent me to hasten the opening of this Home, knowing the famine was so soon to follow.

Again duty called me home to America, where I have since been doing what I could to enlist the sympathy of others for this noble work.

OUR FIRST PRINTING OFFICE

CHAPTER XII.

Enlargement of the Work.

Publishing Department and Hebron Home.

Fresh Trials and Discipline.

THE SECOND year of our work God brought before me a very real call which He had given me, namely, to *write* for Him. He had made many lines of truth clear to me after months of fog and confusion, and He had asked me to write them out for the help of others. Now He showed me that He wanted us to publish our own literature.

Soon after this a stranger, a widow, deeply needing spiritual help came for a few days to our Home. After receiving much blessing and comfort, on leaving she told us that her husband who had been dead but a few months was the owner of a large job printing office in the town in which she lived, that she wished to close up the office, and if we could use a press she would give us one, and loan sufficient type to begin with.

Thus God supplied the need, and we began what we named "Elim Publishing House." With this old material we published perhaps a million of tracts which we sent out *free*. Just before I went to India we closed the office, as the whole outfit became too worn out to be of service longer.

After my return the Spirit began to impress me again that the Publishing Department must go on. We began praying for a new outfit. In the fall of 1901 a dear woman was spending a few weeks in the Home, and asked me why we did not go on with our printing department. We told her of the impaired outfit, not knowing that she had it in her power to answer our prayers, but God knew and He spoke to her, and with a generosity and kindness of spirit which rejoiced all our hearts, and I believe the heart of God as well, she placed in our hands the sum of $1000 for this

department. She afterwards increased this to $5000 for other departments of the work. We at once purchased a modest plant, and have carried on the work ever since. A little later we began the publication of a sixteen page monthly called "TRUST" containing helpful reading upon themes of interest to all earnest Christians, namely; Salvation, The Holy Spirit, Divine Healing, The Premillennial Coming of our Lord, and Foreign Missions. My Sister Susie taking the Editorship while I assisted as I found time. Our paper "TRUST" was launched March, 1902, the first issue being 700, it has now grown until the monthly output is over seven thousand.

The paper and tracts soon met with surprising favor. It would require a volume to publish all the letters received thanking us for blessing through this medium. Again and again mention is made of some particular tract or article in TRUST, which God has used to bless and help those looking for healing, others who have been brought out of the fogs of doubt into the sunlight of His love.

As we realize what God has accomplished through our efforts, so feeble in our own eyes, we cry out to Him for wisdom and strength to measure up to the largest demand.

At the very beginning God made us to understand that everything should be free, while we were to look to Him to supply every need of each department. I remember when we were about to publish "TRUST," knowing that the postage on *free* literature is about eight times as much as on papers with a paid subscription, we thought of charging a small price per year in order to lessen the postage. One day I was stopped by the voice of the Spirit who said, "I do not want a price placed on the paper." "But, Lord," I said, "there is that large postage." He replied, "I can pay the postage." "The people will not appreciate it if it is free," I said. The Spirit answered, "I am a great Giver, I want My people to be like Me. I give to the *unthankful* and *the evil*, I want you like Me." "Lord, I want to be like Thee," I replied, and no price has ever gone on anything we have, all goes out free (up to our ability) to those who desire. "Freely ye have received, freely give," is the law of the kingdom. "Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together and running over, shall men give into your bosom. *For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again.*"

Our paper and tracts have gone to the ends of the earth, not a country in the world, I think, where they are not sent, and the demand increasing constantly far beyond our power to keep pace with it. This would not have been true had we charged for them. Hundreds of hearts have been blessed and bodies healed that would never have known the truth but for our obedience to the divine command. Then, too, the blessing of the Lord rests upon the many kind donors who have by their contributions enabled us under God to carry on the work. The sowers and the reapers rejoice together.

Once as the week was closing we lacked money enough to pay the printer. We had been holding this need before the Lord when the last mail brought money from *China*, from *Africa*, and from *Boston*, making up the required sum. Dear missionaries who had been helped through the paper remembered our need. Such money seems most sacred, and comes to us with the blessing of the Lord upon both giver and receiver.

The material for the literature and the printer's wages cost as much as any down town office, but God has so wonderfully met these needs that our printer has never been asked to wait for his wages, but each Saturday night is paid as in any large publishing house. The paper has never failed to appear each month except the Convention number, which is a double number. When the Spirit showed us that we were to send it out free, we asked God if He would not be more honored to have it appear regularly as any business house would send out a monthly, and He has always done so. When the paper is through the press and mailed, we never have a dollar in hand for the next issue, yet through the faithfulness of God's servants it always comes by the time it is needed. I say this to the glory of our faithful God whom we have learned to trust. We have no rich friends who send us large offerings, but a mighty God who has undertaken to carry on this little branch of His own planting through His many stewards.

Hebron Home.

During these years of work in the Mission souls were saved through the nightly services, some of whom are doing good work for God today; but from the first we felt ourselves handicapped in dealing with the most desperate cases through the lack of a

home where they might be sheltered and helped until their faith in God was such as to enable them to cope with the difficulties and temptations that throng the pathway of every man in the great battle for bread.

Over this need we began to pray, and God clearly indicated His purpose to give us a home for these men, and as clearly indicated His thought to establish it in the building occupied by our mission. Upon application the owners utterly refused to rent us the upper stories of the building. We continued praying and waiting, and for six years the building was unoccupied except by our mission on the ground floor. During these years several times we applied and were refused. When we thought of seeking elsewhere for a suitable place for the home, the Spirit would always say, "I am going to give you that building," and so we continued to wait and pray, often with tears and fasting, as we realized that perhaps souls were perishing that might be rescued through such a home.

God is true, and we would say to any who may be standing in faith for things spoken by the Lord, "Trust on, 'though the vision tarry wait for it, it will not tarry too long.' "

Finally we were impressed that God's time had come, and we went once more and made application for the building. This time the estate consented to rent it to us providing we would at our own expense fit it up, as, for our purpose, it would require much larger expense than would be necessary for them to rent it for business purposes.

We again went before the Lord, and were assured that He would provide the means to go on. We accepted this proposition, secured the building, and had the plans all drawn up while as yet we had but a few dollars in hand toward the large sum needed. We held the matter before the Lord, and asked Him to give us the amount required. In about two months $5000, the sum we named before the Lord as being necessary, was put into our hands for this purpose by one of God's faithful stewards. The offering was all the more precious, as the donor said with a look of real pleasure in her face, "I am glad to be able to give it." The blessing of the Lord is hers, for "God loveth a cheerful giver." Tears of gratitude filled our eyes, and songs of thanksgiving welled up in our hearts as we received this cheque, which met the answer to our six years of waiting and prayer.

We fitted up the three floors over the Mission with dining-room, reading-room, and dormitories enough to accommodate about thirty men. We engaged a man and wife as resident superintendents, and opened the Home, which soon filled up. God began to bless and souls were saved. One dear man over seventy who had been for years a confirmed drunkard, and was the despair of his family, was sent to us by one of his sons. He had a bright, intelligent, argumentative mind, and when he would hear the truth taught in the evening meetings was inclined to be skeptical and full of argument.

We quietly passed over this spirit in him, and held on to God for his salvation. One evening after a very searching message, I went to him myself, and asked him if he was not ready to surrender to his Saviour. He burst into tears, and said, "Do you think He would ever forgive a miserable old sinner like me?" and then went humbly on his knees before God confessing his sins, and was soon rejoicing in the Saviour's love. His heart overflowed with gratitude to God and us for our interest and the patience we had with his perversity.

We could fill pages with similar accounts of poor captives brought into liberty and blessing through the instrumentality of this Home and Mission. A most gratifying feature of the work was the interest the men had for each other. One man who had been in the home only two nights, said, "I have never been so touched as by the loving interest of these men in my behalf." They did indeed remember the pit from which they were digged, and were ready to render any service possible to help lift their fallen brothers, often watching through the night with those in delirium tremens, earnestly praying with those who were sick, and giving themselves no rest until each new man was brought into the Light.

The character of the men who came to us were not the class who would come to escape the cold of winter, but those who would have come as quickly in midsummer; they were not seeking lodgings, but had a real purpose to change their life. We have been deeply touched, as the years have gone by, to note how God's people have come to our support. A band of faithful workers have stood with us here in the city, and friends are constantly being added from far and near whose sympathy and prayers we appreciate beyond words.

We had no other aim or object in carrying on the work than to pluck brands from the eternal burning, to give the light of a full gospel to the spiritually hungry, to preach liberty to the captives in heathen darkness, and thus to hasten the return of our glorious Lord. We stand today as dependent upon our God as at the beginning, but with a larger faith, a brighter outlook, and a deep and sweet experience in things divine.

It is possible for the most active work *for God* to prevent the worker from seeking a deeper experience *in God*. With heart and hands full, little time is found to deepen one's own life, and one may find that they are giving out without having time to take in fresh draughts of life for themselves. This may have been the reason why God permitted a fresh trial of unspeakable agony to come to us.

Months before it came I was in St. Louis, Mo., holding meetings. One morning I awakened with such a sense of God's presence filling the room that my whole being was awed by it. Speaking of it to the friend at whose home I was stopping, immediately after breakfast we went to prayer. While she was praying aloud, an uncontrollable weeping seized me; I felt borne down with unutterable agony as if my very life would go out under its pressure. "Lord," I cried, "what is this awful load? There is no reason why I should feel like this." Then He said, "I am going to take you through a fiery trial;" then He spoke of a larger service than I had ever dreamed of. That suffering which I then felt was but a drop of the baptism of suffering through which we were so soon to pass.

That very fall of 1903 it began through a man who had apparently been saved in our mission some time before. He had been a miserable drunkard, losing his business and friends through the drink habit. We had taken both him and his wife into our own home in order to help and hold him till he could learn to trust. After being delivered he seemed very grateful, running in and out like one of the family. We could see that he was proud and ambitious, hot-headed, with an ungovernable temper, but were in hopes grace would subdue and deliver as time went on.

Evidently he became ambitious to get control of our work, and when a Superintendent other than himself was selected for Hebron Home, I could think of nothing but that which was said

of Judas, "Satan entered into him." Anonymous letters began to come to us full of falsehood and accusation. We little dreamed their source, and often showed them to him expressing our amazement. Of course, he knew nothing of their authorship, so he said.

They multiplied, being scattered through the mission. A strange atmosphere began to prevail for which we could not account. Old friends acted strangely toward us, and our work seemed all out of joint. Over this we cried mightily to God, when He showed us that this supposed friend was the author of all the trouble. We accused him of it, but were met with a flat denial. He asked us what we would do if we knew the author of the scandalous letters; would we prosecute them? We said, "No, God would not allow us to defend ourselves by law."

This only emboldened him, and the time came when we forbade him the mission or our premises. Then he swore to our faces that he would never rest while root or branch remained of our work. This he for years endeavored to carry out. Every falsehood that could be invented about our character, our work, our methods, was sent in anonymous letters to every address at home and abroad that he could obtain. Strangers sent them to us saying they thought we ought to know it. One lady in Boston wrote enclosing the other letter, and said, "When I read the enclosed, the Lord said to me, 'An enemy hath done this,'" and extended her sympathy. Another: "When I read this stuff, the Spirit whispered, 'There is not a word of truth in it.'" Such letters comforted us in the awful furnace fires which seemed to envelop us. Many in the mission left us without asking for the truth. This man started another work in the city which they joined, which became a very hot-bed of gossip against us. No stone seemed left unturned to destroy public confidence in us and our work.

In the midst of this attack a most disastrous fire broke out in the business portion of the city, compelling the owner of the block which held our mission and Hebron Home to remove the whole building, making way for a fine business block. This compelled us to remove from the place grown dear to us through so many manifestations of God's faithful love. Our work seemed on the brink of ruin. O, those days of anguish and agony can never be put into words! Again the "corn of wheat must fall into the ground and die" in order to bring forth the "much fruit,"

but it was a far deeper death now than ever known before. The truths we had taught must now be put into practice, turned into life. How Satan over-reaches himself. This poor sinning man, but a tool in his hands, did not know that he was but the instrument after all to bring us into God far beyond anything we had ever dreamed. Every stroke that slew the things we had prized, and perhaps leaned on, but pushed us into the life of our divine Head, and only loosened our bands and let us go free. Even we did not see this always clearly. Our feelings as we left the old hall to await further orders were, I am sure, similar to that of a flock of sheep whom a passer-by observed all full of fear and trembling as the shepherd sought to lead them into a ferry-boat, which was to bear them across a flowing stream. Upon inquiry as to what was the trouble, the shepherd explained, "O, I am only taking them across the river to a better pasture, but they don't know it, and are afraid." So it has proved with us; "As thou goest step by step the way shall open up before thee," has literally been fulfilled in our experience.

Many times the Lord said to me as the trial went on in all its fierceness, "I will not let it hurt you." I knew it would temporarily, but that this precious word would ultimately be fulfilled. Once, I remember, these terrible things went out to dear friends in England whose confidence we prized most highly. So conclusive did these falsehoods seem that they believed them, and estrangement followed.

For a month or more, when I learned this, I felt as if a sharp knife had pierced my heart till it was slowly bleeding. At last I said to the Lord, "I am willing to bear what Thou dost permit. I do not ask Thee to change the circumstances, but, Lord, Thou must take this awful pain out of my heart, or I can be of no further use to Thee," and this He did. The circumstances remained the same, but somehow He healed the wound. O, these tender touches of the blessed Spirit which we might never have known but for this trial! The deep sense of letting go everything and just falling into His hands was worth all it cost. He wounds to heal, and thus are we brought into the fellowship of His sufferings.

When through these circumstances we were compelled to remove our Mission, these anonymous letters went everywhere saying that God Himself had swept our work entirely away, that not a vestige of it remained.

While we stood bewildered before the Lord, He gave one of our workers Jer. 30: 18-22.

"Thus saith the Lord; Behold, I will bring again the captivity of Jacob's tents, and have mercy on his dwelling places; and the city shall be builded upon her own heap, and the palace shall remain after the manner thereof.

And out of them shall proceed thanksgiving and the voice of them that make merry: and I will multiply them, and they shall not be few; I will also glorify them, and they shall not be small.

Their children also shall be as aforetime, and their congregation shall be established before me, and I will punish all that oppress them.

And their nobles shall be of themselves, and their governor shall proceed from the midst of them; and I will cause him to draw near, and he shall approach unto me: for who is this that engaged his heart to approach unto me? saith the Lord. And ye shall be my people, and I will be your God."

Then He showed one of my sisters that we were to put up a building upon our own lot in the rear of Elim Home; that we were not to rent another building, but remove our things to the Home and use the drawing-room which, with a large parlor adjoining, could easily accommodate one hundred and fifty persons or more.

The owners of the old Mission Hall allowed us to remove everything we had placed in their building, steam fittings, radiators, plumbing, even doors and window casings, hence the loss was but slight and amply covered by the value of the souls already saved in the work.

When we first came into possession of the Elim Home property, my sister, Mrs. Fell, had been shown that the stables in the rear would be torn down, the lot adjoining purchased, and a church erected on the land thus obtained. The Lord now showed us the time for the fulfillment of this vision was at hand, and to ask Him for $50,000 and He would give it. This large sum quite staggered us, and seemed too much for our faith. We then asked for an earnest, as a seal that we were not mistaken in the leading, of one dollar for each thousand, i.e., $50. Soon a letter came from a stranger whom we have never yet seen containing the sum of $25 toward a new building, he said, hearing we had been swept out of our old quarters by the great fire.

Then a lady came and gave $25, saying the Lord had told her to give it as an earnest toward a new building. Surely God had given us what we had asked. That year, God gave us the whole $50,000. With it one mortgage was paid, with the balance

the lot in the rear was purchased, our stables torn down, and we were enabled to put up a three-story brick building, to be used as a Bible Training School to fit young people for home or foreign missionary work. Adjoining this, with but a brick wall between, was added a church of gray sandstone, which we dedicated free of debt, and called Elim Tabernacle.

While the enemy on the outside was endeavoring to pull down, God from the inside was building up both in our spiritual life, and by furnishing tools to further His own work.

Next He showed us to add another story to the Elim Home building, thus giving us sixteen extra rooms already so much needed and for these improvements He provided all that was needed.

So for two years while the fire was hottest from the enemy, God went quietly on with His answer by these enlargements. All the fixtures taken from the old mission hall went into the new school building where they are still doing good service. The church and school buildings have been free of debt from the first, for which our hearts are filled with praise. When we were contemplating putting up this building, a gentleman, a business man in the city who had been quite wealthy at one time, but who had lost heavily through carrying too many mortgages, called upon us, as he was interested in the work. He warned me most emphatically against attempting another building while a mortgage remained upon Elim Home.

He told me of his losses, and speaking as a friend urged me to first pay all indebtedness that remained upon the property before enlarging. His advice, which I could but recognize was wise and sound from a business man's standpoint, quite perplexed me. I promised him to consider it before acting, but when I went to prayer about it, the Spirit almost thundered through me, "Speak unto the people that they go forward." Ex. 14: 15. The wisdom of this course has been proven, for while an indebtedness still remains upon Elim Home, we have had the benefit of the church and school building for these years, while young men and women who have been prepared for the work in the latter are now preaching in different fields, both at home and abroad. We have never been able to follow the advice of friends in our work, but have been shut up to getting the mind of God before we act, and then resolutely obeying, whether friends approve or not.

PRESENT PRINTING OFFICE

CHAPTER XIII.

Elim Tabernacle and Bible School.

(The Beginning of Deliverance.)

WHILE THE little church was being built we were praying for a pastor to have charge of it, but as time went on no man appeared who could suitably fill the place. Still we prayed, till shown by the Spirit that it was not the purpose of God to send a man to fill that office, and that we sisters were to go on as in the mission work, giving out the truth to the people in the simplest way. We had not believed in women as pastors, or occupying any official position in the church, but here we were in a position wholly unsought by us, and from which only real cowardice and disobedience to plain leading could free us. Not believing in ordination for women, we went on as we were. A faithful band of dear Christians who had been helped, blessed and many healed in body, stood with us. A Board of deacons was formed, who officiated at the Communion service, until regular ordained elders were provided, so that all the ordinances are properly administered and the needs thus supplied.

From the first we had held two conventions every year for the deepening of spiritual life. After we entered our new church building we added a third. One in January, which is the anniversary of the opening of our work, another the first week in June, and the third in August. These conventions are largely attended, some coming from a great distance. On each of these occasions many of the sick are healed, weak Christians strengthened, the strong encouraged by a larger outlook on the truth, while many for the first time enter a truly consecrated life. The themes presented are: the Premillennial Coming of our Lord; Consecration, leading to a life in the Holy Spirit; healing for the body through

the atonement of Christ, (not Christian Science, so called), and Foreign Mission work, or the responsibility of the church to obey the last great commission given by our Lord Himself in Matt. 28: 19-20.

At the present writing, God has entrusted us with over $35,000 for the foreign field, which has been sent to well known missionary workers. Surely the prayer which the Spirit prayed through my lips years ago that God would "send thousands and thousands of dollars through my hands for His kingdom" has been abundantly answered, and I believe will be increasingly so as the years go on.

All coming to the Conventions are given entertainment free, while three meals each day are served in the Bible School dining-hall. As many as 4500 meals have been served at one convention. The attendance at these conventions is increasing almost beyond our power to serve. God has held us strictly to the principle of "Freely ye have received, freely give." The absolute liberality with which everything is served to all, meals, lodging, literature, with every privilege of the convention, travelling expenses of all invited speakers paid, without appeals either publicly or privately for convention expenses, begets a like spirit in those attending. The subject of money for the home work is never broached, yet this immense object lesson speaks more loudly than any words, and is used by the Spirit to beget an unselfishness that is beautiful to see.

Through the offering boxes, and that which is given directly to us, all expenses are met each time, never leaving us in debt, but often something left over. This method has not been without its trials to us in ways too numerous to mention, but a distinct leading of the Spirit amounting to almost a command has held us thus far. The world spirit always gets and keeps; the Christ spirit always gives, gives to the last limit. The Christian, as a rule, so poorly illustrates this heavenly spirit that it affords no object lesson to the world. God makes us feel that the dining-room is preaching for Him, as well as the audience room in the tabernacle; and we constantly see real results in the liberality of the people, while the spirit of harmony and unity which prevails is most Christ-like and inspiring. The whole spirit of the Gospel is one of sacrifice, even to the laying down of one's life for the brethren, (1 John 3: 16,) and when constantly followed, always

results in blessing to both giver and receiver. We trust the Spirit to deepen more and more these great principles in our own hearts, and also in the hearts of all who come under our ministry.

"Measure thy life by loss, and not by gain,
Not by the wine drunk, but by the wine poured forth,
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice,
And he who suffers most has most to give."

While we have been living up to this principle, God has placed in our hands property, buildings and lots, all used for His work, amounting to over $100,000, which stand in this city a monument to His faithfulness, through His stewards. We have the care and responsibility, which is not small, while His people who come from time to time reap the benefit. The running expenses of the work in all its branches requires $8000 or $9000 yearly to keep it out of debt. We have no desire to lay up a cent for ourselves personally. Every dollar is handled as stewards who must give an account to God of their stewardship. All we have and are is poured out a willing sacrifice at His feet. We desire the prayers of God's people who read this that we may be kept out of sight, walking only before Him.

Old friends, who went out from us, have returned better friends than ever, chastened and disciplined through the mistake, and are now standing firm and true going on for all that God has for them. How wonderful are God's dealings. As we look back through the clouds and sunshine, when we have been humbled under the mighty hand of our God, and then lifted up again into visible blessing, "emptied from vessel to vessel," but always coming nearer to the heart of Him who hath called us, our hearts are filled with adoring love and praise. I find myself often exclaiming with Paul, "O, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"

The Rochester Bible Training School.

As has been already intimated, God had called us to open a Bible Training School for the training of those who felt His call to some special work, but lacked the educational fitness.

For almost a year God was talking to us about this new departure, but we felt we could not assume so much responsibility, with greatly increased expenses added to our other work. We

begged to be excused, but our human reasoning did not move God from His plan. So at last we almost reluctantly consented, and October 2nd, 1906, the school was duly opened with fourteen regular, and six special students, and a Faculty of five teachers. We have a two years' course strictly Biblical, having the Bible as our chief text-book. The studies embrace Theology, or the great doctrines of the Bible; Synthesis, or an analysis of the Bible by books; Personal Work, or how to use the Bible for different classes of enquirers; Homiletics, Exegesis, Dispensational Truth, Tabernacle Studies with the help of fine charts etc., and Missionary Studies to better equip those called to foreign fields.

We had feared that a course of two years was short, but time has demonstrated that our students have obtained a grasp and working knowledge of the English Bible beyond that obtained in many longer courses, and quite sufficient to enable them to fill positions of responsibility and trust in the work at home, or in the foreign field.

God's presence and blessing has especially attended this undertaking. Some students can contribute little or nothing to their own support, but all are taught to trust the Lord for supplies, and the many answers to prayer would form a chapter by itself. Thus the truth becomes practical before they are thrust forth to learn how to trust under much more difficult circumstances and without the atmosphere of faith which they find here.

The Training School work is increasing in scope and usefulness so that at this date (January, 1916) seventeen of our students have gone to the foreign field, two of whom have laid down their lives in Africa, Miss Beatrice Morrison and Mr. Karl Wittich.

Others are filling places of responsibility in the home land so that already the returns are far beyond what we hoped in these few years.

Should our Lord tarry, it will be necessary to enlarge our borders again if we are able to accommodate those seeking admittance to the school. "Jehovah Jireh."

BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL

CHAPTER XIV

Pentecost, or The Latter Rain outpouring.

IN JUNE, 1907, at our large summer convention, the Pentecostal outpouring with speaking in tongues fell upon us. The preparation for this wonderful blessing perhaps was as follows: When that remarkable revival broke out in Wales our hearts, like those of all Christendom, were greatly stirred. The power of God working so mightily, the absence of human machinery, the tremendous results in the salvation of souls, made us very hungry to know God in His fullness. We held special meetings for the purpose of waiting upon God in which we were greatly blessed.

Later we heard about the work in Los Angeles accompanied with speaking in tongues, from which we at once drew back fearing fanaticism, or the work of the enemy. Then we would hear, what we felt was of God, next some report which caused us fear, thus we vibrated for and against for a year. At last we earnestly besought God to show us just what was of Him. As we searched our Bibles prayerfully He made us know that He was responsible for the movement, but not for everything that was in it. This allayed our fears and we trusted ourselves to Him for all that was of the Spirit, and to be kept from what was not of His working.

While waiting thus as a company of believers we were much quickened in faith and prayer, but not till our convention season was there any manifest outpouring. Two brethren were with us who had this experience, and we asked them to present the subject, and we can say with joyful hearts that almost the entire convention became seekers at once, and there was truly the one-accord spirit.

Friday night all who were seeking for this experience were invited to tarry before the Lord. A large number waited with us

until about two o'clock in the morning; these were hours of quiet heart searching and of utter yielding to God for His special equipment for the last conflict of this age. A quiet hush settled down upon us, and we separated feeling that God's time of visitation was very near. The next morning the power of God was manifested in a manner almost indescribable.

While the meeting was going on in the church a few had gathered in Elim Home for further waiting, and it was there the power fell. During that day many were prostrated under the hand of God, speaking in tongues and singing and prophesying. Among these was our niece, Marguerite Fell, at that time a young girl of fourteen, who had particularly feared and resisted this movement as she had heard of it elsewhere, but when the Spirit fell upon her she lay helpless under His mighty power. As we listened we could see that the Spirit was showing her the needs and awful darkness of the heathen fields, and a real soul travail came upon her for the perishing souls in darkness. She cried out agonizingly in English for God to send help, then as the Spirit pointed her to the cross she broke out in joyful praise for the victory of Calvary, and immediately broke out in fluent Chinese, not one word of which did she know.

Then the awful soul agony came on again, this time over the unbelief of the people of God. It found vent in anguished cries almost painful to hear, a sorrow borne into the heart of the young child by the grief of the Spirit Himself over the slowness of the church to believe their God. Thus she lay for hours under the power of the Spirit in alternating joy and sorrow, expressed in unknown language and then in English, joy rising to unspeakable glory, then sorrow almost unbearable caused by such a view of the Christian and non-christian world so comprehensive as to quite surpass any of her natural powers of thought.

Surely it was the mighty hand of God humbling us in the very dust, over our littleness of thought and slowness of action in the affairs of His kingdom. Truly the Latter Rain had come, and God was doing a new thing in the earth.

We had read about the "heavenly choir" that the Spirit is forming, but we never imagined its power and sweetness until we actually heard its notes sounding out like a great oratorio of angelic voices. Some whom God anointed with the spirit of song

had been timid and shrinking ones, with no natural power of song. Now they are rolling out heavenly music like the waves of the sea for power, and again soft and sweet as the cooing of doves. One anthem that was poured forth upon one occasion was rendered with all the runs and trills and variations of a practiced choir, not one of them knowing a word or tune until it burst forth from their lips.

At times several were singing together, yet in perfect harmony. The anthem, begun by one voice, was taken up by an alto or tenor, and rolled on in rapturous sweetness to the end, which seemed to die away in the distant heavens. This marvelous outburst of song fell upon some of the workers on Sunday morning as they were gathered at Elim Home while the convention was in progress in the church.

The convention closed on Sunday evening, but as quite a number of guests were remaining over for a few days we appointed a service for Monday evening. When the time came for that service, to our surprise the church was filled to overflowing. We were to have an address from one of the visiting brethren, when as he rose to speak, to our amazement a dear little woman sitting in the audience, who had received her baptism the evening before, began to sing in the Spirit. She had not heard this special manifestation of the Spirit in the others, nor had she ever herself sung in the natural. She had no ear for music, and could never tell whether on the key or not, so did not venture to sing even the simple hymns in the church services. But now with closed eyes and a smile like heaven on her upturned face she sang with a wondrous voice, clear as a bird, and sweet as an angel, with a range and compass past belief.

The brother who was to speak waited a few moments for the singing to cease, but as she went on with that marvelous outburst of almost angelic song, he sat down. Presently those upon whom the Spirit had fallen before in song began to sing with Mrs. W. (the first singer) and there followed for an hour such song as one never dreamed of hearing from mortal lips upon earth. No words can describe it, the quality of voice, the compass hitherto unknown, the absolute harmony though half a dozen voices were singing together, now swelling out into a grand oratorio, then sinking into softest whispers. The audience sat spell-bound, not

moving even a hand or foot, but like one entranced, while tears flowed unhindered down their faces. When at last it ceased I rose and said a few words about surrendering to the Spirit, inviting those who wanted to know the fullness of a life in the Spirit to come to the front, when they seemed to rise as one man and pressed unhesitatingly forward till two-thirds of the auditorium was filled with kneeling people, many crying aloud upon God.

It was a most marvelous scene, and filled our hearts to overflowing with praise. The sense of the immediate presence of God was overwhelming. Mr. Hubbell states that all during that wondrous song service, he saw an angel standing on the platform with a harp in his hands leading that heavenly choir. Whether he closed his eyes or held them open, the vision was the same, the majestic presence of some mighty angel with white flowing drapery, folded wings and seraphic countenance leading God's people forth in triumphant anthems of mighty praise. One could hardly tell whether one was in the body or out for the melting sweetness and the unspeakable joy that filled our hearts. One of the most precious manifestations of the Spirit that has continued up to the present time is this heavenly song, breaking out in the regular services of the church.

Another beautiful result of this baptism of song is the gift to write poetry, and hymns with the music, which remains with us. Perhaps a dozen of the choicest hymns which we sing in our public worship were given with the music at different times as this power of song would rest upon some of our number. Those who had never written anything of the kind before were enabled to write as under an inspiration far beyond their natural ability.

We are just beginning to know some of the beautiful things in the Spirit in the way of gifts, and I feel when His people can be used without taking any glory to themselves, the Spirit will surprise us by the glorious things He will do.

As to the speaking in tongues, it has been demonstrated that they are not "gibberish" as some have stated, for over and over again the tongues spoken have been understood by missionaries, linguists and others who have heard, in our midst, Greek, Hebrew, German, Italian, Hindi, Hindustani, Chinese and other languages.

A most convincing incident occurred in our midst one Sabbath evening which proved three things, viz., that a real tongue was

spoken, that the correct interpretation was given, and that the manifestation was edifying.

The service opened with singing of hymns and the Spirit at once began to move upon us, so that several were worshipping in the new tongue, some praying audibly and some breaking forth in song, when Mr. Follette, one of the students, arose and began to speak with great feeling and power in the new tongue. As he went on for some time, Mrs. Baker, who was seated on the platform, arose and said, "He is giving the scene of the nativity, describing the star in the East, the angelic messengers, and the birth of Christ, and the humiliation of the God-head in the incarnation." Although Mr. Follette was unable to speak in English, as this interpretation was given, he signified by gesture that it was correct. After this he burst forth in song, which was most beautiful and impressive. When he had ceased, the service went on and a sermon was delivered.

At the close of the service a lady and gentleman who were present, called one of the sisters aside and asked, "Who was that young Jew who spoke and sung tonight?" He was told that there was no Jew present, but that it was one of the students. With great surprise he informed us that he and his wife had been residents of Paris, France, for several years, and that he understood several languages, among them the Hebrew, and, said he, "The young man spoke and sang in the most perfect Hebrew, and we understood every word he was saying, and the interpretation given was correct." He then said that the singing was the absolutely perfect rendering of a Psalm, which he had heard many times in the Synagogues in Paris, and added, "it was a favorite of Queen Victoria, who listened to it upon every possible occasion." He also said that the rendition of the melody was impossible to an American, and added, "I would compliment you if it had been your own effort, but I accept your explanation that it must have been the Spirit of God." He declared that the Hebrew and the melody, with every intonation and variety of expression was unique and could not be reproduced by a foreigner except in this supernatural manner.

Afterward, in speaking with Mr. Follette, he told us, that he had a vision and he was describing it as he spoke in the tongues; all of which harmonized with the interpretation given Mrs. Baker

and the statements of the stranger. He seemed to be in the Orient, on a hill side and it was night; saw the shepherds and their flocks about them, saw the ground, stones and shrubs, bare and forlorn in appearance; so distinct was the vision that he discerned the garments of the shepherds like soiled white goods with stripes. The sky was the real eastern blue, out of which radiated shafts of yellow light about the shepherds, near by was a small hamlet where flickered now and again dim lights through the darkness. Then the star, the "star in the East," hanging midway between heaven and earth over the sleeping hamlet. The whole expanse of heaven was full of heavenly music, and then he was carried to the manger, where lay the new-born Babe. He said, when he beheld the fresh, new life, so sweet and pure and tender, a sense of the humiliation of the God-head overwhelmed him. He was made to realize, beyond power to describe, the condescension of the Almighty in the incarnation; not the poverty in the manger, but the advent into the human race; the giving of the Son to partake of human weakness, always to be the Son of man, always the kinsman, Redeemer of a fallen and lost race. Who will say that such a manifestation was without power and utility?

Now a few words as to the results and significance of all this new and strange manifestation. The results in the present case are most gratifying. Those of our number who have received this outpouring are being used of God. Formerly they were so timid they could scarcely give a word of testimony in a meeting; now they are free in the Spirit, able to pray or exhort or sing with readiness and power.

There is no straining or working up of fleshly emotion, but a glad, joyous sense of worship and adoration to Christ out of hearts energized by the Spirit's presence. Then, too, a most precious result has been a spirit of intercession that has come upon one and another leading them to cry for the salvation of the lost, and an agonizing cry, both in English and in tongues, that God's own people will not reject the Holy Ghost, as Israel rejected their Messiah, and by so doing be left to go into the tribulation.

It is greatly to be deplored that so large a proportion of God's children up to the present time, are standing aloof from this movement. Time and again we have heard of those who are

quite willing to admit that the movement is undoubtedly of God, but they speak slightingly of it as though it were of small accoun and quite unworthy of their serious consideration. We believe the Holy Spirit is grieved at this attitude among God's children. If Moses had not "turned aside to see" when the bush "burned," Israel would never have known that mighty leader, and Moses would have dropped out of God's calendar, and another would have been called to the command of the chosen people. It would seem to us that the proper attitude for experienced Christians would be to throw themselves unreservedly into the very heart of the movement and honestly seek God's power upon their own lives, and then when in this experience themselves God would use them greatly in protecting the babes and untaught ones from the devices and deceptions of Satan, and thus the movement would be greatly strengthened. But it is impossible for those, however wise and experienced, to "judge righteous judgment," while they themselves have not as yet received the experience, but are standing on the outside "seeking to steady the ark."

It is not at all strange that extravagancies are detected when so many young converts are receiving the experience. In most instances they have little knowledge of the Word, and less as to "principalities and powers of darkness" to be encountered in so great a conflict as the one now on. But God is able, and He has precipitated upon the earth a mighty "shaking" that will never end until all that can be shaken is shaken, and His people made ready for the last conflict.

What is the meaning of this new and strange movement that is breaking out all over the earth in these days? Much harm has been done by some of its friends through trying to formulate a doctrine, trying to label and pigeon-hole the experience, dogmatizing about what other Christians have, or have not. Many teach that no one has the Holy Spirit till they speak in tongues. The experience of God's most devoted servants throughout the centuries past disproves this statement. To say that the saints who gave themselves up to martyrdom under Papal Rome by the thousands; that such souls as Madam Guyon, Fenelon, John Huss, Cranmer and Ridley of England, John and Charles Wesley, Whitfield, George Fox, Finney, and a host of others never had the Spirit indwelling them, or received the baptism of the Spirit for

service, is the same as to say one can live the most Christ-like life, bringing forth all the fruits of the Spirit, (Gal, 5: 22, 23) *without the Holy Spirit.* Statements of this kind have done much harm to precious saints of God, and hindered the cause of God throughout the land. Praise God this does not represent the larger portion of leaders and teachers of the movement.

Pastor Paul, of Germany, says:

"The gift of tongues may be received by any regenerate person. Children readily receive the gift, but I cannot in all such cases say they have received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, Then there are those also who have received the baptism, but have not spoken in tongues. I know personally those who have undoubtedly received the baptism. Their lives and power and love show this, and I could not say that they were not baptized with the Holy Ghost. I myself received the baptism twenty years ago, and had all the evidences which I have today though I did not speak in tongues. But when I came in contact with the dear people in Norway, I recognized that it was the very same Spirit in them that had been in me all these years. Later I spoke also in tongues, but I had the baptism twenty years before "

The steadiness and strength of the Pentecostal work in Germany is an endorsement of his view. We believe the present movement to be dispensational, and has a preparatory bearing on the soon coming of our Lord, and is indeed the "Latter Rain" to ripen the grain before the Husbandman gathers it into His garner.

We believe the Scriptures to teach that the Holy Spirit comes into the heart of the young convert as soon as he is born again, (Gal. 4: 6) as the Spirit of sonship. Paul in writing to the Corinthians (1 Cor. 3: I6 and 6: 19) declares that these Corinthians were indwelt by the Holy Spirit while yet he says they were carnal, (1 Cor. 3: 1-3) but babes in Christ, and were not able to bear strong meat. This is true of every soul born of the Spirit.

This same Holy Spirit, if trusted, would quickly lead each soul to a surrender and consecration of their whole being to God as a reasonable service, and would sanctify them to God, breaking the power and dominion of sin in their lives, thus leading up to the place of a full baptism of the Spirit for service.

The Spirit *within* for all spiritual need, (Gal. 5: 16-25) the Spirit *upon* for all service and witnessing. (Acts 1: 8.) Christ Himself was filled with the Spirit from His birth, yet this did not hinder the same Holy Spirit coming upon Him at the Jordan. Before the latter we do not read of any work or direct service, though sinners were all about Him needing salvation, while many

were sick and dying, but there was no putting forth of healing or miracle working power till after this coming of the Spirit upon Him.

The prophecy in Joel 2: 28-32 was not all fulfilled at the first Pentecost, for we see (Acts 2: 19-21) its ultimate fulfillment ushers in the return of the Lord with mighty supernatural signs in nature which did not accompany the early outpouring.

God foresaw the apostasy into which the church would fall, and the appalling unbelief which would settle down upon the professing body as the end drew near, hence we have the intimation of an outpouring equal to the "former and latter rain" coming together in the same month.

As one has said, "the tongues of fire" in the first outpouring which sat upon the heads of all the company, "were a fit symbol of the new dispensation. Christianity was to be a tongue of fire. This symbol was in strict keeping with the spiritual character of the Christian religion, and also a symbol of the power by which it was to conquer. It was not by sword or by carnal weapon, but by the 'tongue,' the speech of man to his fellowmen, telling the message of eternal life, a human organ with a supernatural power."

By the return of the gift of tongues, may not God be emphasizing the necessity of fresh witnessing to truth in the power of the Spirit, in these days of skepticism and unbelief in regard to the very fundamentals of our Christianity? Never has there been a greater necessity for bold, courageous witnessing for the truth of the Deity of Christ, salvation by the Blood, and the presence and power of the Holy Spirit in the believer as the only power which God will recognize, or whose work He will accept. Human wisdom, culture, organization and methods have largely taken the place of the Holy Spirit in the modern church. To be broad minded, liberal, cultivated and eloquent is the demand of the present age.

God is again using the "unknown tongue as a sign to the unbelieving" within or without the church, a loud call to the need of the presence and power of the Holy Spirit as in the begining of the Christian era.

When Jesus was about to ascend to the Father and leave behind Him a little group of simple men and women, whom He recognized as the beginning of His mystical body; who were to win other souls to Christ from the blackness of heathenism about

them; He knew just the equipment necessary for the awful conflict. He knew they were to meet the darkest superstition of heathenism on the one hand, and a supernatural world of Satanic power on the other. No natural power or ability, or even the new creation life in them, was sufficient for the tremendous issues before them.

The finest intellect, the highest mental powers cultivated to the last degree are no match for Satan, therefore as they were to meet a supernatural Satanic foe, they were endowed with the supernatural power of God, in the Pentecostal baptism with supernatural tongues and gifts.

The supernatural power of God is the only thing that can meet the supernatural power of Satan and his hosts. As long as the Church retained this enduement they triumphed over all obstacles and accomplished more for the Kingdom of God in the first century or so, than in the eighteen or more centuries since. God is wanting to restore the Church to its early power in the Holy Spirit. Jesus is coming soon and cannot translate a people from a lower plane than Pentecost.

This enduement was but the normal condition of believers, and anything less is but a lapsed state from which we must be recovered. Earnest hearts have felt this for years, and for a long time intense prayer has been going up to God from groups of groaning hearts all over the world. In answer, Pentecost has come again, as is evidenced by the very signs coming upon waiting hearts, that fell upon the one hundred and twenty in the upper room.

This has been called the "tongues movement," but speaking in unknown tongues is but an incident of it. The movement is the restoration of Pentecost, with the accompaniment of tongues and gifts in the Holy Spirit; the lifting up of the Church to the original plane designed of God, from which they have fallen.

It is objected that miracles were only needed in the early days of the Church, as a divine authentication of their claim to supernatural origin. While it may have answered that end, still was it not needed to meet the invisible Satanic hosts, who prey upon the human race and hold men's hearts in dark and hopeless thraldom? Are not the difficulties met in Christian work today as great or greater than in the first century? He has to meet

heathenism as black and defiant as then; all the hellish ingenuity of Satan's hosts; the hardness, and love of sin in human hearts; and added to this, the paralyzing effects of a Christianity helpless through loss of its supernatural enduement. The Holy Spirit, bringing in the fulness of the Father and Son, is seldom mentioned, and converts are not pointed to this Pentecostal enduement as a necessary equipment for Christian living, hence the awful weakness and shameful powerlessness of present day Christians.

Thank God, earnest souls have felt this dreadful lack and have been pouring out their hearts to the living God, to again manifest His power, as in the early days.

The heart of Christ has yearned over His fallen people, and preparation for the mighty baptism, has let even the most devoted, feel a most painful sense of lack; such dryness as has become unbearable.

This was my own personal experience, which I may mention for the help of some discouraged soul. The revival in Wales with its marvelous display of divine power made our hearts hunger after God with a new intensity. Special prayer meetings were held in our work asking for the Pentecostal fulness that was breaking out in so many other places. Yet with it all, my heart seemed no nearer the desired end. I dreaded leading a meeting I felt so empty and helpless. The Bible did not speak to me as before, and all service became a burden.

One Sunday I was to speak in the afternoon and my sister in the evening—I could get no message, and in sheer despair I threw myself upon my knees, telling God that I could not go over to the meeting unless He did something. I felt that I should dismiss the people rather than give them a message that was not fresh from the Spirit.

As I thus waited upon Him, the Lord spoke to me and said, "The Holy Spirit who is in your heart is God Almighty. He is there to do all that needs to be done in you in the way of transformation, or through you in the way of service, why do you not just trust Him to work?"

O, how I saw in the light of God, how helpless are all our efforts, how foolish all our plans in the presence of Almighty power. How God had given the Holy Spirit to be in the Church as its wisdom, its guide, its sanctifying power; its power to reach

other souls; the One to make all service alive and vital. How hideous all unbelief looked; how dreadful the neglect of the precious indwelling Spirit of God. How in the Spirit in my heart was all Pentecostal power with gifts and tongues, that one did not need to implore heaven for help, but just turn to the Holy Spirit who was already in one's heart and really trust Him. I saw an abandonment to the Spirit beyond anything I had ever dreamed.

In the twenty years of service I had yielded in a large measure to the Spirit and had trusted to a degree. Our work being on a faith basis, we had trusted far beyond the average Christian on all lines, and God had met us both financially and in real power in service, but in the light which God poured upon all this it seemed so small; the faith seemed so little, compared to the infinite resources.

How humbled in the dust I was in view of all this. I turned to the Holy Spirit, who is a person, and asked forgiveness for any lack of constant trust, and turned all unbelief in my heart over to Him for deliverance, imploring Him to put in me a living faith, that neither Satan or circumstances could take from me. He responded at once and somehow I felt a new power to trust Him beyond anything I had ever known. All burden was gone and I knew He would give me a message for the afternoon service, which He did, and enabled me to deliver it in His power.

As I waited upon Him for the evening service, ordinarily I would have asked Him to inspire the speaker, and convict souls, and do a lot of things, but to that intense consciousness of His presence I only said, "What may I ask of Thee for the evening service?" How this change of attitude gave Him His true place, while I took mine as a learner. He at once replied, "Trust Me to make everything alive and bring reality to every point." How different the prayer from what I would have prayed. How easy it was to trust Him to work, so all burden fell off from me concerning the service. He did indeed make everything alive. There was an alertness and keenness of attention on the part of the people, though a hot summer night, when many no doubt would have been dosing. The old hymns had a new power and every word of testimony was full of life and Spirit. O how ready the Spirit is to make every meeting alive when wholly trusted.

The next day I became conscious of a wonderful joy surging through my heart, a joy I knew did not spring from me, but from the blessed Holy Spirit whom I had given His true place. This joy was truly unspeakable and full of glory and it went on for weeks. I then knew what it was to walk in the joy of the Holy Ghost, a joy which never ceased.

I remember having heard about the "heavenly choir" as is termed the marvelous singing in the Spirit, such as has since broken out amongst us; and I said, "I quite believe it for this joy of heart must find some new way of expression." The old bottles could not hold the new wine.

Many times I have paused in the middle of my room, as I would start to cross the floor and just praise and worship God. Surely this is worshipping the Father in Spirit: for all that wondrous worship and praise which overflowed my whole being, came springing up alone from the Holy Spirit within; while my whole heart and soul constantly united with this stream of praise.

No effort or work upon my part, my work had forever ceased. The rest and peace which filled me, truly "passeth knowledge," I could but exclaim, "O, I have come into such a land of rest." It was too big to come into me, but I seemed to have been brought into such a land of precious heavenly rest as no tongue could describe.

Another thing came clear to me that I had not come into a state of sinless perfection, but was just a poor, weak, helpless creature that could err tomorrow but for the mighty holding of my Lord, and to be left to myself for a moment was to fail, while at the same time I was made conscious of the perfect willingness and power upon the part of the blessed Spirit to "preserve us blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." I saw how absolutely necessary it was to keep yielded to Him, to let the Spirit have His way wholly with me every moment. There had to be a real letting go of my own life, my will, my preferences, my ideas of religious service and worship; a willingness to let God do what He liked in a service, even if it ran across all that I had considered proper. All responsibility must be transferred to Him, all care and anxiety over every thing. Continually yielding, continual trusting upon my part; and He would always cause us to triumph in Christ. O, the unspeakable rest that took possession

not only of my soul, but of my nerves as well. All the burdens and tugs were off upon my burden-bearer, and I could rest securely in His faithfulness.

Never from the moment I turned to Him did I lose the sense of His presence. Waking or sleeping I was conscious of the heavenly joy which at times overflowed in rapturous praise and worship, all springing from the Holy Spirit Himself.

Then came our Convention and the mighty Pentecostal outpouring of the Spirit in the "heavenly anthems" and in tongues. Since then the whole character of our services is changed, the Spirit has control, and often gives us demonstration of His presence and power. That serious perils attend every spiritual awakening is without doubt, yet we would not forego the spiritual enlargement and blessing because there are perils of Satanic imitations to be feared. Rather, let us press through into the power of our God and claim that real discernment may be given to distinguish between the false and the true, between the working of Satan and that which is the Spirit.

In this new Pentecostal movement three forces can be clearly seen. First, that which is wholly of the Holy Spirit; second, that which is fleshly activity along side of the Spirit's working; and third, that which is surely Satan working through the flesh, counterfeiting the work of the Spirit.

This marvelous blessing of the Spirit's mighty outpouring does not come because one is a wonderful Christian, or old and approved leaders in Christian work, or are sanctified, or great teachers; but we may all come in upon the merit of the precious blood alone, The "oil" is to come upon the "blood" as of old.

The only preparation needed is a brokenness and humility that brings us down at the cross, as poor sinners, saved by grace alone, and now claiming all the Spirit's fulness, simply through the merit of the shed blood. Thus we have seen children and young converts under the Spirit's outpouring, speaking in tongues and displaying every mark of the presence and working of the Holy Spirit Himself.

Christians who have never learned to distinguish between the "soulish" or "flesh" life and that of the Spirit, yet who, up to their light, are honestly surrendered to God, have received the out-pouring with the gift of tongues. Upon the inexperienced of

two of these classes Satan works to deceive or lift up with spiritual pride into which they often fall, being ignorant of his devices, or are pushed into extremes, running before they are sent, and undertaking what God never ordered, thus bringing disrepute and shame upon the real work of the Spirit and frightening many nonest souls.

How many experienced Christians who are familiar with these perils, are needed to help steady, teach, restrain and uphold these unlearned, though really baptized souls, if they themselves are in the same experience, and thus becoming channels of the admonition of the Spirit, and not that of mere human caution.

Another class are those, who though really saved, are filled with pride, ambitious to be some great leader, to attract attention to themselves, to add the gifts of the Spirit to their religious repertoire. Upon these Satan has often come with all his counterfeit demonstrations and tongues, and has deceived those who never knew of such Satanic possibility.

The above is easily and readily detected and driven out by those who are under the power of the Spirit, who have had a previous foundation in Scripture and personal experience. These conditions bring to light the crying need of experienced Christians who know the Scriptures and can be fearless in exposing, by the Word, every work or imitation of Satan. Unnatural sounds imitating barn-yard fowls, or the starting of motor cars, or steam-whistles, unseemly and indelicate postures or conduct, never came from the Holy Spirit of God, but from either the "flesh" or soulish life, or Satan himself.

We have had none of the above in our meetings, nor anything that would shock one's sense of propriety, or lead one to be occupied with the demonstrations rather than God. The thought has always been directed to the cross, its victory through the blood, our nothingness, while the soul is filled with adoring love for our Lord Jesus Christ, and worshipful praise for the Trinity, bursting out in the most wonderful and glorious heavenly singing to which mortal ears ever listened.

When the soul wants nothing for itself, but lies low at the foot of the cross, desiring only that God alone may be glorified, and His full will accomplished in and through them; the precious Holy Spirit takes full possession, and Satan can have but little

power over the soul. Honest hearts need not be driven back from seeking this Latter Rain outpouring through fear, for after all that can be said by the way of caution, the fact remains that God is visiting His people in a most glorious and marvelous manner.

It is not that people are seeking signs and wonders, but God is giving them to the surprise of all. He is about to restore the fulness of the supernatural power of Pentecost as in the early days, and we are having the foretaste of it already, to prepare us for the fulness of the mighty visitation which God has promised in the "Latter Rain," the Spirit poured out upon all flesh.

God founded His Church, the only church or body that was to continue throughout the dispensation, endowing her with supernatural power and gifts in the Spirit. Again and again it is reiterated in the book of Acts that "signs and wonders" were wrought by the hands of the disciples;

Acts 2: 43. **And fear came upon every soul; and many wonders and signs were done by the apostles.**

Acts 5: 12 and 16. **And by the hands of the apostles were many signs and wonders wrought among the people. There came also a multitude out of the cities round about unto Jerusalem, bringing sick folks, and them which were vexed with unclean spirits: and they were healed every one.**

Acts 6: 8. **And Stephen, full of faith and power, did great wonders and miracles among the people.**

Acts 8: 6, 7, 39, 40. **And the people with one accord gave heed unto those things which Philip spake, hearing and seeing the miracles which he did. For unclean spirits, crying with loud voice, came out of many that were possessed with them; and many taken with palsies, and that were lame, were healed. And when they were come out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, and the eunuch saw him no more: and he went on his way rejoicing. But Philip was found at Azotus: and passing through he preached in all the cities, till he came to Cesarea.**

2 Cor. 12: 12. **Truly the signs of an apostle were wrought among you in all patience, in signs, and wonders, and mighty deeds.**

Rom. 15: 18-19. **For I will not dare to speak of any of those things which Christ hath wrought in me, to make the Gentiles obedient, by word and deed, through mighty signs and wonders, by the power of the Spirit of God; so that from Jerusalem, and round about us to Illyricum, I have preached the Gospel of Christ.**

Heb. 2: 4. **God also bearing them witness, both with signs and wonders, and with divers miracles, and gifts of the Holy Ghost, according to His own will.**

We are at loss to understand why, when these same "signs and wonders" in the Holy Spirit are appearing in our midst today,

they should be called "soulish," or the "fallen life of Adam," and no discrimination made between that which is false and that which is true. Is it not remarkable that Paul preaching "not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and power," speaking with "more tongues than ye all," accompanied by mighty signs and wonders of the Spirit of God, should be wholly divine then, and similar demonstrations wholly "soulish" now, or Satan's imitation?

When the disciples had been threatened with persecution, they went to their own company and poured out their hearts unto God. Among other things prayed, was "that with all boldness they may speak Thy Word; by stretching forth Thine hand to heal; and that signs and wonders may be done by the name of Thy Holy Child Jesus," and God seemed so pleased with this kind of praying, that He at once responded in a most miraculous way by shaking the very place where they were assembled, and granting each item of the request. How is it that we are "counted offenders," when wearied with the powerlessness of present-day Christianity we present the same request to God, and are beginning to receive something of the same answers?

Doubtless Satan has tried to imitate, as did the magicians in Egypt, but it has only proved the presence and mighty working of the Holy Spirit which like Moses' rod, will sooner or later swallow up the rods of the magicians.

A movement which extols and magnifies the message of the cross, the merit of the precious blood, and brings the soul low at the feet of Jesus, is not of Satan. No work has stood more firmly against demonstrations, or fleshly excitement; or preached the power of the cross to deliver from the "soulish" life than our own, but God has surprised us by His mighty signs and wonders coming upon surrendered souls in our midst who were the farthest from seeking or desiring such manifestations.

To relegate all this to the realm of Satan, because supernatural, would be nothing short of blasphemy. We contend that this working of the Spirit was meant to be permanent throughout the Church age, but was lost through unbelief and worldliness. That the imminent return of our Lord necessitates the restoration of the body, or such a portion as will become overcomers, to the plane from which the Church has fallen, that the world shall again have

this witness to the supernatural Christ, which truth is being denied in almost all quarters. That God has risen up to answer the infidelity and unbelief in the Church and the world by the same manifestations of the Spirit through supernaturally endowed people, as in the beginning, and, when this witness has extended round the world, the translation may follow.

I am forced to believe that this is the preparation for the coming of the Lord. So few would have been ready without this mighty revival in the Spirit, that the smallness of the company would almost have been a triumph for Satan.

While recognizing every peril, both from "Satan" and "nature," let us commit ourselves wholly to God, that He may glorify Himself in and through us—trusting Him to keep us lowly, humbly seeking only His will—and that discernment may be given to quickly detect the working of Satan, or any power outside of the Spirit of God.

If the demonstrations were safe for Christians in the first century they are safe for Christians of the twentieth, besides we may have to pay the same price for this possession as did the early Christians, even martyrdom in many instances, before we are through. Then let us go forward without wavering or fear, or any self-preservation, controlled by the Spirit of God, as the branch is controlled by the vine.

ELIM TABERNACLE

CHAPTER XV.

Things We Know.

(The previous chapter ended the Chronicles as prepared by Mrs. Baker. The following is one of her most recent addresses, having been delivered February, 1914.)

"Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers;

But with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot."

HERE we have the statement of a truth that is denied in almost every quarter, it is denied inside and outside the church, and men are saying that they do not need any redemption, that man is his own saviour. You remember how the Jews said to Jesus when He was talking about the Son of God making men free, "We have never been in bondage to any man," and so the whole world is saying, We are not sinners, we do not need redemption, and this that we are saying, "We know that we have not been redeemed with corruptible things but with the blood of Jesus," is the very thing people are denying, and they think now in certain quarters—and they are going to think it more and more—that we are simply old fogies who believe in the blood of Jesus, and I believe the day is not so very far distant when it may cost you your life to say you believe in the blood of Jesus. The Huguenots had to hide in dens and caves, and that may be repeated again before the Lord comes. We would not think that this world could ever come to a time like that, but it is plainly taught in the Word of God, "When the Son of Man comes shall He find faith on the earth?" The question implies a condition of real apostacy from the true faith.

After modern civilization it is a tremendous commentary on human nature that it goes back into such unbelief, and I believe these are the days when God wants us to emphasize it more and more. Personally, I *know* that I am redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus, not in a historical sense, but knowing that there was a day when I felt the guilt of sin, and when I came to the Lord Jesus and seeing His atoning work on the cross, the burden lifted and something happened. Everyone who has truly been born of God ought to be able to say, I *know* I have been redeemed We all know that Christ died for the sins of the world, we know it theoretically, but Peter is telling a personal experience when he says, "We know we have been redeemed by the precious blood of Christ." It was not our character or morality but just the blood of Jesus, and God wants this to get into our hearts experimentally until we will be able to say, I know, and no pressure will to move us, but we will say, *I know* I have been redeemed.

Then Paul found another thing he was able to affirm as strongly as that—"I know that in me dwelleth no good thing.' I know that in my flesh, not in the new creation life, but in my flesh there dwelleth no good thing. That point is disputed continually, and all the new theology is saying that this is rubbish. They say every man is a part of God, his subconsciousness is a god within him, and therefore all goodness is in man, that deep in his being is God, therefore all he has to do is to cultivate the good and eliminate some of the disagreeable features prominent in his experience, and he will find out he is God, and he has to stand before no tribunal whatever but his own conscience. Do you see how Satan is disputing all the fundamental principles of our Christian faith? Men repudiate the fall, they say man never fell except upward and he is all right; give him proper surroundings and friends and influence and education and he is all right, but the Bible says, "In my flesh dwelleth no good thing."

In that mad plunge which France took in the French Revolution, when men swung away from Christianity into rationalism, when they took a woman of the street and put on her the cap of of liberty and unveiled her, and presented her to a great mob of people as the Goddess of Reason, and they told the people not to be guided any longer by the Christion religion with its foolish fears of a future retribution, that here was all the god there was

for the world, and accompanying all this were despicable men and women from the lower parts of Paris who made the church an awful house of ill fame, and things were done in the name of this goddess of reason that no historian would put on a written page, and when there had swarmed up the sewerage of humanity like a great flood when the gutters are overflowing, this unspeakable wickedness and awfulness of sin, there came a revulsion from this democracy they were holding up, back into some degree of the truth of God. They must have some kind of religion because the thing itself was so utterly appalling that they found they could not live without God. This is going to be repeated, only a thousand times more intensified in the days of Antichrist. Antichrist is the lawless one, and there will be no restraints to human passion in the days of Antichrist. All the education today that we have been reading of in the great colleges tends to remove all restraints from human souls. There is no standard of right or wrong, all that is good or evil is simply the consensus of public opinion. What an unspeakable thing will burst upon the world when men will do exactly as they like, and this nature of which Paul wrote "I know that in me dwelleth no good thing," will have free rein to act unrestrained.

This picture of the French Revolution is only a faint outline of what the world is rushing into. God wants us to believe, without going to the depths of experience, that in us dwelleth no good thing, and if there is anything dwelling in us that is good it is the new creation of the Lord Jesus by the Holy Spirit. When men say that God lives in the unregenerated heart it is not true, but the Christian can say, "Christ liveth in me." If we have been redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus we can say indeed that God dwelleth in us, and the only human beings in whom God does dwell are they who are born by the Spirit, and there is no other brotherhood that God sees but those born into the family of God. In these awful tides of unbelief, we do not begin to know the deluge that is upon us, just like a great rising tide that will submerge the race. That is one reason why God wants us to know by His Word that this and this and this is eternally true, till we can not be swept off our feet by anything.

"For I know that in me, (that is, in my flesh,) dwelleth no good thing: for to will is present with me. but how to perform that which is good I find not."

There is the sentence on all human effort of the unregenerated heart—Paul saw what he should do but could not do it.

"For the good that I would, I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do. Now if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me."

That is what dwells in the unsaved man, the old creation is perverted and all its tendencies are away from God, and when Paul attempted to do the good he found no power to do it, and that extracted from him that bitter cry:

"O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?"

Then Paul himself in this sixth chapter of Romans went on to give another tremendous truth.

"Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into His death? Therefore we are buried with Him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of His death, we shall be also in the likeness of His resurrection: Knowing this, that our old man (that is the old man in whom sin dwelleth,) is crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin. For he that is dead is freed from sin."

He is going on here to show how completely God sees His people in Christ; Christ is our substitute, His death became our death, as if we had really died and gone into the grave and risen in the new creation life. Now there is a grave between us and that old thing in which there dwelleth no good, and in this new life we go on with Christ as our life—that is the theology of the Word. Jesus took us with Him to the cross judicially, this thing that could not and would not do the good, this that did no righteousness—was crucified with Jesus Christ, and while we see it judicially done, God wants it made experimental as we lay hold of that eternal fact that it is not something we have to do, but it is taking our place as those that are alive from the dead.

"Reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

He says in this same chapter: "Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are." That is plain, so that if you go on obeying all the impulses of that old life you are a servant to it, but if you yield yourselves servants unto righteousness you have your fruits unto righteousness. That is where God sees us whether we see ourselves there or not. God sees us risen in that new life where the Lord Jesus by the Holy

Spirit dwells in us. How is that to be made actual? It will not be made actual unless we believe it and take our place in the Spirit—to whom ye yield yourselves his servants you are. Well, then, yield yourselves continually to the Spirit, reckon yourself dead to the old life, alive unto God, and alive in Jesus Christ. As truly as He came forth from the grave to live the resurrected life we came forth in Him judicially. "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?" That is how God looks at it. After we have been saved and brought forth into the newness of life He says the Spirit is dwelling in us. Do you see how the devil likes to take up that very truth and tries to say to the unsaved, "You are part of God, God dwells in you." Christian Science, New Thought, and the New Theology say it, but it is not true, He is talking to those who have been born again by the Spirit, those who have a new creation life, into whose hearts the Holy Spirit has come. He is not talking to sinners; the devil is always trying to take up truth and misapply it. Sometimes in talking to people about healing, it sounds so much like what Christian Scientists say that one feels as if one cannot talk, but *they* have the counterfeit and *we* have the truth. We are risen from the dead into newness of life and the Holy Spirit is in us, yield to Him and continually yield to Him, and you will find you have the new life and the power to do the thing, not power that we find in our own nature but a power we have through the Spirit's indwelling

Then in regard to further light he takes up the illustration of a race, and says:

"Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain. And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible. I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air: But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection; lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway."

That is, disapproved as a runner. It is not a question of salvation here. We have been redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus and our salvation is secured thus, but there are crowns to be obtained, and Paul says the only way is through self-denial, like the runner who has the mastery over himself. There is the denial of the old life and a yielding to the Spirit and a going on with

God. There is absolutely nothing so terrible in this world as continual selfishness and continually yielding to that which pleases ourselves—that is the spirit of Antichrist. A little tiny serpent not longer than your finger is a real serpent, and all it has to do is to grow and grow until it comes to be a great serpent with a bite that will be fatal, and so all yielding to self is the Antichrist spirit.

Antichrist is the consummation of self, God will let the world yet see what the Self, in its blossom and flower is, in that lawless one that denies God and throws off all law and restraint and has his own way. Well then, if I am going to have my own way I am a little antichrist as this little serpent is the real serpent. We do not realize what a deadly thing it is to live to please ourselves. If that is your highest motive it is not above the Antichrist, because this that you are doing, in its consummation is Antichrist, and that is why the Lord saw that nothing but the cross was for that spirit, there was no reforming it or making it better, it went to the cross, and when we begin to indulge ourselves in any way with no higher motive than that self-pleasing it is the same spirit.

After a soul has gone on into the Spirit there is great joy, but it is not so much thought of self as joy in the Lord. It is in the thought of pleasing and giving glory to Him. You find the more you go on in God that is your joy. Shall we say the most of our joy is because we are having our way, because we make things go to suit ourselves, is that what you are living for? That is an awful thing. There could be nothing more fatal to a Christian life than that very thing, and that is why the Lord always and everywhere is talking about self-denial, not denying yourself things but denying of the self in every way. We read in Hebrews: We run this race with patience, and another place shows us that real patience is perfection. Two things are called perfect in the Bible, one is love, and the other is patience, because I expect they are so far from that old creation, but God says we are to run this race with patience, and James in speaking about it says:

"My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations. Knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience. But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing."

You may say sometimes, "Why did the Lord let this dreadful thing happen? Well, it is because that is your lack, He says

you have need of patience, and tribulation worketh patience We thought it was a nice feeling coming into us, but it is coming up against the trying things all the time, it is learning to give up my way when I know it is better than the other person's, it is yielding it up that my life may die. We hate to give up to people that do not know as much as we do, but for you to yield means more to God than that you have this way which is better. Tribulation worketh patience. What a tremendous thing it was for Jesus to be surrounded with these elements about Him all the time, the selfishness of people, the hard-heartedness, the unbelief: elements as far from His spirit as heaven from hell, and the Lord lived among them all the time and bore with them, and He said once to His disciples, "Ye know not of what spirit ye are." We make such a fuss if we have to bear a little from disagreeable things and people; I feel we ought to welcome it and we ought to say, Lord, I am living to be like Thee, and here is a chance to die. These hard places bring your life out to the surface; perhaps the Lord saw it all the time but you did not, and He wants you to see it and hate it, and you take the power and grace of God to yield. It is more important that we lose our lives than have our own way.

He says then, have you come to the place where you rejoice in temptation? Have you counted it a joy when the temptation or stress or trial has come upon you, the perplexing and difficult thing; the reason is you will have a chance for the perfection of patience that you may be wanting nothing. A perfectly patient person wants nothing, they come to the place where they are so yielded to the Lord they do not want their own way any more, and they are not cross when they cannot have it. That is where Jesus was. We find where the Lord said, "He knows how to deliver the godly out of temptation." When it has done its work the Lord will remove the trial, He is not burning *us* up, He is only burning up the rubbish, and when the Lord has the the rubbish burned He has no use for that fire of trial.

And then in the midst of it is another thing we know: Paul said, "We know that all things work together for good to those who love God." These trying circumstances and perplexities are working together now for good—they are now—I suppose as God looks down, there is absolutely nothing that can prevent all circumstances combining for the good of a surrendered one. They

sometimes look as if they combined for his destruction but they do not, they only combine for the destruction of the self life and then the working out of the Christ life in him.

"I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him."

I believe that we who stand committed into the hands of the Lord, and committed not simply for heaven, but who have committed our soul for its purification that He will make us into the likeness of His Son. We have committed ourselves to Him for it and He will do it. When you come to a place in your life where you desire with all your heart to be made like Jesus, and you give yourself to Him for it, I am persuaded that He is able and will do it. No matter what pain it may be to you, and no matter what circumstances you will compel Him to take to do it, He will keep that which we have committed. We have not committed our old self life, but our inner soul to be made like Him. "Faithful is He that calleth you who also will do it." Sometimes we look at ourselves and we say we hardly think God can accomplish that in us. Have you ever come to that place when you have doubted God's power to bring you into the fulness of the likeness of Jesus? We have no right to limit the Holy One of Israel, it is lack of faith, to see ourselves greater than the Lord, to see any condition which has been produced by the fall in our nature, we have no right to see the first Adam greater than the second Adam. It is dishonoring to God to say we do not believe God can bring us. Never say it again, it is not true; God can do a very short work often. It speaks in the Word about cutting the work short in righteousness, and I believe He will have to do that as the time nears for Him to come.

Then, as to the appearing of our Lord, Paul says:

"We know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. And not only they, but ourselves also, which have the firstfruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body."

When you desire the fulness of the life of Christ in you, that need not have a particle of selfishness in it for the whole creation waits for that, the curse cannot be lifted from the earth until these sons of God are developed, and everything must suffer and must wait, and sin must go on and the devil must rule until God can develop a people that He can manifest as an overcoming company. Isn't that an incentive to us to yield to God, and

ought we not to continue to pray that God will perfect that company as quickly as possible that He may manifest them and take them out of the world by translation? Do you see the responsibility upon us? Sometimes I think the greatest work I can do in the whole world is to get ready myself and get out of the way. We say we must be doing this and that but you had better let the Lord work in you, then we are helping on the hour when the groaning creation can be delivered. It is not a question whether I get to heaven or not, whether I am happy or whether I enjoy the baptism of the Spirit, it is a question of letting the Lord make us like Jesus so He can take us out of the way. When I am overcoming I will be happy, we do not need to worry about it. When we realize that the Lord is giving us grace to stand in the hard places that gives us joy in our hearts, All we need to trouble about is to stay in the hands of God and determine we will overcome cost what it may.

"For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night. For when they shall say peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh."

Look out and see the blindness of the world and the church, and when they talk of their Peace Conferences and all that sort of thing, we know it is not going to come to pass. Think of being wiser than the statesmen of the earth because it is the wisdom of God. He has revealed to His people that the world will never see peace until Jesus, the Prince of Peace, comes, and He has revealed that these things will come just when they are saying Peace. I praise the Lord we are not in darkness. I thank Him that we know something of the signs of the times, and when we see and hear all this talk about peace while underneath is a constant dread of a universal war, we know it is all child's play, we know that suddenly in the midst of all the disturbances of earth the judgments of God will fall on this wicked world, and we know that the Lord Himself will suddenly like a thief come and snatch away a people out of the world. When a thief comes he does not give warning, and he takes anything valuable he can lay his hands on, and like that, the Bible says the Lord will suddenly snatch out of it the salt of the earth, those in the world who hold back today the judgments. There is a withholding of the manifestation of the Antichrist, I believe this withholding is the Holy Spirit and the overcoming church, because the Bible says, "Ye are the salt

of the earth," and that there is in the world today a people in whom the Holy Spirit is dwelling, is preventing the judgments of God falling upon the face of the earth. The Spirit holds back and restrains evil today, and the fact that there is a people who believe God and the Word, has its restraining influence. That unconscious influence which Christianity holds in the world today prevents the culmination of evil, But there is a day coming when the devil will come to the front, in a devil possessed man, and all the world will run after him, This is contrary to the rose-colored views you read from the magazines and hear from pulpits, but it is the Word of God; we need not be in darkness, we should know something about it, to us who have the truth and the Spirit, that day ought not to come upon us with surprise. We ought to be ready and watching and we will be taken, for it reads:

"When He shall appear then shall we also appear with Him in glory "

Those who have been caught away out of the earth will appear with Him when He comes and share in the same glory of their Lord.

This is a day of parades and processions, but what so grand as when the Son of God descends to the earth and all His saints with Him, such a day as man has never dreamed of, such a day when the Son of Man will descend visibly and openly and all His saints with Him. That is an event yet to come, it says all His saints will be with Him. Think of how God will fairly empty heaven to glorify His Son! Angels will come, and all the saints of the Lord will come with Him to take possession of the earth, to put down sin, to put out the Antichrist, to change all conditions and set up His glorious throne. Oh, when we get a good outlook of God's plans the little things dwindle into insignificance.

"For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; While we look not at things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

God wants us to live in these eternal things. We are occupied with the near things, that is what makes us miserable and in bondage. God wants us to keep our eyes upon the eternal tremendous things that are as truly coming as we live. Then it does not matter; we can say, "the sufferings of this present world are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

STUDIES ON THE DEEPER LIFE.

It may be wondered at that there is no special chapter in this book devoted to the all important theme of our Lord's Return (premillennial) or an attempt to fathom the depths of the Book of Revelation.

So many scholars have written and have expressed so varied ideas as to its mysteries or details, that we have been led through the years to emphasize more the preparation for the glory of these mysteries rather than the mysteries themselves. Hence these papers on the Deeper Life —S. A. D.

PLATFORM, ELIM TABERNACLE

CHAPTER XVI.

Sanctification, Substitution not Eradication.

THE great principle of substitution is the basis of all Christ's redemptive work. Adam, and the first creation in him, through failure and sin became depraved and under the law of sin and death which is an alien law introduced by Satan when man listened to his falsehoods and followed his advice. This law never came from God; He is not the author of sin, and death is but the effect or result of sin and follows in its train.

The purpose of God in redemption is not the *restoration* or *transformation* of the old creation but *The Substitution of the Second Adam*, Christ, for the first Adam, and a new creation through Him, into which we enter at our spiritual birth through the Holy Spirit's operation called regeneration, to take the place of the old creation.

In justification Christ became our Substitute, taking the sinner's place, bearing his guilt, and suffering his penalty, All the life of Christ from Bethlehem to Calvary was in our stead, as our substitute. He, as the Second Adam, man as well as God, lived the obedient, law-fulfilling life that the first Adam failed to live. He came to do the will of God, and delighted in setting aside His own independent will, that the life of the Father might be manifested through Him. He pleased not Himself (Rom. 15:3). Made under the law, He fulfilled the law perfectly, and this righteousness of Christ as our Substitute is imputed to us when we believe in Jesus.

2 Cor. 5:21. **"For He hath made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."**

Rom. 3:26. **"To declare, I say, at this time, His righteousness; that He might be just, and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus"**

Phil. 3:9. **"That I may win Christ, and be found in Him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith."**

This is an Exchange of Position. Christ took our place, the place of guilt and curse, and God dealt with Him as a sinner, imputing all our sin to Him. We take His place and His righteousness is imputed unto us, God reckoning our sins and guilt to Christ and His righteousness to us when we believe in Christ as our Saviour. Thus justification is on the basis of substitution, but sanctification is obtained and lived out on the same principle.

It is not *eradication*, or the taking out of the fallen Adamic creation, the depravity manifested in tempers, pride, ambition, and selfishness, while that which seems to be good and useful is to be retained and sanctified to God: but it is the substitution of the new creation, of which Christ is the head, the heart and life. The old creation met its doom at the Cross, judicially, and Christ's sacrifice made possible the bringing in of a new creation to take its place altogether. *Sanctification is not Suppression* but displacing the old "*I*" by the Christ life. Gal. 2:20. "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." We are to put the old man, which is the whole of the old creation, good and bad alike, where Christ placed it—on the Cross; then it is no longer I but *Christ* liveth in me. We believe in a substitute life. Jesus Christ is the life of the new creation, just as my spirit is the life of my body, and if my spirit left my body it would die. The body has not acquired any habit of life that it could live without my spirit. The new creation is holy and pure, but has no power to go on of itself. The Lord Jesus is the life of it, and the moment you cease to trust in the Lord you are back in the old creation. The new creation cannot hold you from it, it must be the Lord Jesus Himself.

There are two things which hinder the Christ-life; first, thinking that the old creation is sanctified by the removal of everything we call sin or depravity; and second, while we see this death to self and the substitution of the Christ-life, we do not *cease from our own efforts* to bring it about, which latter gives self an occupation and prolongs its life.

We forget that we can do nothing in the new creation life, only as we lean on Him for it. Love and grace and patience and life and everything we need is in Him. It is not in us, and what the Lord is after is that we sink out of ourselves, letting the old

life go to the death. "Ye are complete in Him." Col. 2:9, 10. We are always wanting to be complete in ourselves, some experience we can rest on. He will never do a work in anyone, however precious, that one can rest in; it must always be Himself. "*Complete in Him.*"

In the new creation you cannot possess anything, must simply be the channel for Him to possess. When God sanctifies you, and fills you, and separates you unto Himself, and puts the Holy Spirit in you, you cannot possess the Holy Spirit, He will possess you. *It is the abandonment of our own life,* never to own anything again, never to be anything again in ourselves, that makes room for the manifestation of the fullness of His life and power through the Holy Spirit. He wants more of us, that unhindered He may live and work. We are inclined to rest upon the work done in us by the Spirit, to live in His gifts rather than in Him. The most precious work He can do in you will not carry you on. It is the law of the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus, and He wants nothing to take His place, not even your spiritual experience—it must be always Christ, and you would not be so disturbed or up-and-down if you saw that all you have to do is let Him work in you. You do not need to be anxious. Leave yourself in His hands after having given yourself fully to Him, and surrender the tremendous power He has given you—your will—absolutely into His hands, to be forever possessed by Him. Then He will "work in you to will and do of His good pleasure." You will find His life really working in you *victories of which you never dreamed;* service no longer barren ahd fruitless, but full of the joy of the Lord. You will find yourself released from the weary and unsatisfactory task of watching yourself, trying to keep your blessing; but now, looking unto Jesus, the responsibility all on Him of keeping and using, life becomes a liberty so sweet, so full of rest, that you rejoice evermore.

Paul's experience in 2 Cor. 12:1-10 exemplifies this truth. After this third heaven experience he was in danger of thinking he did not need the constant grace of God working in him like the other disciples. Had he not had revelations of the Spirit beyond any other, and heard things unspeakable, which would for ever lift him above the other apostles?

Surely there was this danger, as he himself says, and lest this

should occur, the messenger of Satan was sent to buffet him. For this he besought the Lord that it might depart, but He *kept saying* (Greek), "My grace is sufficient for thee for My strength is made perfect in weakness." Weakness is the state we are constantly lamenting, grieving that *we are not strong in ourselves* but weakness, yea, nothingness, is the opportunity for this strength to manifest itself. Paul learned this lesson till he gloried "in infirmities, reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake; for when I am weak, then I am dynamited."

See this word in Psalm 107, "He turneth rivers into a wilderness and water springs into dry ground." When the Lord is bringing you out of the old creation into the new, He will not let your natural ability do the things you have thought you can do; He will let you blunder and make mistakes and go to pieces, and you say, "I know better than to do that," but you find you cannot do anything successfully as heretofore, for God is drying you up. You thought you had executive ability, and could make things go, and now you cannot. "He turneth a fruitful land into barrenness." How hard that seems sometimes; but then *He turns the wilderness into standing water.* After He makes you a wilderness, then He turns the wilderness into standing water, and the dry ground into water springs; but they are not of yourself, they come from above, they are "instead of." He dries up all the old resources and brings in divine resources. You remember the word, "He giveth beauty for ashes;" but you have to let the natural life and ability go to ashes first. All your efforts will go to ashes, and then He will give beauty for ashes, and the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, etc. (Isa. 61 : 3). It is the old treasures all taken away and displaced by the new.

You see your calling, brethren? "Not many wise men *after the flesh*, and not many mighty and not many noble are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the wise, yea, He hath chosen the things that are not to bring to naught the things that are." Have *you* passed away yet? *Have you entered into His Life?* Oh, do you want the Lord "instead of" yourself, instead of your life; His wisdom instead of yours, His will instead of yours, His strength instead of yours, His riches

and beauty and joy instead of what you had in the world—then you will be willing to let the other go, and be willing to let Him live and do as He will. Then the heavenly life He wants us to live will be possible, and the world will see Christ.

CHAPTER XVII.

Relation of the Holy Spirit to the Believer.

IN THE book of Romans the Holy Spirit is mentioned but *once* in the first seven chapters. These chapters deal with the failure of man, but in the eighth chapter, which is the triumphant note of the overcoming life, the Holy Spirit is mentioned nineteen times. I am sure this is significant, and not until you come through the blood of the third chapter, into the Holy Spirit of the eighth chapter, do you get the power of the Spirit. The blood delivers from the guilt and penalty of sin, and the Holy Spirit delivers from the power and dominion of sin, one is just as much needed as the other, and the one does not take the place of the other.

In the eighth chapter the Lord makes a distinction between children and sons. We know that a little babe is a son even while it is a babe, but it is not a grown-up son; the Word of God makes this distinction in the Greek. "Sons" and "children" do not come from the same Greek word. You will find the *babe* in the sixteenth and seventeenth verses of the eighth chapter:

"The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the *children* of God."

That is, you are fully born—the babe that is born into the family of God. "And if children, then heirs." If you are just born you are an heir to something, though you were born but yesterday and die today. In the original it is a *babe*, the one just born, and so into the heart of that little child is put that cry: "Abba, Father," which is baby talk, and then it goes on to say that because you are children you are heirs, but not joint-heirs with Christ unless some other things follow.

Notice in the fourteenth and nineteenth verses: "For as many

as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the *sons* of God." They are the "grown-up sons." "For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the grown-up sons of God," I might put it. There is that difference exactly in the original words. The creation is not waiting for the manifestation of the *babes* but of the *grown-up sons*, those who have really gone on into the fullness of the life of Christ. That same thought comes out in Eph. 4: 13. "Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." That is a full-grown son. "That we henceforth be no more children," or a *babe*. Do not stay in that infantile experience which is good, but initial. God has made provision for grown-up sons; He says children are tossed to and fro with every wind of doctrine; they only know God in the slightest way; they are without development and are exposed to all sorts of errors, which Satan may sugar-coat with just enough truth to make them believe it is all truth—Christian Science, and all similar teachings creeping into the church because of the babes in it and so few grown-up sons. The full-grown sons are not tossed about, *they know God.*

I know the Spirit called my attention to this fact—"as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons." This means those who have been continually abandoning themselves to the Holy Spirit. He is rearing them, He is educating them, He has charge of their lives, He is leading them all the time and about everything. They are in the charge of the Holy Spirit, and He leads them quickly out of babyhood, step by step until they come to the full measure of the stature of the sons of God. It does not mean the occasional leading of which perhaps every Christian knows something, no matter what their state—that is not the meaning here. As many as are *led by the Spirit*, are these grown-up sons.

He it is who really takes us by the hand and shows us what we are ourselves, and then leads us step by step into the truth, and reveals the Lord to us. O, He is the One Who does everything concerning those babes whom He is going to bring into full-grown sons, into the manifestation finally of a company of people that the Spirit alone has developed into full sonship—that is what the creation groans and is waiting for till we, seeing what

the Holy Spirit is given for, commit ourselves to Him, let ourselves go into His hands, submit to His training, His criticism, His reproof, to all His dealings, and as we do, He can bring us rapidly into the real sonship. You can never come any other way; you will remain a babe to the end of the chapter, no matter how long you have been in the kingdom of God.

He brings us to see how helpless we are, that like the little babe we can do nothing. Often a father will take his little child down the street; it is full of teams and noise and confusion, and this child could not possibly make its way, it would get into such confusion as to be panic stricken—how easily it could lose its life. If it were going alone it would be almost sure to meet with an accident; that little thing has no power to go down the street in the traffic of a city; but the father conducts the child, and often, when crossing the street, he takes it up in his arms and comforts it and allays its fears when it would be frightened. Thus it is with the Holy Spirit, in the home, and in the business, and in the street, all the time we can have our hands in the hand of the Holy Spirit, and He has to be referred to about everything. As the Spirit has been revealing this more and more to me, so many passages of Scripture have become light, and I see how little we know of the real work of the Spirit.

I am reminded of something which happened in the beginning of our work. We had just opened a mission, and we knew very little about the responsibility of a faith life, in fact, we knew nothing, we were just babes in that sort of living, and I can see now we had not really trusted the Spirit as much as we should. We had trusted in a way, and we had received what we felt was the baptism of the Spirit: we had the correct doctrine, and were in a sense submitting as best we knew how. I remember coming home from meeting one night, and as was our custom, my sisters and myself, got down to pray about the work, the meetings and the difficulties which arose, in fact, this work has been carried on upon our knees—and as we were praying, and one began to pray aloud, somehow I found myself shaking exactly as some do now in the Pentecost. I remember there was a power within me which seemed as if it must burst forth, and this was the prayer that kept coming almost like gasps: "O Lord, bring the people down to the feet of the Holy Ghost." It continued to pour through me for

an hour, and I had to hold on to the chair or I would have been prostrated on the floor. I was a bit frightened—my whole body was trembling as they do now under the power of the Holy Spirit —and I was praying just that prayer—"O Lord, bring the people down to the feet of the Holy Ghost," and that prayed itself out exactly as tongues come, and I could not say anything else. Finally I really stopped myself, for I felt as if I could go on forever, and I remember that I could scarcely arise from the floor, was unable to walk to my room; and I had to sit down for a time in order to gather strength to move. The next morning at prayers the same thing happened, the same shaking and the same prayer. I tried to say some other things and succeeded with a few sentences only, then I stopped for I could not pray, and was not willing to pray that repetition. I went up to my room, and the same power and the same prayer came upon me again—"O Lord, bring the people down to the feet of the Holy Ghost." I did not know myself what I meant, but I said, I am not going to pray that one sentence any more, and I forced myself to cease. I did not know then that the Holy Spirit Himself was putting that cry through my lips. O, He saw the work before us, and saw that no one could do it but the Holy Spirit, and He saw the need of our trusting Him with every step not only for our work but for our lives. I understand it now though I did not then, and we went on trusting the Holy Spirit with no thought of that identical prayer being answered. But I was thinking today,—Lord, we are going to pray it now with understanding—"O, bring the people down to the feet of the Holy Spirit," and He dwelling in them will be the power they are so conscious of lacking.

As many as are led by the Spirit they are *sons*, they are not *babes* any longer. He leads them into the mind and the Word of of God, He opens the divine mystery of their own hearts to them, a mystery we will never know without His power. O, this is the cry of God today, that *His* people might be brought down at the feet of the Holy Spirit, where they will trust Him. One of the names of the Holy Spirit is the Paraclete, and that means one called along-side to help—one whom God has sent to stand within us alongside of our poor self, and be all we need. "*The Spirit quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing.*" We read the words but we have learned it only in the smallest measure. The flesh profiteth

nothing in this new and divine and spiritual life. All our efforts and all our wisdom and all our striving profiteth nothing—it is the *Spirit that giveth life.* All the divine life that has ever sprung up in our heart was a direct operation of the Holy Ghost. We all feel the need of life. I really expect that if every one of you sitting here in this room told your deepest conscious need, you would say, O, I want more life, I haven't life enough to bring forth the fruits of the life of Christ. Why is our faith weak? We haven't life enough. We are babes yet with the weakness of children, the new man in us has not had power to grow because it has not been quickened by the Spirit, because we have not trusted Him to do it. We have often laboured ourselves and tried to bring life by the works of the flesh.

We desired to love God as we should, to love our enemies and our brethren, but we have not trusted to the quickening of the Holy Spirit.

Then He is the only One who can make the Book life. This Book is life, "The words that I speak unto you are spirit and they are life," but that means when the Holy Spirit takes that word and makes it life. It has life-giving property when it is in the hands of the Spirit, we begin to see that God meant thus and so, and we understand, and somehow lay our hearts alongside of that truth, and lean upon the Spirit to make it good to us.

I have a deep sense that the Lord is bringing us into the place where we will consent with all our heart to weakness, and will consent without dismay to the fact of our utter helplessness. We usually consent to it with regrets—we turn our face away and do not like to contemplate it, it is too painful, we turn away from it in hopes that He will change it, but the Lord wants us to come to the place of consenting to perfect helplessness without dismay and without discouragement as you consent to the fact that the sun shines, or there is a power of electricity. You simply consent to an eternal fact that the "*flesh profiteth nothing.*" The Lord is going to bring us where we will have a strange trial of deadness and dryness laid upon us, when instead of struggling He wants us to consent to our helplessness and say to the Spirit, "As long as You want me to lie here in this dead condition I consent to it, but I know You will quicken me; I will not lift a finger, '*You will quicken me*'," —and you know, life that is eternal is going to spring

up, life that comes out of the heart of the Spirit, life that never came by force of ours and is not flesh.

There were three days in the life of Jesus that He lay in the tomb absolutely helpless. Jesus did not raise Himself, He had to consent to die like other men and go helpless into the grave, and He Himself never lifted a finger to come forth. We have a lot of beautiful phraseology in hymns that says He burst the bands of death, but He did nothing of the kind; the Holy Spirit brought Him forth. The Bible says again and again—"raised by God" —"God who raised Him from the dead." His body was just as helpless as any other man that went into the grave, with no movement upon His part to come forth, but the Spirit of God began to quicken that body and brought life into it, and He rose through the same Spirit through whom He had done His works, and through whom He offered Himself at last as a sin offering. Before He went into the grave He depended upon the Holy Spirit to bring Him forth. We have a theology which teaches that we are to be raised from the dead if we die before Christ comes. When that takes place it will be through the quickening of the Spirit as in the case of Jesus.

"But if the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you,"—that is the Holy Spirit—"He shall also quicken your mortal bodies." The ultimate thought is resurrection, while the near thought is the present quickening through His indwelling. So we have to go into the grave (if the Lord tarries) with the same faith in the same Spirit to bring us forth. Our body will lie as helpless as the clods of the earth until there comes that mighty quickening which will bring resurrection life into the dust, and it shall rise again in the likeness of Jesus' glorious body. I have a sense that this is a little parable of what He wants within us in the Spirit—that we come to the place of death; to the place where we will not lift our hand; where we will make no struggle; where we do nothing and there is nothing but an intense looking to the Holy Spirit which is the highest faith we ever put forth in our lives,—a leaning wholly upon the Spirit, saying, "Lord, no word can come through my lips with any power if it be mine, no faith that is effectual, no love that is worth anything, nothing, nothing, and I wait for Thy quickening, I wait for Thee to bring forth."

And, you know, it is so hard some days when we feel as if God

were dead, and as if there were no life in our soul, and as if faith and love had gone, and then sometimes the enemy will take advantage of it to put special condemnation on, then it is hard to say, Lord, I will bear this till You lift it.

I believe, friends, God is bringing us there, and the life that springs up is divine life, and the faith that springs up will find all things possible. O, that is the faith that will work miracles—I see it now—it is no faith that we can produce, it is something that is going to spring up in us by the quickening of the Spirit. He will spring up in us to work signs and wonders when His hour comes, and then we will sit down as weak and helpless as ever. It is the Spirit that will rise up and say, "Arise and walk," to some one, and the next day we could not say anything. That is being led by the Spirit, those are the sons of God in whom the life of Jesus will be brought in by the Holy Spirit Himself. The place of death is so hard to bear, that awful deadness and dryness and weakness. We shuffle out of it—we will fast and pray and weep to get out of it. Well, we will never get out of it on the life-side till we get still as Jesus was in the grave, and we wait for the Holy Spirit to raise us up, and when He does, it is not the flesh but the Spirit quickening, it is the real life of Jesus. That word "quickening" means "to impart life." The Word says, the Spirit imparteth life, life to faith, life to love; He is the Author of life. If we are willing to come that way, by the death side, I know He will bring us out.

Not Idleness.

I want to say another word because it is so very hard to announce a truth without misunderstanding. That awfully helpless state, folding our hands and doing nothing, is not idleness; when we are absolutely looking with our whole being in expectancy to the Spirit to raise us up and quicken us, it is the largest faith we ever had, it is the biggest activity we ever had, and it is the effective activity because it is the link that links us on to life. It is not a disappointed attitude, or a stoical or hopeless attitude, it is faith itself, and somehow out of that very helplessness we have no one in heaven or on earth to look to but the Spirit. We turn instinctively to Him and tell Him in our deadest state, "I know You will quicken me, and You will raise up, and I will wait till You do it." Are we able to drink of this cup?

O, friends, that is the way to real and effectual power, to effectual life, the way to something that will last, which is eternal and like God Himself, and nothing can rob us of it. That is when there is a death of all the activities and expectation of the flesh—when we can say not with our mind, but in our heart of hearts, the flesh profiteth nothing, and we wait then for the quickening power of the only One who can quicken.

There is a work being done in our very inmost being by His operation while we thus trust Him. That is how we will come to be full-grown men and women; that is being led by the Spirit and changed by the Spirit. There are times when the stress of life will be so heavy and the pressure of the enemy will be such we just seem fainting under life itself, and we long to get out of it. The Holy Spirit is a Comforter. We think of Him too often as One who reproves or convicts, but He is a Comforter. Do you know Him as the Comforter? Often a little child gets alarmed or hurt, and the mother takes it up in her arms and comforts it I believe there are times when our soul is fainting within us, when Satan seems to be wringing our life out of us then He will take us up, the Spirit of God, and comfort us.

I never had such a sense of the glorious possibility opening as now; I have a feeling as if there was a great open door and we can go through it. We always have such a feeling of limitation—it seems as if there were no feeling of limitation any more. Do not expect it is all going to be done in a minute. and do not expect we will see everything flourishing at once. The full corn does not come out of the ground the first thing, the first shoot is very small. Let us be willing to have the Lord work just as He pleases—we will have to do it. We have to trust the wisdom of the Spirit, His fidelity, His faithfulness that He is working and doing the right thing at the right time, and it is nothing to us what He is doing providing we are trusting Him and in His hands. If He lets us go under a cloud, let us go, but say, "Lord, You will bring me out;" there can not be a day so dark or a place so hard, but if we have faith and obey Him, He will bring us out; we never can be discouraged or hopeless again; we are in His hands, and He is going to work it out, and we shall know the life more abundant, even a life in the Holy Ghost.

CHAPTER XVIII.

How to Grow.

Matt. 5:3. "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for their's is the kingdom of heaven."

Phil 4:13. "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

Heb. 11:6. "Without faith it is impossible to please Him: for he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him."

1 John 5:14, 15. "And this is the confidence that we have in Him, that if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us: And if we know that He hear us whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him."

THERE are two great principles upon which all advance in the divine life rest. First, our utter sinfulness and helplessness, either to save ourselves, or transform our lives into the divine likeness; and second, the perfect ability and willingness of God to do both for every one who will commit all into His hands and trust Him.

First, let us look at the human side, our lost estate, and inability to recover ourselves. Sin has so blinded our eyes that sinners do not know how far from God, or righteousness, they are. They do not think they deserve much condemnation, for they are so very respectable, that religion could make but little improvement. Of course there are those who know they are very bad, who commit sins that even the world pronounces against, yet even then do not know how hideous sin is in God's sight; it is the work of the Spirit to bring a sense of lostness. How the great revival, which has broken out in India, has brought by the Spirit such a sense of the awfulness of sin. In heathen lands there is such a lack of moral sense, but while missionaries have found it so hard to impress them with their sinfulness, the Holy Spirit, in a few moments, brought it to them, and they cried out to God in desperation over their sins.

A sinner comes to Christ, and now thinks he can serve God easily, and at once attempts to do it. He does not know how helpless he is, or how unlike Christ.

I had been a Christian but a short time before I had a sense I was not at all like the Lord, my nature was not the least bit like His, and if you will stop to think, you will see yours is not. Everything about us is unlike God, nature has so turned to self from God, and we have gotten so used to selfishness, we do not realize how deep it is. We often want God's blessing for our advancement, and the Holy Spirit for our own satisfaction, and we do not understand how little like Jesus Christ we are. I have an idea that the incarnation was in part to show us how different His life was, as He worked and lived among men, from ours. He was so easy to be entreated, the woman from the street could go to Him and wash His feet with her tears. He never turned from any one but hypocrites. His was such a wonderful life of gentleness and dependence upon the Father. People are so independent, they do not like to take advice from another, how this is in every human soul. Jesus Christ did not seem to be like that at all, He had no independent spirit, He recognized what God wants us to recognize, *I can do of my own self nothing.* God has to burn that into us, by letting us try and struggle, and then to see how far short we come. There are things in our nature we would be glad to overcome, we undertake it and expect to get it out of the way, but somehow He will let it get worse and worse. You try to govern your temper, and you find that you are worse than ever, and everything you are trying to suppress, seems to grow worse under the process. It is because *you* are trying to work, and you will never get on till you see *you* cannot do the first thing, but only hinder God.

Every movement we make towards self-control, self-betterment, Christ-likeness, is nothing but failure, till sometimes the failure is agonizing, till we learn this lesson, as Paul tells us, "In me dwelleth no good thing." I do not believe we have half learned it, if we have, the other lessons will be easier. What God wants us to see is, that there can be no improvement by any effort of our own.

NEXT, THE LESSON HAS TO BE LEARNED OF THE WILLINGNESS OF GOD TO HELP. If we had learned the first lesson it would be

easier to learn this, but till we come to the place where we cease looking to ourselves, we are not looking to God. So we find in ourselves what God found in Israel. He brought them out of Egypt. He made a way for them through the Red Sea. He caused water to flow from the rock, and yet when they came to every place of need, they said, "Can God?" We find the Psalmist saying:

"They tempted God in their heart by asking meat for their lust. Yea, they spake against God; they said, Can God furnish a table in the wilderness?" Psa. 78:18, 19.

They could say, "We know He can open the sea, for we have seen Him do it; we know He can bring water from the rock, we have seen Him do it, but can He do this which is beyond our experience?" We say the same thing, "I know He can save sinners, He has saved me, but can He give victory over self? Can He fill me with the Holy Spirit? He can do these things for some people, but I am so constituted; He can do for this amiable person, but can He do for me?" You are saying, "*Can He, can He?* Can He heal this disease for me which was inherited from my father? Can He take this temper away?" They reasoned like that, and so do we. We try to believe God up to our experience, but think it impossible for Him to bring us where we may know the fulness of the Spirit and be led by Him. You believe He can do that for some people, but are you not saying in your heart: Can He do this for me? *Can He, can He?*

God does not expect you to do the first thing. You have been hindering God all the time, and preventing Him from having His way. What He wants us to do is to see that we are helpless, that we cannot change ourselves any more than we can the color of our eyes. You blame yourself because you are thus and so, because you are this or that, you have lamented and said, "Oh, wretched man that I am!" You condemn yourself, but God does not in the sense you do, yet He does condemn you, because the way has been provided, a deliverance from this, and you do not come in God's way. Jesus Christ has come to save us from these things, as He saved us in the beginning, and what He wants us to see is, that we are thus and cannot help it, but He can. I used to go weeks and months at a time under condemnation, because I saw I wasn't like the Lord, and was such a failure. Why be blamed for not doing what we *could not do?* It shows we

expected to do it. If you are not expecting to accomplish anything, why blame yourself? We seem to think that somehow we will get wise enough to accomplish it after awhile.

What does God want? He wants you to come to Him after the worst break you have ever made, and look up in His face with the utmost confidence and say, "I can never do any different, I commit it to Thee, Thou art the Saviour, I am not."

Look at this word in Micah 7 : 7, "Therefore I will look unto the Lord, I will wait for the God of my salvation; my God will hear me." He *will* hear me, He *will* hear me. We can come to Him with the deepest sense of failure and say, "I know deliverance is mine, Thou wilt save me from this."

I would like you to read a little book written by Mrs. Boardman. There is nothing remarkable about it, or about her, only her simple faith. She would commit something that was besetting her to the Lord and say, "I thank Thee for the deliverance now," and she did not bother herself any more about it. She believed He would do what He said. Not at all remarkable for God to keep His word, and she acted upon the basis that He would do as He said. She did not wait to see the thing subdued in her, but her whole life was lived out in that present taking and thanking the Lord for it. After her husband's death—they were so united in the natural and also in the spiritual—the Lord promised her she should never know widowhood. But she tells of coming into the house, feeling her loss so keenly, and saying to the Lord, "I thank Thee now for Thy presence, which is so comforting, Thou art all I need, and the whole sense of loss would flee away. She said this, when she felt nothing, but it became a fact the next moment. I believe we pray and pray, while God is saying, just believe Me, I am here to keep my Word, I am here to give present grace.

"*This is the confidence that we have in Him,*" but we do not have it. He is more anxious to transform us, than we are to have Him. You say, "Why does He not do it, I am praying and praying;" yes, but you have never committed it to Him and let go. You can commit it to Him now and go on praising Him and it will come. God is asking you to treat Him as if He meant what He said.

I was reading in a paper recently of a woman who was seeking

Pentecost. She asked God to search her, and He did, and she made things right, she had to write some letters of confession. She got it straightened up, and then He did not show her any more. Then she said to the Lord, "You have promised Pentecost, now give it to me." He said, "I want you to thank Me for giving you your Pentecost." There were no signs that she had it, but she said, "I do praise You for giving me my Pentecost." Do you not see that was counting Him faithful, and there came right away a wonderful experience, the Spirit falling upon her. Then she came again and said, "You know, Lord, that You say that these signs shall follow them that believe, and I come to You for them," and again the Lord said to her, "I want you to praise Me for having given you tongues." "I praise You for it now, Lord," and at the end of her praise, she broke out in another tongue. Do you not see this is what God wants? "This is the confidence that we have in Him." People write us, and ask us to do something for them, and add, "I take the liberty of thanking you in advance," and of course we feel under obligation to do it if we can.

This is faith, always counting that God will do as He says. Every morning as you open your eyes, say to Him, "Thou art here, working in me, and I praise Thee." If you will turn your prayers into praise, you would get on faster. Say, "I take the grace, now, You offer;" you do not have to beg Him. The child might as well come down in the morning and tease the mother for her breakfast, tease and weep that the mother would give her something to eat. It is His desire to work *every moment* in us, He stands ready *every moment* to bless, your constant praying instead of taking or accepting, hinders. There is a place for prayer, we may well ask Him to look into our lives, expect that He will, let Him go deeply into your thought, your motive, into everything that concerns you, but there will come a time when God will have done with that, He will have shown you this and that, and you will get it out of the way. There is no use in always living in condemnation. Then what? Believe Him! Receive from Him, just accept grace for each moment, and praise Him for it, as if you believed He meant to give.

There are many lessons in that little book written by Brother Lawrence. God brought him into such union with Himself, that he says he always perceived, before every action of his, God's

offered grace. When he took it from God, all went well, but when he did not, things went wrong. Oh, cannot we say, every hour of the day, "I accept thy grace." Why, because He says He gives it. "This is the confidence that we have in Him," that He will give you everything that you need for that hour. "Lord, Thou knowest that I can do nothing, I will only make that worse if I touch it, so I will just praise Thee, I know Thou art working now, Lord." It is true, as the heavens are true; we toil and spin, but we do not believe He can array us more gloriously than Solomon without our working. We do not let Him give us "beauty for ashes," or the "oil of joy for mourning," or "the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Oh, how He longs to give these things to His children. Just go to your Father, and believe He will do what He says, and even if you do not feel anything. His with-holding may simply be to strengthen your faith in Him. Suppose you go through one day, not asking for a thing, but just *taking*. Oh, how we would spare ourselves the burden and fruitless toil, and make real progress!

There is a word in Isaiah, "In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and confidence shall be your strength." Do you not know that looking at yourself keeps you from looking to God? What you do may be all right, yet your whole gaze is at yourself, you are condemning yourself, and fussing over yourself, but it is all *self*. Tell Him that in you dwelleth no good thing, but that He can work in you, "I trust You will work in me today, Thou wilt have to do it all." In quietness and confidence shall be your strength, without your doing the least bit of hard work.

Oh, friends, if we had the confidence we ought to have in Him, we would know that He takes charge of everything. God is in everything: you take that hard thing from His hand, and you learn to trust Him. Oh, that we could see that He is working every moment, therefore nothing can go amiss. You must *accept* the Holy Ghost to work in you, *accept* all you need, and it would not take God so very long to work. If you take a sick man who cannot walk, and put him out in the sunshine, he does not have to beseech the sun to shine upon him; all he has to do, is to sit in the sunshine till it warms him through and through, and if we would just come to God, and whether we feel anything or not, and say, "Thou *art* shining upon me, oh, shine on, shine

on," and tell Him you believe Him with all your heart. How He could work? The devil makes you believe when you get very, very good, God will love you. Say to Him, "I just take Thy love, I need it so now," you do not know how it would encourage your heart to say it, "God loves me, loves me now, loves me too well to let anything go wrong, loves me too well not to give me my Pentecost." Satan would keep you under the hammer all the time, under condemnation. God loves you infinitely more tenderly than mothers love their children. Accept it, He says so, "Continue ye in my love." He says it, believe it, and you will find the darkness going out and the light coming in, and the love you have not dared to appropriate will become consciously yours.

Jesus is your perfect Saviour, this moment, well, then let Him save you. "I praise Thee that Thou art going to do a perfect work in me, because Thou art a perfect Saviour." Tell Him you know He will heal your body, and you now accept it, and you will find the sickness will go. Tell Him you know He is caring for everything that has to do with you, and you are trusting Him. I know of nothing more uplifting; your dark days would be over. He can never love you any more than He loves you now, because He loves us with an everlasting love always.

Oh, child of God, bruised and sore with you efforts, begin to believe in your God, and His perfect work for you. I had such a sense one day, as I was sitting before the Lord, I did not need to beg Him to do this or that, such a sense of His willingness and desire, that my desire was lost, I could rest in His desire of what He wanted me to do. Do you see what loads would roll off?

"This is the confidence that we have in Him." What are you expecting God to do for your body; for your spiritual life? How much are you really expecting Him to do for you? Tell Him. I am afraid we would be ashamed to tell Him. You remember how the prodigal son said, "I perish with hunger," but when he went back home, he did not have to beg that father to give him something to eat. No, the father provided a robe and a feast. His ideas were small, he did not expect a robe and a feast, his thought was, if I may be as one of the "hired servants," but his father made him a great feast, he put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet, and kissed him and said, "This my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found," and he poured

out his love over him. What did the prodigal have to do? Just accept it all. What are you going to expect from the Lord today? Expect Him to supply all your need. Tell the Spirit in you, that you *know* He will lead you on, you *know* He will give the victory over that besetting thing, you *know* you will be healed of that disease, tell Him *you know it.* Let Him pour His love over you, while you just stand, and believe, and praise Him.

It may be there is some one here who is saying, my life is so small, I pray and pray, and He does not answer, "I perish with hunger;" do what the prodigal did, you have a Father, go to Him, He will meet you, tell Him that you believe in His love, in His power; put that thing in His hands, and don't you ever touch it again. He will do everything. It is overflowing, the willingness, the power, everything ready for you to accept. Do not go out of the room under a cloud, saying, "I will fail tomorrow," you dishonor God more in that attitude than in the failure. Rather, go out saying, "I will trust Thee, Thou wilt not fail me. I trust Thee to meet me in the morning, I will trust Thee all day, and all the rest of my life," and you will find that you have ceased from your own works, as God did from His. You will have entered into your Sabbath, and from your heart there will be ever going up praise, and He will ever be working out His wonderful salvation.

CHAPTER XIX.

Take Nothing for Granted.

I WAS awakened in the night with this message, "Take Nothing for Granted." The Lord brought before my mind how much in spiritual things is taken for granted that will bring an awful disappointment. The Church has for centuries taken it for granted that they are all to be translated when Jesus Christ comes, because they are Christians, and they are resting in that belief, which will prove to be a great and utter disappointment. And then the Church has indulged in the belief, and taken for granted that the whole Church was the Bride of Christ irrespective of condition, and that will prove to be another disappointment.

When one stops to think that the mass of Christians are believing these two things, which are not true, and will be disappointed, it is time that God cried out with a trumpet voice to rouse His people to reality and to facts as we find them in the Word. It is not enough to say my Church teaches this, and some one teaches that, neither are you to take for granted what I say, for I am only like a voice in the wilderness pointing you to the Word of God; go to the Word and see what conditions are necessary for translation and for reigning with the Lord Jesus. Oh! I beg of you to do it—that you may save yourself a fearful disappointment, because I feel, friends, we are so near the time, and even if you die before the Lord comes, you will not come up in the resurrection with the firstfruits, with that overcoming company. You know they come up, every man in his own order, or band, or regiment, and if you do not belong to the firstfruits, you will not come up in the resurrection with them.

I have been so startled in this Pentecostal movement at the revelations—confessions from God's people—how even those who

have been Christian workers for years, and really working with a zeal for God, have been shown by the Spirit, pride, self-sufficiency. self-preservation, self-seeking, a censorious spirit, a lack of love, all these things covered up in their hearts, which they did not know. Supposing Christ had come, where would they have been! I tell you, friends, it shows how dangerous it is to take things for granted without *knowing* that we are meeting the necessary conditions laid down in the Word. The Holy Spirit is showing that these are the things which will prevent our being eligible for the throne, or for the Bride of Jesus Christ. Do you not praise Him that He is thus bringing things to light! We ought to be able to bear the most severe tests. Sometimes I have started back in real and actual alarm in my own soul, lest I deceive myself as to my real state, and I have said, O Lord! do arouse me if in any way I am coming short, if in any way there is an unreality in my experience, or unreality in my faith, and I have begged God that He would use His sharpest instrument rather than let me be asleep, or take anything for granted which He did not see was true. We are in too solemn times to gloss over anything; God does want such reality in our lives, in our love for Him, in our love for each other. He wants reality instead of talk about separation; He wants it an actual fact.

We find in 1 Pet. 4: 17, 18, that the righteous will be "scarcely saved"; we read in 2 Pet. 1: 10, 11, of those who have an "abundant entrance." You know when the great processions of military men go by, we smile condescendingly at the cadets in their smart uniforms, but when the veterans, some with empty sleeve, some possibly having lost a limb, being obliged to come in a carriage, and with them the flag, which is nothing but a mass of rags through the rain of bullets on many a battlefield—when they go by, the people shout themselves hoarse. There will be many who just get inside the kingdom, but there will be some who will have an abundant entrance.

You know Jesus comes to meet an overcoming company and no others. When He comes to meet that company it does not matter how many demons are in the way to stop the progress, we will go straight through with Him, and I believe that the same chorus which was sung when Jesus ascended on high will be heard.

"Lift up your heads, O, ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in."

Only now it will be the "kings of glory"; it will be Christ, the Head, and the kingly company that have overcome as He overcame, and they too will be welcomed with the very anthems of heaven, as was their Great Head when He overcame. "Abundant entrance"—but there has to be the overcoming, so that we may learn to reign here. You know that it says, "we shall reign in life," and unless we overcome and reign over the flesh—not it rule us; and reign over the devil—not he rule us; and reign over the world—not it rule us; we are not overcoming. God wants us to see these things, and know whether we are really overcoming, or whether we are but approximating. God never averages anything. We have an idea—and that is another thing people are taking for granted—that God is going to average things up, and say, "Come, thou good and faithful servant." He will never say "good and faithful," only to those who *are* good and faithful, He will never pronounce a false judgment.

The Bride *will* overcome; the Bride *will* be made conformable unto the image of His Son, That is the salvation God has brought to the world. He did not contemplate the present condition of the Church, the awful lack and powerlessness of Christianity which we see today; His thought was that everyone who came into the kingdom should be conformed to the image of His Son. Do you notice that word which we get, "He that is joined unto the Lord is *one spirit.*" They are one spirit about everything. Are you one with the Lord about everything?

I remember reading a while ago about—I think it was the British army—in a time of desperate conflict, when the general called up a certain regiment and told them of an exceedingly dangerous position which should be taken, and he said, "Probably not one of you will come back alive, but you will save the day; any one who is willing to volunteer for that service, will you please step forward two paces." That moment his attention was diverted and he looked away for an instant; when he again looked back, he saw the line was unbroken and being indignant he said, "Is there no man who will lay down his life for his country?" Then an officer spoke, "Sir, the whole regiment moved forward two paces." Today there is a call from the Holy Spirit for souls

to be made overcomers, souls who in this last great conflict with the powers of darkness, the unbelief and formality of the Church, will move on with Him.

The greatest conflict of the ages is upon us. We are just coming into its dark shadow, the shadow of the Anti-Christ, and the deep night of the world in the tribulation. We are on the verge of it,—the great conflict which has been going on and on through the centuries against Jesus Christ, the conflict against the blood, against the cross, and now as it deepens, and as we near the end, the greatest effort is being made to put down the blood, to put out the cross of Jesus Christ, to put out the supernatural, and the Holy Spirit is calling to the Church and saying, where are you going to stand over this blood question, and over the cross, and the Son of God? Is the Church coming up? When we come to this Pentecost, which I believe is a necessary preparation, or one of the steppings towards the end, and the Holy Spirit is ringing the call throughout the Church today, "Will you stand with Me, will you let Me do things you have never seen, will you let Me exercise you, as you have never been exercised, will you let Me have possession of your body, even if I do that which you are not familiar with." And where is the Church? In this Pentecostal movement there has come to be a lot of mixture of the flesh, and I cannot say but of the devil also, but there has been enough genuine power of God manifested to convince any thinking, candid man, who is ready to go on with God, and if you dare stand in the face and presence of this power of God and hold back, you will pay a fearful price some day.

Do you notice how the Spirit points back to Calvary? In that wonderful Wales revival it was Calvary. Evan Roberts tells about that great conflict in his soul when he said, "Lord, bend me, Lord, bend me," and he said, the thing that alarmed him was, that he was unmoved by the story of Calvary. Saved by it, but somehow his very sensibilities unmoved by the sufferings of our Lord Jesus, when he cried out, "Lord, bend me; Lord, bend me;" and he says this is what bent him, that the Lord by the Spirit showed him, "God commendeth His love toward us in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us," and that love did not commend itself to him. Oh, that is it, friends: Does that love commend itself enough to us to make us sacrifice the world

for it, or position, or the traditions of the Church, or the traditions of the Christian world?

Do you know, the Lord in a sense, as the Saviour of the world, is in the last trial, and God is going to let every individual face the question whether they are going to lay their lives down for Him as He did for them—only not in the vicarious sense, in which He did for the world—but whether they are going to show the same sacrificing love for Him, that led Him to die for them.

We read about a "full reward"; we read about "no reward, yet saved"; we read about a "great reward." This is all in the Book. We read about "suffering loss, yet saved so as by fire." "Every man's work shall be made manifest." How we should pray, Lord go through our service, go through our prayers, go through all our religious life *now*, for it will be tried by fire at last, and we do not want to be building with wood, and hay, and stubble. Did you ever notice the awful unreality of the prayers? People are constantly praying, when they haven't the least idea God is going to answer, and that isn't a bit better than the prayer wheel in Thibet. Then there is awful unreality in our testimonies; we have learned pious phraseology and often there is no reality behind it in the life. The danger to us Christians is that we will be Gospel hardened. We talk about the sinners who come and go in the great churches who get Gospel hardened, but the danger is that Christians will be Gospel hardened. We get used to the story of the cross, to terms of consecration, we use them glibly and think we mean them. That is what God meant by that one message He sent to my heart, "Take nothing for granted." Know whether you have experience back of your words, know whether you stand prepared to have God answer your prayers, whether as you pray for a mighty outpouring of the Spirit you are willing for God to answer it as He likes. It always seems to me it is lack of faith in my God, if after I fling myself helplessly into His hands, I think He cannot keep me from the devil. Can I keep myself? Am I safer in my own hands? God is looking down today at the unreality of all this. Do not ask for Pentecost if you are not willing to take the consequences. That is what God is after. There is this awful self-preservation that cannot trust God to carry you through, that cannot trust God to keep you from error and detect the counterfeit, and so you stand off

with your poor little reasonings, decide that *this* is God, and *that* is the devil, and keep clear of the whole thing, which means the loss spoken of those who save their lives.

I have a feeling this is the time of crisis with the Church. It is the time when God is absolutely making up His company that are to reign with Christ. The Church's idea has been that death somehow will rectify everything, but the grace of God, which we cannot magnify too much, has its limit; the grace of God cannot do in a minute that disciplining which takes time and experience. The grace of God can cleanse you, but it cannot make you a mature Christian in five minutes; there has to be steppings on with the Spirit. Notice this word about Jesus, He *learned* obedience; He learned it step by step through that life which to us appears uneventful before His ministry, and He learned it in the life of the ministry. I haven't any doubt that many times His own mind would have acted, and yet He learned obedience by letting the Spirit move. He found out what the Father wanted, and He did it. That is what God is after today. Find out what God wants, and *do it.*

The character necessary for reigning, God develops in the daily life of hardships, by attacks of the enemy, by misunderstandings, by all the variety of the ordinary life; that is where you learn to reign. If you with the grace of God cannot get along here with the human nature you meet, you are not reigning, and to reign means a perfectly conquered life. The Lord has to conquer you absolutely before you know anything about what it is to reign. You have to be reigned over, and you have to learn obedience, even though it may be by the things you suffer.

We sometimes complain because the path is hard. There is no drill in any kind of life that amounts to anything but has its rigor and its hardships. You cannot make a scholar in a year; you cannot go through college in a primary department, and so it takes experience and dealings of God to develop the soul, and God has given you this life to make you a king, and to cause you to know how to reign. It is just as necessary that I reign over this little thing today as some great thing tomorrow. Where we make the mistake is that we let things of unreality come into our life. We go through the same routine every day, and get so accustomed to it, that we forget that the Lord Jesus is the center

of it all. We pray to Him about the larger things, about the assaults of the enemy, but you think you know enough to do this that you have done so often, and practically the Lord is left out of the most of it.

Brother Lawrence, in that little book of his, tells how when he was in the kitchen with a dozen people around him calling for things, still he had the same tranquil sense of God, as when he was in his own cell in his devotions. Nothing disturbed his sense of God's presence. He walked with God when he washed the dishes; he cooked in the presence of God. He would say, "Lord, it may be that for this little time I will be busy, and I cannot be occupied with Thee, but I trust Thee to keep me." And if anything went wrong, he would say, "I'll do it again unless you keep me," and then having committed it to God, he would resume his usual occupation of "praising and worshipping" God. Think of what a heavenly life that was.

You are here to worship God and to do His will, whether in the kitchen or at the desk. That is overcoming and reigning, and if you cannot do that, then you have been overcome by the disturbances, by the trials, by the things that arise in every life. Oh, that God would make us see that we are losing the most precious opportunities in all the world. Here was a chance for you to reign over this difficulty, over that hard place, over the disagreeable people—a chance to reign, and you lost the opportunity. God help us! Awaken, friends! Awaken to this thing, else you will find with your best intentions you have not overcome, you have not been reigning here, and God will not put you on any throne there,

Let me say that it is the blood of Jesus that puts you in the kingdom, but it doesn't put a crown on your head. There are *conditions* for crowns; a crown of righteousness, a crown of glory, these will be given to those who have met certain conditions. Paul said, "Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended." That was past Pentecost, long before this he was saved and sanctified, long past Pentecost, and yet he said,

"Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before. I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

What was that "high calling?" I believe it was that reigning

company that was to sit with Jesus on His throne. We cannot indulge in selfishness and overcome at the same time; you cannot do it—no matter how refined that selfishness is. You cannot indulge in self-preservation, you cannot have anything between you and God.

In England I heard the Rev. Prebendary Webb-Peploe speak at Bradford, and he told this little incident which had occurred previously in his ministry. He said he was speaking along a line which led him to read the twenty-fourth chapter of Ezekiel, beginning at the sixteenth verse:

"Son of man, behold, I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke: yet neither shalt thou mourn nor weep, neither shall thy tears run down. Forbear to cry, make no mourning for the dead, bind the tire of thine head upon thee, and put on thy shoes upon thy feet, and cover not thy lips, and eat not the bread of men. So I spake unto the people in the morning; and at even my wife died; and I did in the morning as I was commanded."

All at once a man arose in the body of the church and cried out, "Oh, not that, not that!" then fell back in his seat and buried his face in his hands. After the service Webb-Peploe went and stood by his side, and he heard him saying with such agony in his voice, "O, Jesus, I did not know I had anything between Thee and me—I did not know it, and, oh, I want to say, Thy will be done." He struggled with himself and said, "Help me Lord—I must say it—I did not know there was anything between Thee and me," and then, little by little, he seemed to gather himself into God, and God gave grace, and he began to say, "Oh, let this cup pass from me, but not my will," and it seemed as if the words came with such a pause between them, "Not—my—will,—but—Thine—be—done." He said it once or twice, and then the very glory of God fell upon him, and he sprang to his feet with tears rolling down his face, and shouted it with a glad heart, "I will have nothing, not even my beloved wife, between Thee and me." Later on they went as missionaries to China, and were there some eight or ten years in a blessed service. They were particularly joined together, both in the flesh and in the spirit, and coming back the vessel went down, and they were never separated; they went down together, and together met their Lord.

It would be a sad thing to have anything between you and your Lord, and you not know it. We do not like to be cut off

from our friends, no heart loves that; one does want their friends to appreciate them, and it does hurt to be cut off, but there come times when it will mean that—it will. The Lord Jesus must have the first place—*He simply must.* It is the only place worthy of Him, isn't it? You could not give Him anything else. He will not take anything else. He will lead you as far as you allow Him, but there comes a time when He has brought you thus far and you do not go any farther, and He has to give you just what belongs to the place you have stopped, and His very love and grace cannot do any more.

Do you notice in that passage in Ezekiel he was not to eat the bread of man. Ah, no, nothing short of the manna of heaven carries people through places like that, but it *will* carry them through. God is not a hard Master, but the flesh is an abomination in His sight; it is a polluted thing, and if you will preserve it at its best, you are keeping a thing He hates, and God has to be severe on it; God hates the garments spotted with the flesh," and He wants you to hate it.

We talk about wanting to talk in another tongue. Has the Lord yet controlled the one you have? Have you ever let the Spirit in these years hold your tongue in subjection—where you have not "spoken unadvisedly" with your lips, and you have not taken up the reputation of God's children upon it and passed on it. Ah, friends, let the Lord control the tongue you have and sanctify it until there will not be the "poison of asps under it," until the reputation of God's children is sacred with you, and if you have any fault to find, you go to them—that is the word of God. If you do not do this, do not talk about "reigning," do not talk about even belonging to the company that has the faintest idea of being translated. We must look at facts as God has them. These are conditions that God cannot tolerate, and are even unthinkable in a company that is in one spirit with the Lord. There was no guile in His mouth—is there any in yours? I am talking to myself as well as to you; I want the Spirit to search me; I do not want to fail; I do not want to have come thus far, and yet somehow, for fear of reproach or persecution of some kind, disappoint my Lord.

Friends, let the Spirit talk to you; He loves you—He loves you. Love is jealous over the object of its love, and wants you

beautiful, "without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing." It is love that is stern; it is love that is so anxious to take from us everything that mars, everything that is out of touch with Jesus. Oh, it is love, the most tender love that is so thoroughly searching you, and wanting you to let the Spirit work in you that transformation, which makes you one with Jesus on all lines, everywhere and every minute of the day. That is what He is after. Will you let Him do it?

CHAPTER XX.

The Holy Spirit in Relation to the Bride.

I AM sure the cause of spiritual barrenness and weakness and little power is lack of direct, vital, constant, and daily *trust in the Holy Spirit.* The Holy Spirit is dwelling in every believer from the time of their spiritual birth, and waits to be trusted to show His constant love and power in their daily lives. Let me say, first of all, that the Holy Spirit is God. He is equal with the Father, and with the Son, and in the commission which was given to the Apostles to preach the Gospel to every creature they were to baptize "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." The Bible does not make any distinction as to power in the Godhead, the Holy Spirit has as much power as God the Father. He is omnipotent, omnipresent, and omniscient, and the Holy Spirit is in every regenerated heart.

The Holy Spirit is at the very foundation of our Christian faith and all progress in the spiritual life. We know that the work of Christ on the cross laid the foundation of the new birth. It was through His bearing our sin and our penalty that we could have any standing before God, but the whole fact of the new birth is the *operation* of the *Holy Spirit*—"that which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of *the Spirit is Spirit*," and while the foundation of our salvation is the work of Christ yet the operation is the work of the Spirit.

And then the new creation life, that new life which has been born in the midst of the old, is but a little babe, and it does not know how to grow, or anything about the way, and yet God's purpose is that this little child shall grow up into "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ (Eph. 4: 13)" and He has sent the omnipotent God, the Holy Spirit Himself, into the human heart to take that babe life and nurse it for Him, and I believe

that babe is just as dependent on the constant attention and operation of ths Holy Spirit as the child born in the natural is dependent on the nurse. The child is handed over to the nurse, and the little thing does not know what is the matter when it cries, but it is the business of the nurse to find out; she knows what the little life needs, and it is her business to minister to that need; it is not the business of the child, and I believe God sees the new creation life in us, is just as helpless and as ignorant and foolish as the little child born in the natural, and has need of a wise nurse to take charge of it, and this the Holy Spirit does.

God depends on the Holy Spirit to show this new-born life that has come into the heart, this life that is born in righteousness and true holiness, (and yet it is born in the midst of the old natural life) that this old Adam life must be gotten rid of. In the beginning it does not know that all of the old creation must go, *the best as well as the worst*, it has no conception whatever of the separation that is absolutely necessary, and God depends on the Holy Spirit within to show it. God is not expecting this new life to know, He is not holding it responsible to know, He is holding the Holy Ghost responsible who is within us to show this little life what God expects.

Ordinarily when we are first saved there is much joy, with such a sense of God, that we immediately think we are strong, that we can live the life God expects of us, and we have to be taken out of that conceit. We have to be taught that the only One who can work in us is the Spirit. We blunder, and stumble, and make failures, and do not know what to do, and we have not been told that God the Holy Spirit is in us. We have been told more often to wait for some baptism of the Holy Spirit, to pray and look for the Spirit, while I am sure that God knows this little life cannot breathe a breath without the Holy Spirit, and therefore He has sent Him into the heart, bringing the *spirit of sonship*. This is not the baptism of the Spirit, but it is the person of the Holy Ghost, who is in the regenerated soul as He was in Jesus previous to His coming upon Him at the Jordan. He will lead us on till He can come upon us with all His power. Acts 1: 8.

Now God has to let us by experiences of failure feel the need of the Spirit's help and then He begins to work in us to show light from darkness until we see things in God's light. The Spirit

has been showing me recently the absolute necessity of a *daily, hourly, steady, vital trust in Him*, and showed me this also: that we might pray to God the Father, and we might pray to God the Son, and yet as long as we ignored the real personality of the Holy Spirit and did not trust Him to do the work belonging to Him, *it would never be done*—we might pray and weep but it would never be done. God, the Father, has an office in the Godhead, the Son has His, and the Holy Spirit has His. The Holy Spirit has been called the Executor of the Godhead. We know that He breathed on chaos and brought this world to its present form; we know that the worlds "consist" by the power of Christ (Col. 1: 17) through the working of the Holy Spirit; it is by the will of God, but the output of power is through the Holy Spirit, and yet we ignore and practically set aside the Holy Spirit daily—I am not talking now about meetings, and I am not talking about Pentecostal demonstrations—I am talking now about the believer in this daily walk before God, he ignores the Holy Spirit.

No general faith, no general belief that He is in our hearts will do, but there must be *definite* and *specific dealings* with Him like we would deal with any person over business. The power to separate, or the power to loosen our hands from things we have held dear is all in Him, and we must go definitely to Him with those specific things; hourly, with every pressure and sense of the old life as it arises, with every desire in our heart for the new life; we must definitely put it all in the hands of the Person of the Holy Spirit, or it will never be done, and that is why it is not done in God's people.

Of course, lack of surrender will hinder—I am now talking to people who are willing to surrender, but even let us go back to the people who are not willing and what are you going to do? Are you going to work away at yourself until you make yourself willing? You cannot do it, but you can come to the Holy Spirit who is there for that identical purpose. That is His office work, He is there in your heart to undertake to make you willing, to turn you away from the old things and to turn you to God, and because you have not *definitely, specifically, unwaveringly* taken it to Him and *trusted Him to do it*, it is not done, you have only labored in vain.

Let us go back to that little picture in the Old Testament

(Gen. 24), because it is a most speaking illustration, and let me say in the beginning that all human illustrations fail when we are talking of divine things, and yet they possibly help to illustrate—that of the servant of Abraham, Eliezer, who was sent back into Chaldea to get a bride for Isaac. First of all, the object of Abraham was the selection of a wife for his son, because he had committed everything to his son, and he knew that he himself was to pass away and that the title and inheritance descended to his only son Isaac. He sent his servant—and it is commonly conceded by Bible students that this servant represents the Holy Spirit and while the Holy Spirit is not a servant, still He executes the will of the Father and of the Son. So this servant, who was really the head of the house under Abraham, with all things put under him, was sent to get this bride, and he went back to those who were of kinship, for the father of Rebekah was a nephew of Abraham. He proposed his errand as soon as he met Rebekah, and after telling of of the great wealth and the position of Abraham and Isaac he won the consent of the father and mother and the brother and then last he won the consent of the maiden; she has in this matter to settle the question herself, she was asked, "Wilt thou go with this man?" and she said, "I will go." I want you to notice how very *prompt* the servant was to execute his commission. He would not even be seated or have food until he told out what he had come for, and the primary work of the Holy Spirit in this dispensation is to get a bride for the Son of God, and every time a soul is saved, every time He convicts a sinner, the possibility of that sinner becoming a member of the Bride of Christ is open to him as to other believers. The Holy Spirit is far more anxious than anybody else: God. the Father, and Jesus Christ are anxious, longing that this shall be accomplished. We think sometimes we are anxious but we are not as we should be.

Then the servant said: "Hinder me not since God has prospered me, send me away that I may go to my master." His object was to take this maiden to Isaac, it was not to spend a lot of time in feasting according to the Oriental custom. Her friends said: "Let her tarry for a few days," but his thought was to take the maiden to his master. I wish we believed as much in the anxiety of the Holy Spirit, in His readiness, His intense desire to work all that is needed to be done.

Chaldea is directly across the Arabian desert from Palestine, and it is about on a parallel with Hebron where Abraham lived, but there was no crossing the desert, and so they must go away up north through Mesopotamia, and come down into Palestine past Jerusalem to Hebron. It was not far from eight hundred miles, and they had to go on camels. It was a hot country, and there must be rest during the nights, and often during the hot sun of noon-day, and that meant a journey of months. This girl was sent away by her parents with her handmaidens, and with Eliezer and his servants—quite a caravan. Rebekah recognized from the start that she had to separate from her home. She must have seen by the proposition that was made, and the distance to which she would go, that she had to leave all the old life as she had known it up to that time, to go out into an unknown life, into an unknown country to meet an unknown man. She saw that the whole life was different and new—she had to take that into consideration—but she said: "I will go with this man," and they started in the morning of the next day—I want you to see the haste, I want you to see the spirit that was in that servant to execute his commission, and that is like the Holy Spirit. He is as anxious as possible to execute His commission in your heart and mine and to get a bride for His Isaac. He wants to begin the work the moment a soul will let Him, but we pray and pray and wonder why God does not answer, and we think that it only He was as anxious as we are something would be done in us at once, but He is more anxious.

They went away, and at last the waving friends were out of sight, and the old homestead, and the neighborhood, and the last land-mark of everything she had ever known. He knew what that would mean to her heart, and immediately he began to tell her of the home to which she was going, and about Abraham and Isaac and the splendor of their position. And then I am sure he began to tell her about Jehovah, the God of Abraham and Isaac, and how different He was from the idols she had worshipped. Laban and Rebekah were idolaters, Abraham before his call was an idolater, and Laban, Rebekah's brother, complained later that Rachel had carried away his idols. This girl knew nothing about the true God, and there began at once a rehearsal of things concerning the God of Abraham and Isaac. He must have told her

something of the grandeur and the majesty and the glory of God, of the call of Abraham right from that neighborhood years before, and how God had met him. He must even have told about the birth of Isaac and that long trial and the test of faith, and how Isaac was a child of promise, a resurrection child one might say, and what God could do over against the idolatry of her people; and then of that day when Abraham laid Isaac upon the altar and all that meant to the father-heart, and yet how willing Isaac was to yield himself up to God in absolute obedience; he must have told her how God interposed from heaven and his life was saved, until there grew up in her heart a reverence for the God Jehovah, the God of heaven, and there must have come a sense of putting away the idols that she had worshipped before, and all the religous views she had, and she must have said, "The God of Abraham and Isaac will be my God," like Ruth said later. The Spirit will do that for you—it was altogether what Eliezer said to her that did it. She listened to the story, she drank in the marvellous facts as they were related until her heart went out to this God, and through the operation of this servant's story and his narrative of the truth her heart was won away from the idols she had known. That is how the Holy Spirit will turn your mind, if you will let Him, from many an idol enthroned in the heart. How much He sees in the hearts of God's children that is taking His place, it may be money, or business, or friends, but God sees it, and the Holy Spirit begins to unfold Jesus in His purity, His holiness and His loveliness until somehow we are enabled to put it all behind us and let it go; we never would do it in the wide world if it were not for the Holy Spirit.

As they journeyed, still he went on with this story of the life into which she was going. There may after a time have come over her a fear lest she would not be equal to the life in its new surroundings. The home in Mesopotamia was very humble compared to that of Abraham who was a great prince and a very wealthy man, and Isaac was to come into the inheritance. There must have come over her a sense of unworthiness and perhaps discouragement, that possibly she had better turn back, that she could never live in such a place and meet that kind of people, and so the servant would have to tell her that he knew all about the place to which she was going, and he knew all that would be

required of her, and if she would yield and be obedient he could instruct her. But supposing she got so discouraged that they would have to stop the whole caravan, and until she got willing to commit herself to the servant and go on, all progress would be stopped. And that is exactly what we do—we get turned inward and see our utter unlikeness to the Lord, and we wonder sometimes whether we can ever overcome, and some people get where they wonder whether they are saved. The Holy Spirit is there, and He says: "I know all about it, and I know all that is needed, and I can change it," and sometimes we spend a week, or a month, or perhaps years, in that kind of discouragement, and all progress is stopped. She could not journey unless she was *absolutely committed to the servant*, and so all progress in a soul is stopped while we are doubting; but looking the failure square in the face we must turn it over bit by bit to the mighty hand of the Holy Spirit and listen to all He tells us to do, and *believe* in His power and willingness to change and transform.

And then supposing she begins to look at her garments, and she thinks she is not arrayed fit for such a prince. Then the servant has to tell her that Isaac has sent all that she will need even to the jewels and the veil; the very camel upon which she is riding was sent by him. All she has to do is to put the garments on, she has not to weave or spin or do anything herself, it is already here, and all she has to do is to claim it and wear it. O, the new life is all here for us, and all the grace of God and all the beautiful fruit of the Spirit is all here in the Holy Spirit. All we have to do is to yield to Him and definitely and truly trust Him, not in any general faith, but definitely say to Him that the fruit of the Spirit must be seen in our life, and we are going to trust Him to bring it forth, and *He will bring it forth.* He cannot bring all to perfection in a minute, but as we trust Him we will begin to see a little of it springing forth. When in nature we see a little seedling springing up, we think it is just a little bit of white stalk, it does not look like much, but it *is life*, and it is *putting forth.* He Himself is the law of the Spirit of life, and as we trust Him there comes life springing up, and we begin to see it, and we will somehow find that the thing that had power over us is loosing its grasp, and the other life is growing stronger and stronger. The Lord seemed to make me feel that nothing else was needed by

the truly obedient soul but definite, sharp, unwavering trust, the putting something in His hands and expecting Him to work, and then He would do it. He is the only One who in all the universe of God can work the needed change, and He *will* do it if we will trust Him. No sinner ever went to Jesus with the confession of his sins and asked for pardon with any more certainty of getting it, than will the Holy Spirit do those things of which I am speaking when we absolutely trust Him.

And then supposing after having been so filled with this view of her new home and of Isaac to whom she was going she began to be anxious to hurry, and she thought the servant was slow, and so she concluded she would go on ahead, and she and her maidens started on and left the rest of the caravan, but she soon found herself in a totally unknown country, and to her dismay they came to where two roads met and she did not know which to take, and night was coming on, so there was nothing for her to do but go back to the servant and place herself under his care and guidance again. All that was not progress, it was *lost time;* all her haste did not make progress, she made haste but to no purpose. Some times we do that with the Holy Spirit, we think He is not working hard enough or fast enough, and we must do something; we pray and fast, but we do not know what we want and need as the Spirit knows, and we have to come back and let Him work in His own way. We have to trust Him when He does not appear to work; we have to praise Him when He works altogether differently from what we had expected, or gives us an entirely different set of feelings from what we think we ought to have. We must trust His wisdom, His love, His fidelity, and His faithfulness, He knows what to do. O, do you see that every step was progress while she was in the care and keeping and direction of the servant? Sometimes they had to set up their tents for the night but that was progress—*they were on their way.* Sometimes when the noonday sun was too hot for traveling they had to spread their tents and wait—but that was progress, they were on their way, and absolutely nothing hindered while the servant had full charge and had his way, It was progress every hour, and all the time she was discovering her own foolishness and her own waywardness and what her real need was, and as she trusted, more and more the old life passed away and the new life

dawned upon her. And then there came a day when he brought her to a place where she said, "What man is this that walketh in in the field to meet us?" And he said, "That is my master," and he took her down from the camel and covered her with the very veil his master had sent and presented her to Isaac, and his commission was ended.

Friends, that is the work of the Holy Spirit. There may be different experiences which He brings along by the way, like Pentecost, and like the uprising of the Spirit in tongues and in great joy, but that is no more the work of the Spirit than the daily grace, than the daily victory, than the daily separation more and more from what we are, and the daily upspringing of the life of the Lord Jesus that He is bringing out in us. We have found to our surprise even after the Latter Rain has fallen upon hearts that they have not all learned this close walk with the Spirit, they have not learned to be obedient and to trust Him, and they have to learn it afterwards if they have not learned it before, because it is the only way to get on. He Himself, the blessed Holy Spirit, was in Jesus Christ. Jesus said: "If I, by the finger of God (the Holy Spirit) cast out devils,"—and He said at last He was able to offer Himself up by the "Eternal Spirit"—that was the law of His life. It is the same Spirit in us, and if the Son of God had to be dependent constantly upon the Holy Spirit how can we live a day without Him, and why do we go patching and mending when He is there to work? I have such a sense of the grief of the Spirit that He is constantly ignored and set aside, and we, poor mortals, try to do His work; we try to get the dead leaves off the old life, we try to bring forth something that we have not within, and He waiting and willing, but He will not add His work to ours, He must do it all. He will have no patchwork done in the Bride of Christ, all must be perfect, and He is the only One that can bring about such a result.

I never had such a sense of how intensely willing He is. There He stands, the Almightiness of God, not a thing in any life that is hard for Him, not a separation, not a death that He cannot bring us through, not an upspringing life necessary, and not a fruit but He can produce, *all easy and natural for Him.* It is His work and His business, and *He wants to do it.* Begin absolutely and definitely to trust Him for this, and if you see some

branches of the old life waving green you need not be disturbed about it, it is His business, it is in His hands; *He must be trusted.* If you do not trust Him you mix up your work with His, and you run off one way when He wants you to go another. The flesh and the Spirit cannot work together, and God will not have any works of the flesh; our work hinders Him. O, that the Lord would bring us to the place of simplicity to talk with God as we talk with man. I like to tell Him just where the failures are and how utterly weak and foolish I am. Talk to Him, don't think you have to pray some nice prayers, *talk to Him* and tell Him what you feel is needed in you. Tell Him how you have struggled over it yourself; tell Him how the devil has confused you many times; tell Him you do not know His voice from that of Satan often. Tell it all right out to Him, and then put the responsibility on Him to straighten the whole thing out, and then you trust Him to do it, and *He will.*

We all trust Him in a general way, we have good theology, but I see a simplicity and a reality of trust that sets in motion the great power of God. We conform to the laws which govern electricity, and there is light or heat or whatever is necessary, and in the great spiritual realm we must conform to the laws of God and the scheme of redemption, we must conform to what God has said the Spirit will do, then we must trust Him with a reality of trust that waits upon Him in joyful expectation to see results.

He is there to teach us, to correct our failures, to separate us from anything God has a controversy with; He is there to bring forth His own life of love and joy and peace, and all the rest; not an immense tree at once, but really bringing forth the Christ-life. And all we have to do the rest of our life until we see God in eternity, is just to go into His hands and *trust Him*, and *be obedient*, and He will accomplish all.

CHAPTER XXI.

Rewards.

(An address in 1914.)

"When ye see these things coming to pass lift up your heads for your redemption draweth nigh."

WHAT things? I believe some of them are going on in Europe today. The world is engaged in a war such as history has never known. You will notice above me, on the wall the words, "Make Speed." In the old Olympic games as the runners came around on the last round that would bring them either to the goal as winners or to utter failure, this sign was put up to show them that now is the time for the last ounce of power. We are on the home stretch, friends, and so we say, "Make speed, make speed!" We put these words to stir our souls that we may begin to see whether we are in the condition that the Lord describes those who are coming in as victors. The church has almost totally ignored the matter of reward. The orthodox church believes men are either all saved or all damned. The mass of Christians today delieve if you are saved at all, and your sins are put away, that you are saved for a crown, and that you will get it. We sing a great many hymns and talk a great deal along this line, *but it is not true*, and I think we should consider this for a little, lest we miss our crown, for I believe there is a possibility of this: and if you have not won a crown yet, there may still be enough time left that you may. In getting crowns and in getting rewards it is not at all for our self gratification.

If the Lord has put before us these things as incentives, then He wants us to have them. If He has put before us the possibility of an overcoming life, He wants us to have it and He wants us to be ambitious along that line. I believe we have rested too much in correct views. It is quite possible to have perfectly correct views

and still not have the experience. We do not want to come up at last and find that we have said, "Yes, yes," to truth and yet it had never been made a part of our experience. Many are believing that it is possible to miss coming up in the first resurrection even though we are saved. If we miss the first resurrection we miss the millennial kingdom. So there may be those who will reign for a thousand years on earth with the Lord and others may miss it all. These are most tremendous things.

First of all, salvation is purely a gift of God's grace in this dispensation. From the Cross till the Lord comes again is a dispensation of grace. The dispensation of law was from the time of Moses to Calvary. At the beginning of this dispensation God changed His mode of treatment to that of grace. God said under the law, thou shalt do thus and so, and everything hung on their utmost obedience. If they failed in one item of the law they failed in all. If one link is broken in a chain it is just as fatal to a person hanging over a chasm as if every link was broken. Breaking the law brings one under the penalty of death. From the time of God sending His own Son He introduced another method, and that was grace. Now God did this for this reason, man totally failed under law. They did not, they could not keep the law, and therefore they brought themselves under the penalty of death. We know that under the law dispensation God provided the way out for man that sinned, by introducing the sacrifices. God could spare the lives of His people, who sinned against Him in this old dispensation, because of the blood that was shed on Jewish altars, pointing to the Lamb of God slain to take away the sins of the world.

Now God, in this dispensation of grace, not only took the guilt of the broken law and put it on Christ, but He proposes to to give power that would enable man to live the life. The law could not impart life, or power. It said, thou shalt or thou shalt not, but it could not help them in any way to do according to the law. That was where the law failed, because of the weakness of the flesh. (Rom. 8: 3). Now God says, I will not only take away the penalty, but I will give them power to live the life that I expect of them. That is why God under grace is patient with His people, and He waits and waits for them and on them. He lets men neglect His grace, He lets them abuse His grace; and yet

He bears with the sinful world long and patiently. With His own children too, He bears long. He bears with their failures, with their lack of trust, even with their real sins. He sends the Holy Spirit and shows them where they are wrong and convicts them of their sin; but still judgment does not fall, for it is the dispensation of grace, and God continues to bear. There is absolutely nothing necessary for the salvation of a soul but repenting of their sins and putting them under the precious blood of the Lord Jesus. It is the blood applied that saves men. We must distinguish here from the subject of Rewards about which I wish to speak. It is not character, or conduct or anything you ever have done, or ever can do, you are saved through the blood of Jesus: but *after* salvation the standard that God puts up in His Word is that of an overcomer. Overcoming what? The world, the flesh and the devil. The flesh is the "I" that is in us. The old flesh life. The world, is all the customs, fashions, ideas and laws that exist all around us. It is the world that pulls you to itself and offers position and power and is ready to bring you into reproach if you do not accept these offers. The world that crucified the Lord wants to bring the Church to walk with it, and how well it has succeeded. To overcome the world is to overcome all the sentiment that is about us that is contrary to the Spirit of Christ.

Then too, we are to overcome the devil. The Lord expects the normal life of a Christian should be that of overcoming. You will grant with me that God has set this as the standard, and He has made it a possibility in this dispensation. God has never asked His people to be something, or do something, for which He has not furnished the grace. He has never said, thou shalt and thou shalt not, without giving the power to carry out the command. He has never said, here is the standard and you must measure up to it, without giving the necessary grace. You cannot charge God at last with any such unkindness. Even under the law He met man's failure with grace through the sacrifices. You cannot charge God that He set a standard about which you knew nothing, or a standard that was so high that no man could reach it, and therefore you failed because you were unable to measure up. God meets inability with His power and grace; so what are we to say to God if we fail to measure up to the standard which God has set?

I want you to notice that God changed His method of dealing with the different dispensations. From Eden down to Noah, He had a certain method of dealing with men, from Noah down to the Patriarchs, another, from the Patriarchs down to Moses, still another, then from Moses to the grace dispensation it was law. The last and most favorable of God's dealing with the race is in this grace dispensation; but when He changes from the grace dispensation, and we enter the next period, that of the millennial kingdom, it is to be a period of law and justice. The dispensation changes entirely. When Christ comes He comes as King to take possession of this world. He comes to change the governmental, the political, the commercial and the social life. He will come to set up His own kingdom and it will be a reign of judgment throughout the whole millennial period. It will be a dispensation where He deals with sin immediately. He does not do that now only in exceptional cases: but then, we know from His Word, He will not let it go on and bear patiently with it, One reason is, the life of man will be prolonged. Probably the obedient soul will live one thousand years. God speaks of an infant, in those days, at one hundred years. God will bear with the infant but the Word says, "the sinner being an hundred years old shall be accursed." God bears with our sins of omission and our sins of commission now; with our failure to overcome, with our failure to manifest what God expects of us as Christians; but when the judgment period sets in, which will come as soon as the body of Christ is translated, then God no longer deals in grace. This will break up the institution of the church in the world, although some portions of that church will be left behind to go under the reign of the Antichrist because of unreadiness. God says of that period unless the time was shortened no flesh would live. I believe that we are just at the door of this period of judgment. Not that God will not deal in grace with any man during this period, but the predominate feature of the next age is that of judgment and law. Now whatever has not been dealt with in this dispensation, before we die or before we are translated, will have to be dealt with there, not in grace but in judgment. The first session of judgment is on the Cross with Jesus. Our sins were dealt with there and the penalty was met, they were then buried out of sight and they can never be brought up again. God

says, "Neither will I remember them against you any more." Your sins that have been dealt with and put under the blood can never be pulled out and brought up against you in this or any other age. To me it is a beautiful thing that God not only forgives our sins but He even will not remember them any more.

But, I do not believe there is one who would say that they had never sinned since they were saved. We have sinned in omission and commission, we have indulged in angry tempers, and things of that sort, and have come far short of the glory of God. Now when sin of this kind occurs, God wants us to deal with it at once, confess it and put it under the blood. What I believe the Spirit would have in these days in our "making speed" is to deal with our life in all its conditions and circumstances; in our feelings and attitudes toward others; to deal with it all instantly and keep it all under the blood, and then when He comes there will not be anything to be dealt with in judgment.

After we are gone, either by translation or death, and the first resurrection has taken place, then comes the judgment seat of Christ before which every one of us must stand. I want you to see that this is not for sinners, for Paul says, "We." It is for God's people, it is a matter of rewards. Paul says, "We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." (2 Cor. 5: 10.) So we see that God's people are called into account, not for the sins that have been put under the blood, but for their stewardship; as to what they have done with light and grace; as to how they have used their money, influence, time, and service. Conybeare and Howson translate this verse, "We must all be made manifest without disguise before the judgment seat of Christ." There is not a person in the world but that is more or less in disguise. You do not know how good or how bad I am. You know what the outside presents, but you do not know the thoughts of my heart, the inward conditions, the wrong thinking possibly, and I do not know these in regard to you. We present a fair exterior. We are always, as the world puts it, putting our best foot forward. We are satisfied to have the people think we are a little better than we really are. In Jesus there was no disguise, no guile, nothing to be hidden in His life. Outwardly and inwardly He

was the same. In this Bema judgment every bit of disguise will be taken off and we will appear just what we are. The Lord will deal with what we have done or have not done; He will deal with it in absolute justice; He will deal with every man according as his works shall be; according to the deeds done in the flesh. Everything will be weighed in His balance. God will make every allowance possible, for every soul, that is consistent with truth and justice, but He cannot be other than true and just.

For instance, if you have gone on indulging in unholy tempers, if you have failed in any service, if you have never suffered any reproach for Christ, if you have just lived a nominal Christian life that has never drawn the fire of the devil against you, all this will come out and God will have to give you according to your works. God will deal with us according to our real worth, according to our just deserts. Just as now salvation is wholly on the basis of grace without merit, then, our works will be dealt with wholly on the basis of merit and worthiness. God cannot reward us for what we have not done. He will give us every last thing that we deserve, but He cannot crown us if we do not deserve the crown.

Now let us turn to Revelation. These letters to the churches were undoubtedly written to real churches at the time; but there is every reason to think that these seven churches (seven is the number for dispensational fullness) cover the whole Christian dispensation, so that the faults and the good works spoken of in regard to these churches exist throughout the whole Christian dispensation. "Let us hear what the Spirit says to the churches." He begins everything by saying, "I know thy works." He who has eyes as a flame of fire, He it is that knows our works. He knows the motive that lies back of the sacrifice, the motive that lies back of the service. He will commend everything He can. He commended everything that He could in these seven churches, but He had somewhat against them all He said to the church at Ephesus that He knew their love had failed and grown cold, and they must go back to the beginning and do their first works again, or He will remove their candle-stick out of its place. Why remove their candle-stick? Because the light has gone out. If we are not living and walking according to the Spirit we are not giving any light. To all these seven churches He promised

reward according as their works should be. God will reward every man according as his works shall be. It may be someone slips in and gets all the glory for what we have done, but it cannot be so there. The One that judges is He whose eyes are as a flame of fire, and no one will need to tell Him one word. He will judge us according to our works, whether they have been to the glory of God, or for the glory of self; whether we have spared our life or laid it down; whether we have been living selfishly, making no sacrifices in our lives. Oh! it is a big sacrifice we are making if we are living thus.

It may mean we will lose reward, and perhaps lose the millennial kingdom. Some will have a great reward, some a small reward and some no reward; some will be scarcely saved, saved just by the grace of God and the blood of Jesus, and some will suffer loss; some will have an abundant entrance, and some will be ashamed at His coming. The thought here is that they will shrink back at His coming. I want to do better than I have done yet, before He comes, I want the Holy Spirit to bring me up to a full overcomer. It is just the love of God for His people that He tarries until we can make up lost time. We must make speed, that the Son of God may not be kept back from His kingdom. Out of love for His Church who are not ready, He is waiting. He is bearing for a little longer and giving us a few more years, perhaps not many, that we may get ready. May the Lord stir us up today to make good where we have slipped and failed. I do not feel that I am talking to people who are guilty of dreadful sins, but you are guilty of sins of omission to a great extent. Oh, judge yourselves while I am talking. The Lord says if you will judge yourselves you shall not be judged then. May the Lord save us from any self deception. We read of those who are joint heirs with Christ, heirs of all things, share all things with Him, and of those who will have no crown. He divides the people in Revelation into overcomers and those who have been overcome.

Things Rewarded.

What does God reward? First of all Christlikeness, that Christly character that is becoming in a Christian. It says in the Word, "Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith you are called." Turn to Luke 6: 35.

"But love ye your enemies, and do good and lend, hoping for nothing

again; and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest: for He is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil."

Are you kind to the unthankful and the evil? There is another place where it says, He is merciful to the unrighteous. We see things in people that are dead wrong and we justify a certain attitude of soul toward them, but God says, I will be merciful to the unrighteous. While you see them full of pride and self-sufficiency and all in themselves if you turn away in disgust it will keep you out of the kingdom. If you have that kind of a spirit that will not love your enemies, love those who do not come up to your idea or standard it will surely keep you out. We are content with the fact that we would not do anything wrong to our enemies, we would not retaliate, but that is only negative, there is no love in that. Do you love your enemies? Do you love those who have wronged you and talked about you and made you suffer? Do you love them as He loved them? The Lord is full of pity and compassion. He does not love the sinner's conduct, and He does not want us to call black white and white black, and say everybody is all right. There is no love in that, He says, I want you to love righteousness and hate iniquity. There is no love in making it easy for sinners to sin.

But do you love the sinner so you can cry to God for them as if it was your own soul, calling upon Him for His mercy and grace to be shown to them. If you have not that spirit you must have it. To say, I tried to love them will not do. God can change the attitude of your soul toward those who have wronged you until you can really love them. God has done this for me. I have known God to change my attitude in five minutes until all the condemnatory spirit was gone and I could apologize to God for them, and with divine compassion excuse their nature and conduct. We must have this. It will keep us out of the kingdom if we do not. When I say kingdom I mean the Millennial kingdom. God wants us to purify ourselves from the things that are wrong and unchristlike, for He says we cannot enter in unless we do.

Another thing God does not want you in your own spirit condemning people that you do not happen to like or whose ways offend you, either your friends or your fellow-workers. You cannot go round condemning them in your spirit all the time and

expect to enter the kingdom. God says, "Judge not lest ye be judged." You do not know the motives that lie back in the heart. Not long ago I was feeling to condemn the conduct of someone. It came round to me a little later how they themselves had deeply sensed their failure and had felt so discouraged and felt there was no use to try any more. "Judge not and ye shall not be judged." Who are we that we should judge any one? We do not know how much they have prayed, or how many tears they have shed over themselves. God will have none of it. We must get off from the judgment seat. We will never go from any judgment seat upon which we may be sitting over our fellowmen into the kingdom of God.

I must stand before the judgment seat in your presence and the Lord will say, "Did you speak to the people and warn them and give them these truths?" What will He do with me if I am unfaithful? Friends, I have judged myself with these truths before I brought them to you. I say, "I thank You, Lord, for every failure You let me see," and I tell you, my co-workers, that you too, may thank God for His judgment now which is really life.

Secret Prayer is a thing that God is going to reward. He says, When you pray do not let all your righteousness be on the outside. Do not do things to be seen of men. If all you give to God you give because you want people to know about it you will get no reward. The Lord would not receive the praise of men. If we are wanting praise for anything we do we are not where the Lord wants us. One reason why people do not believe, and find faith so hard is because they are seeking the honor of men instead of seeking the honor of God only. "When thou prayest enter into thy closet and shut the door." Shut the door, "and pray to thy Father which is in secret and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward you openly." Are you one of those who pray much in secret? If so God will reward you.

Then He will reward us for service. He speaks of rewarding even a cup of cold water given to a disciple in the name of Jesus. If out of love for Him you have done just the simplest service you could possibly do you will be rewarded. God wants the utmost humility in service. Shall I tell you the reason? No one can do much for God in a remarkable way, in praying for the sick and having many marked cases healed, or in saving many

souls, that people do not fall down and worship the instrument. This will spoil any worker. God wants all glory given to Him. He says, "I will not give My glory to another." He cannot give His workers the power that He would because of this very thing. See to it that you do not give men the glory that belongs to God. "It shall not be so among you: but whosoever will be great among you shall be your minister: and whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be the servant of all. For even the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Can't you see He wants the deepest humility? If we have ever had a prayer answered, it has only been through the Holy Spirit, through the merit of the Lord Jesus. We must not take any glory to ourselves. I believe there are times when God may send you to a Christian worker to tell them that their message helped you, and to say you knew it came from God. There are times when a timid, discouraged worker needs help, but as to sounding the praises of a worker, stop it. You will bring the wrath of God upon you if you do not, and you will spoil the good worker. I believe many a good worker has been utterly spoiled, that if they had been left alone they would have gone on sweetly with God and He would have used them greatly. These are the things that make up the Christlike character. These are the things that will permit us to be rewarded or that will keep us from it.

God will reward all service that has been done because of your fidelity to Him.

"Blessed are ye when men shall cast out your name as evil, and shall separate you from their company." We do not like this. We cannot bear to be separated from the company of the church, or from our friends. We cannot bear reproach. If we are trying to keep ourselves from reproach we are not candidates for the kingdom of God. We must not turn away from reproach. These are the days when we are gaining a crown or losing one. It will mean more to hear God say, "Thou good and faithful servant," than to have all the world at our feet now.

"Blessed are ye, when men shall hate you, and shall separate you from their company, and reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of Man's sake. Rejoice ye in that day, and leap for joy; for, behold, your reward is great in heaven."

"If any man will follow Me let him deny himself," not things,

but himself, "and let him take up his cross and follow Me." If you have been swerving round the corners to keep your good name and make the neighbors think you are not fanatical, you had better stop doing it. God is able to take care of His children and take care of their good name. Any kind of holding back from fidelity to God, any cutting and trimming in that way will keep us out of the kingdom.

"Every man will receive his own reward according to his own labour." We need not get discouraged because some one is getting the credit that belongs to us. We do not need to take a single thought about it, for it will all come out at the Bema judgment and every one will see exactly what belongs to you and what belongs to another.

"Every man's work shall be made manifest; for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire: and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is."

We will now speak of discipline and *works* searched by fire. Men will praise and commend and say all manner of things, but God does not do that, He will weigh us up at exactly our worth. He will search all our works and see if there is any pride or self-seeking in them, and what our motives have been, and whether we have taken any glory to ourselves because of them. We may not have seen these things, but we might have seen them, and it is a great encouragement to me that the Lord is not yet here, time is not yet ended, and there is time ahead of us in which we may change. Not only are the works to be searched and tested by fire, but the disciple himself also is to be searched. We shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ without disguise. This means the believers. Paul was not putting himself in with sinners. He was not a sinner. He was a saved child of God, and he was talking about the children of God. We will be unmasked so that just what *we are*, not only what we have done, but what we really are will be seen. I do not believe anyone knows exactly what they are. We do not know ourselves, and our neighbors do not know us. They may form an estimate from what they see, but God will show us exactly what we are. Not only what we do, but what we are, will hinder our entrance into the kingdom. For instance, a hard, critical or proud spirit hinders. There is something about pride that God especially hates.

Jesus did not regard the opinion of people. He came to do His Father's will and did not think of Himself at all. God hates even a proud look, and we must get rid of all forms of pride. There are many phases. We may be proud of our social position or education, of certain gifts that we have, of our executive ability, our power to do and bring things to pass. All of these things God will have none of.

I do not see how a heart filled with pride can enter the millennial kingdom. Then we must get rid of our critical spirit, which is so utterly contrary to the spirit of Christ. God must deal with us in regard to this. I do not mean that we will never see faults in others, for we will, we cannot help it, but seeing them is one thing, and condemning and criticizing them is quite another. We may see things but it should send us to prayer, to hold them up before God and to cry to Him to deliver them, but we do not need to be critical over it. Every bit of this spirit will keep us out of the millennial kingdom. God is dealing with His people. Letters are coming to us from all over the world with requests for prayer. They all are saying they are in a furnace of fire. God is dealing with His people sharply now, because He wants to get us out of these things, lest He come and find them in us. God is saying, I have been bearing a good while with you, but now the time is up, and I cannot bear with you in that thing any longer, and if we turn away from the voice of the Spirit and do not heed it, God will leave us behind when Jesus comes. If we will not take discipline now, if we will not let the Holy Spirit talk to us and deal sharply with us in these things now, God will have to deal with them before the judgment seat of Christ. I know God is sorry that any Christian should have to go into the tribulation. It is a terrible thing that any that are saved, that are born from above, should have to be left under the hand of the Antichrist. It will be such a humiliation to the Lord Jesus.

Then another thing that God rejects is an unforgiving spirit. There is a whole chapter in the Word about this. Someone hurts our feelings, someone says something about us, someone really misuses us, but the Lord feels that we, who have been forgiven so much on His part, have no right for one instant to have hardness or unforgiveness in our hearts towards others, even though they have wronged us severely. God does not want us to call

black, white and white, black; good, bad or bitter, sweet, but we must not yield to hardness in our spirits toward those who have wronged us. When we see what we have been, and see our faults in their true light, and how much God has forgiven us, then we should be willing to forgive others. If we indulge in an unforgiving spirit it will keep us out of the millennial kingdom. It would make the millennial kingdom just what the devil has made the earth. God wants us to have done with this. We must not indulge ourselves in it. We cannot excuse ourselves by saying, what they said was untrue and it hurt me, never mind, to indulge in these thoughts and feelings hinders more than anything anyone can do or say.

Another thing is the unbrokenness in many of God's children. You can always tell it. Some have had their own way all their lives just as far as they could have it. They have made their homes unhappy by this very thing. It is one form of the self-life. They have preserved themselves, exalted themselves, it has been "I first" all their lives. There are those who have been truly born again, truly indwelt by the Holy Spirit yet who have an unbroken, unmellowed character. They are like the sour apples in June compared to the ripe, mellow apples in October and November. In the Old Testament it speaks of Moab who was settled on his lees, not emptied from vessel to vessel, therefore his taste remained in him, that is, his natural characteristics. When God wanted to empty him out he would not allow it, and he settled down in simply the natural; no spiritual life in him, and the water of life could not flow through him. We will have to make our choice, whether we will break into the hands of God so that His life may flow through us, or whether we are going to preserve ourselves at the expense of God and His kingdom. If I had not broken, up to this hour I would ask God to put some cross on me that would cause me to break. We cannot afford to have our own way longer. I am afraid of my own way. God does not want it, and if you have been trying to circumvent those in your home, or others, and push through in that which you thought was all right, be done with it. We had better submit to others whose judgment is not as good as ours, and break into the hands of God, for that is the most important. We must ask God to empty us out of the natural, where we are always having our own

way, where we are wanting everything to suit us. I believe God would have us submit to those who do not know nearly as much as we do, for it is an opportunity of breaking out of what we are. The Word says, "Let your yieldedness be known to all men." The word used is "moderation," but in the Greek the thought is yieldedness. For people born with a strong, hard nature this is a difficult thing to do. It is not that God is blaming people for having this sort of a nature, but it is possible for us to change our nature and God is having a controversy, not because of what we are, but because we do not allow the Holy Spirit to have control and change our natures. If we do not avail ourselves of His grace, and let Him break into our lives and take out the unyieldedness now, in the "Bema" judgment, God will have to deal with it. He will deal with us then according to what we are. He will have to deal with all the unfinished work along this line on the principle of justice and not of mercy and grace. The Lord will point out the things and He will say, There was the Holy Spirit and the Word of God that told you what to do and what not to do, and the Spirit was there to bring to pass the transformation. The Lord will say, You can't change it now, you are this, when you should have been that.

When we stand before the judgment seat of Christ at the Bema judgment, God will call things exactly what they are. He will point out to us how many times the Spirit talked to us about this or that, and how God showed us the cross where we might get rid of it, and then we will moan and groan because God cannot reward these things.

Covetousness. God always calls it idolatry. He says, "The covetous man who is an idolater." Why does He do this? Because all kinds of covetousness is selfishness. Wanting things for yourself instead of for God and His kingdom makes you utterly unlike your Lord. God is a great giver. He gives to the unthankful and to the evil. No one can go into the kingdom that always looks out for themselves, always careful not to neglect themselves in any particular, but not careful about neglecting the kingdom of God. This kind of a spirit is in the majority of Christians. The kingdom of God would not need workers on the foreign field as it does today if God's children had in any sense the kingdom of God first in their hearts. The fact that we see

about us are ample proof that God's children are covetously selfish, looking out for themselves first, when God says, "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." He specifies the things that shall be added, eating, drinking and wearing. He says He will see to it that you have these things if you will see to it that first the kingdom of God has what you can give to it. That is why the great principle in the Old Testament of giving the tithe was obligatory. Paul says in the New Testament, "Lay by on the first day of the week as God has prospered you. God does not say to pay our debts first. We are to pay the debt we owe to God first, and then He will see that we have money to pay the other debts. It may cost us dear in the end if we do not meet God's demands first, dearer than to give away half we are worth now. First of all we are to give to God, and if we do He will make the rest go round. Friends, we will have to give account to God for every dollar we spend, whether we first get our clothes, our hats, our shoes, or whether first of all we give to God's kingdom. We will all have to meet this thing of how we used our money. The Word says, "Be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," not something else.

I have been calling your attention to the larger things, for the smaller departures come out of these larger ones. You wonder why you don't get healed, or why God does not answer this or that prayer. These very things have retarded your spiritual growth. You have gotten on very well when things went easy, but when it came to a real crisis you found your faith was not there, and behind this fact lies these things of which I have spoken, like a sore eating away the faith and the power that you might have had.

Then, too, He says, "Except ye become as a little child ye cannot enter the kingdom." That does not mean salvation, it means the millennial kingdom, "Become as little children." What are little children? Trustful, true, happy, not self-conscious, just little children. I think sometimes when people have been laughing and capering round in the house of God in this Pentecostal movement and we could not understand it, why, they are only little children. I know the Lord said to me once, "Let the

children caper." We are to be like children, guileless, loving, trusting, of such are the kingdom of heaven.

We must trim our lives according to the Word of God which is so plain and explicit along these lines. Better let the Lord cut them off now than to come up at last and then have them cut off, for that may mean the loss of the thousand years' reign with Christ, and the loss of our crown, for God cannot crown other than on the lines which He has laid down.

The Bible speaks of five crowns, and these are to be won by believers for faithfulness. If one is in no wise faithful, as to service and stewardship how can he be crowned. Jesus is crowned for having loved us and washed us through His blood and redeemed us from our sins, but we as believers can only be crowned as we have earned them in the great competitive race of this life which will be ended at the first resurrection period. The time is short. Now is the race for rewards, make speed, make speed.

CHAPTER XXII.

Gathering the Fragments.

By S. A. Duncan.

IT BEING our duty to gather up the fragments concerning the foregoing history, we find the page wet with tears, both of joy and of sorrow, as we recall the days since our sister and superintendent—Mrs. Baker—laid down her pen. The Chronicles were written some two years before the home-going and when writing them as she reached the last chapter, she looked to the Lord for His direction as to what word should be added. The Spirit answered her look thus, "I am not ready for the last chapter, I have something that will fill your mouth with laughter." Her pen was laid down and no liberty was ever given her to finish. I who am left to finish the record can now see that God has truly filled her mouth with laughter in taking her beyond all pain and tears, and now marvel at the tenderness of the Shepherd's love, who did not let her live to see recorded some of the incidents from which she shrank to relate. How surpassing all things human is the love and graciousness of our Lord!

Since her life touched our readers as well as our own immediate circle, we feel that some particulars will be of interest. Mrs. Baker's entered into rest January 18th, 1915. Since her healing in the Spring of 1913, she had resumed her work and went on for a year and a half, with ever increasing strength, courage and faith, but for some six months she did not seem to gain in strength, and every thing was done to save her as much as possible by lifting some of the burdens of the work. She never saved herself in all the years of her ministry, and responded to the call of Pastor Fisher in Toronto, Can., in September of that year and spoke twice daily for ten days, with her usual force and vigor, being made a blessing to many. She took up the School work in September and filled each period until Friday morning, January

15th, when she came in after her class and said, "I have taken cold and feel so tired."

On Sunday she spent the forenoon in consultation with the family, and at that time offered her last prayer on earth, a prayer full of faith and vigor and assurance of God's future blessing upon the work. At night she still felt the effects of her cold and said, I will remain at home this evening and retire for I really feel sick. On our return from church she seemed to be quietly resting and we left her for the night. On going to her room in the early morning we found her conscious but unable to speak. We began to pray, but recognized that the Spirit did not intercede, as on former occasions. We have learned by past experience not to press the Spirit but to let the Spirit press us. There was nothing but a holy calm resting down upon us all. At eleven o'clock there being no change, a physician was called who said that a partial stroke of paralysis prevented her speaking and affected the heart and she could only live a few hours at the most. In less than an hour, she was gone, being conscious to the last, lifting her hands and moving the head in response to our presence. The room seemed filled with God and two of the number broke forth in tongues and praises to God, while a holy light passed over her face as the spirit departed. At once the words came to us, **"She hath fought a good fight, she hath finished her course, she hath kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for her a crown of righteousness."**

Pastor Fisher of Toronto, who came for the funeral said that when he received the telegram announcing the death, before opening it, the same Scripture was given him, and it was used at the funeral on Tuesday afternoon. One has seldom heard such words of tender love and hearty commendation as fell from the lips of those who assisted in the last service. One paid a tribute to her fidelity to truth and power to set it forth. He remarked that most preachers and teachers some time or other have to "take back" some thing they have spoken or written, but said he, I believe Mrs. Baker will have little if anything to take back of all she has written or taught. He spoke of the keenness of her mind to detect error in teaching or doctrine and perfect readiness to apply the test of Scripture in every such case. It would seem almost idle to dwell upon words like these since the work she has under God established, lives and will yet live as a monument to

her memory and a tribute to her power and faithfulness. Her mission has truly been world-wide, and letters speaking of her helpfulness have come from every part of the earth even its remotest bounds.

Many letters came to us similar to the lines penned by Rev. J. M. Pike in the "*Way of Faith*," a paper which he has ably edited for many years. He writes:

"About three years ago, it was our privilege to visit Rochester and spend several days at Elim Faith Home, and take part in the services at that institution. They were truly, 'days of heaven upon earth," and Mrs. Baker did everything in her power to contribute to our comfort and enjoyment. She was a woman with splendid capacity for leadership, and her faith and love were unwavering and abiding. We heard no hint of finances during our stay, and yet we knew that simple faith in God was the only dependence for carrying on the work. A large number of young people filled with the Holy Spirit, and trained under the influence of Mrs. Baker and her co-workers, are now in the mission fields, spreading the blessed teaching and influence which they received while at the Rochester Bible Training School.

"The circle of workers and students will greatly miss the companionship, leadership, godly counsel and holy influence of the departed saint; but the remembrance of her unselfish devotion, her unwavering faith, and her loving zeal in the Master's cause will stimulate them to more earnest self-sacrifice and fuller consecration to the work upon which her heart was so fully set. May Heaven's abiding comfort and richest anointings be upon them all."

J. M. PIKE.

Other loving tributes like the following have come from friends with comfort to us who are left.

Elim's Shepherdess.

In the midst of life's drear desert
Grows a green and fertile spot,
Where the wells of life spring upward,
And the palms of peace bear fruit,
Where the pilgrims find sweet comfort,
Peace, and rest, and healing there,
And the sinner finds Salvation,
That is ELIM sweet and fair.

At this place divinely ordered,
Lived a Shepherdess of Love,
Feeding daily on the manna
That descended from above,
There she fed and loved her weak ones,
Nursed them on her tender breast,
For the sheep she found sweet pasture
By still waters did they rest.

When the shades of night came onward,
Gently called she young and old,
And would lead them back to safety
'Neath the shelter of the fold.
There she watched them while they slumbered;
Nursed the sick ones back to health,
Told them of her Master's glory
Of His love and endless wealth.

But one night when all was finished
And the flock was resting sweet,
It was then a deep veiled stranger
Brought a message oh, so fleet;
Gently rapped he at the fold gate,
Beckoned to our Shepherdess
And she rose to meet the stranger
With such joy and blessedness.

Silently the gate He opened,
Swiftly came He to her side,
Whispering softly as He neared her,
"Come My loved one, come My bride."
Then she raised her hand and touched Him,
And His veil she drew aside
And behold, her Master, Saviour,
Came to claim her as His bride.

And she gazed with spell bound rapture
On His sweet and gentle face,
Then He drew her to His bosom,
For a safe, sweet resting place,
And His arms He folded 'round her,
As she gently fell asleep;
While He bore her off to Glory,
There fore'er His own to keep.

Now she's singing with the loved ones,
Who have gone on just before,
While she sees the wondrous beauty
Of the King forevermore.
And me-thinks I hear the anthem,
As the heavenly arches ring
Hallelujah, to our Saviour,
To our Bridegroom, Lord and King.

Hark, I hear the sound of bleating,
As the sheep her watch-care miss,
But the Master has not left them
Weeping, lone and comfortless,

For He sent His Holy Spirit
To remain and comfort each.
Till the age of grace is ended,
And He comes to take His Church.

MRS. A. C. LAWRENCE—One of the flock.

In Memory of my dear friend, Mrs. Baker.

Forth from the harvest field!
Thy sickle yet in thy hand
"Forth from the harvest field!"
Lo, 'tis thy King's command.

Forth from the harvest field!
Thy labor hath been complete.
Forth with thy golden sheaves
To lay at thy Master's feet!

Forth from the harvest field!
Others shall there be found.
Forth from the harvest field!
No grain shall fall to the ground.

Forth from the harvest field!
Thy beauteous King to behold!
Forth from the harvest field!
Forth to a crown of gold!

MILDRED EDWARDS.

It falls to our lot also to record the home-going of another sister, Mrs. N. A. Fell, whose sketch is found in Chapter IX. There were so many lessons in connection with her home call that we feel will be helpful to the children of faith everywhere that we give here the letter written by Mrs. Baker at that period.

A Letter Written to Friends.

"I write to tell you about the unspeakable trial through which we have been passing for the past year, and the glorious victory which God is giving. Some years ago, my sister Mrs. Fell, prayed with a woman for healing of cancer, Satan said to Mrs. Fell at the time, 'I will put a cancer on you.' She only laughed. Later she began to feel stinging pains in her right breast to which she paid no attention. These continued at intervals till the matter was taken to God in earnest prayer, and relief obtained. This process was repeated with greater frequency for about two years, victory coming each time as we claimed the promises.

"Three days before our January convention in 1912, she had a

stroke of paralysis. It was just after she had risen in the morning and was dressing when she suddenly found the whole right side powerless, the right side of her face being drawn out of shape. She tried to call but could only make inarticulate sounds. These were heard by her son-in-law who came to her room. He found her helpless on the floor and unable to speak. He lifted her up and placing her in bed rebuked the spirit of paralysis, and claimed her release and restoration. God responded immediately, and in a few minutes she could speak and move herself without help. In an hour or two she was up attending to her duties as usual. It was a very remarkable and instant healing for which we all praised the name of the Lord. She attended the Convention and testified to her healing to the strengthening of the faith of all present.

"About a week later the cancer suddenly broke out with great violence beginning to discharge. We all at once claimed the promises but without seeming effect. I remember telling the Lord that if He wanted to take my sister to Himself, we would submit to His will without insisting upon having her healed, but if not, the promises must be fulfilled. Since we believe that healing of all diseases through the atoning work of Christ is taught in the Scripture, and is the privilege of all believers unless God is calling them Home, we felt to stand upon the promise, especially as God did not intimate to us that He wanted to take her.

"One day as we were praying thus the Holy Spirit came in great power upon one of my other sisters, and assured us that He would heal her, giving us all great joy and triumph in the Spirit. We rejoiced in our Faithful God and supposed our conflict was at an end, but the disease went steadily on as though no prayer had been offered. When the pain became too severe we always prayed, and God gave relief. This was the only method of obtaining ease from pain to which we resorted through nearly nine months. We saw the eating sore growing larger and larger till the breast was almost eaten off and the pain well nigh unbearable. I need not tell you what agonies we endured. O, those days and nights of anguish of spirit. Our human sympathies were tested to the utmost as we saw our dear sister suffering on while we were powerless to help, except obtaining relief from what would have been unbearable pain, through earnest prayer.

"Why did God not answer? Were we really believing or were we only deceiving ourselves? These were some of the questions which tortured our aching hearts. How we prayed Him not to let us fail. Now God began to steady us, and as we daily saw what we knew were fatal symptoms, faith began to hold unwaveringly. Three physicians who were guests in our home at different times through the trial, all pronounced it a terrible cancer. God seemed to let us feel, Mrs. Fell included, that no matter what we saw, she was to be healed. She grew weaker toward the end, and was unable to lie down during the day but sat in her chair.

"On Thursday morning, Oct. 17th, the dressings had just been changed and she was placed in her chair as usual, when she suddenly cried out, 'O, what is the matter with me?' repeating this several times. We went to her side and took her hands, Mr. Hubbell on one side and I on the other. I saw at once what was the matter, it was death in the glazed eyes, the ashen face, the hands, arms and limbs cold to the body. We began to praise the Lord for victory while we chafed the cold hands, The other sisters came running in and began rubbing the death cold limbs. Her lips were blue, and presently her head fell forward upon her breast and she was unconscious to this world while her pulse just flickered on.

"We simply stood and praised the Lord that His Word could not be broken, and claimed victory over death in the Name of Jesus. We did not even pray, we had prayed out through those terrible months which lay like black shadows behind us; now was the time to prove the faithfulness of our God; now was the time to praise that 'no word of God was void of power,' or could be broken. An hour passed when suddenly Mrs. Fell raised her hand. She says that when her head fell forward, and she became unconscious to everything about her, she could still think. She knew that she was dying, and dimly felt what a shock it would be to us who had stood so long for her healing. She felt she MUST NOT DIE, that she could not die, and that she must open her eyes or they would never open again upon this world.

"With a great effort she opened them while her head was still fallen upon her breast. At first her eyes were unseeing, then the face of one of my sisters came into her visison. She saw this sister's eyes closed and heard her praising God for victory. She

tried to lift her poor, worn hand as a sign that she was standing with us still; she tried to say 'VICTORY,' but could not speak. She dimly heard us praising God around her when her hand went weakly up, and in this act of faith, the Holy Spirit fell upon her, and she suddenly straightened up in her chair and waving her arms above her head (the poor swollen one like the other) she shouted, 'Victory over death, victory over death,' again and again, with a voice that could be heard in the street. 'He has triumphed gloriously, the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea,' came with such power and radiant joy, then the triumphant cry, 'Oh! the victory of Calvary, Oh! the victory of Calvary,' ending in a most beautiful song in the Spirit as in the early Pentecostal days. How true was that vision of the cross given in that desperate hour!

> 'A lonely cross upon a hill,
> O'er Judah's Son death had his will,
> Yet strange, ah, strange! 'twas 'death' that died
> That day in Him, the crucified.'

"Yes, well we know that the victory God was giving in that day, was first won at Calvary. It was the victory of the cross, and even death must give way before it.

"After the song my sister sank back in her chair, and again her pulse dropped far below normal, but as we praised on, it came back to stay, praise God. She was healed, and God had indeed enabled us all to triumph over death itself. For some time during those weary months we all had felt that she was to come very near to death before she was to be raised up. We tried to banish the thought, and would not allow it lodgment in our minds. I besought the Lord earnestly to spare us that, as I feared our faith might fail, and we become panic-stricken and give up the battle.

"But I want to say to His glory that as we did indeed face death that morning, we all were so marvelously held and kept in God that not a fear or doubt crossed our minds. We were as calm in spirit as I am now as I write this, we did not confer with each other, but each was so shut up to God as to lose sight of all else but His faithfulness and could stand and praise God during that terrible hour before there was any sign of returning life. How He rewards one for the long, dark night of faith. How this experience has taken fear away, and I can now see how God can carry one through any and every thing so wondrously and so safely. I

remember saying as we stood around my dying sister, 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me,' and I KNEW it was true, utterly true.

"The cancer was dead from that morning, the wound clearing up and healing nicely. Her strength is coming, and today, Oct. 31st, she took her place at the head of the young lady students' table in the school. As thanks were given for the food and for what God had wrought in our midst, the Spirit fell upon her mightily, and she shouted and talked in tongues while shouts of joy came from many lips around. It was some little time before eating was again in order.

"The next Sunday was the communion in Elim Tabernacle, and when Mrs. Fell took her usual place the Spirit came upon her in power, and as she arose and testified to the wonderful miracle wrought in her body, the whole congregation broke out in songs of praise, while tears of joy rained down many faces. The very presence of the Spirit so filled the room that it was a long time before we reached the bread and wine, and even while these were being passed, the holy joy burst out again and again in songs of the Spirit. How our hearts do rejoice in the victory of our God, the victory of the cross, and the victory of the Scripture which cannot be broken." ELIZABETH V. BAKER.

Three weeks later we were called upon to write this added word.

"Our dear sister, Mrs. Fell, entered into rest Nov. 10th, at 7 o'clock in the morning.

"From the time she was healed on Thursday, Oct. 17th the cancer was dead. All symptoms ceased, there was no more pain whatever, the arm was perfectly well so that she used it as freely as the other, the sore began at once to clear up, and grew smaller each day and was healing like any fresh wound. So completely was she delivered that she said several times, 'I almost forget I ever had that dreadful thing.'

"Before that wonderful morning she could not stand erect, or move her feet from one position when sitting; after that mighty touch, her body was as free as ever before, could stand erect with ease and move in any position desired as naturally as at any time in her life. We had every proof that prayer was heard and answered concerning that terrible disease. She went for an auto

ride on Wednesday afternoon before she died on Sunday morning, and enjoyed every moment with no ill effects following, when before she could not have borne the slightest jarring.

"For many years Mrs. Fell had felt her heart very weak at times but we had taken victory with her, and left it there. This tendency did not manifest itself during her illness, or after she was healed of the cancer but suddenly on Saturday night it became clear that God was indeed taking her Home. She had no pain whatever but quietly slept and gently breathed her last at 7 o'clock Sunday morning. About fifteen minutes before she went she raised her hand and said, 'Victory.' It was indeed victory for her.

"It is marvelous in our eyes to now see that God intended from the first to take our dear one Home, but He let her linger in such a way as to display His mighty power and wonderful working. We praise and magnify His holy name. When one of our dear people who was so stunned at hearing of her death said, 'O, God, what are you doing?' He said, 'I have need of her' and a sweet peace settled down in the heart of the discouraged one.

"God mercifully hid all from our eyes and kept us filled with faith and cheer and expectation of lengthened days. This atmosphere must have been a great comfort to her during those long months. As soon as I found on Sunday morning that her life was really ended, God placed me in the victory of that wonderful morning when He healed her. I could not see death, but my soul triumphed in the fact of how God had met us that day and gave us such a real victory over disease and death. I was enabled to go to our service in the afternoon and tell the dear people of all the circumstances without a tear, but with such blessed calmness and victory in my heart that I could praise God for what He had been doing and encourage others.

"I can but praise God for the blessed way in which He kept us during the days that followed. As we stood about her grave and saw the precious dust lowered to its last resting place, we all joined in hymns of praise, and the Spirit broke out in tongues through several of our number, while nought but holy triumph in Christ filled every heart.

"Mrs. Fell was a woman of large executive ability, order and precision marked every detail of her life and work. Her influence

upon the students of our Bible School was most uplifting and strengthening. She had wonderful faith in prayer for others, whether for healing of body or soul. Testimonies have come from every quarter where she had labored, of untold blessing to scores of lives. She was much used of God in public service, both in speaking, and in song as she was a beautiful singer and no one who ever heard her since Pentecost came, can forget how gloriously the Spirit sang through her at times in the services.

"No words can tell how keenly we feel the loss, but though God buries His workers, His work goes on."

The home call of Mrs. Fell coming more than two years previous to that of Mrs. Baker seemed if possible the greater blow to us as a family. We had labored together so many years and were so ardent with hopes of the soon coming of our Lord, that it had not entered into our minds as a probability that our circle would be broken in upon by death, but rather that we might be caught up together to meet Him in the clouds. Hence when the chain was broken we have found ourselves ever since wondering who will be the next, but so satisfied are we with the way of our Lord that we await with equal resignation His blessed will whether it be by the way of the grave or a summons through the air. One thing we are seeking to do, namely, to "occupy" till He comes.

It is a precarious moment for any work when the founder or leader is taken away. We were so conscious of this that we were reminded of the days of Elijah and Elisha and we recalled the "Little-Faith's" about Elisha who sought to overwhelm him with future forebodings and asked him repeatedly, "Knowest thou not that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head today? Similar darts from the enemy were cast at us during this period, but God enabled us to answer in the words of Elisha, "Yea, I know it; hold ye your peace." Taking this stand of faith for the future of the work God was able to lead us forth with a conscious sense of His tender care and guidance, and blessing began to flow.

An equally crucial moment comes when new workers are called to fill up the gap. The ever increasing responsibilities made this step now necessary to us and new helpers were called to teach in the Training School and assist in other branches of the work. We need not give particulars here, but in less than two years we found a separation necessary, and, as is often the

case, we were plunged into new trials. We recognized fully the hand of God in it all, for we verily believe, in order that any work be kept pure, occasional shaking and sifting is necessary. The Word declares that, "The fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is." Hence God permitted a fresh sifting and shaking of the work committed to us.

Now in the calm after the storm and we find works that are abiding, I sit with amazement and rejoicing at the revelation God's fire has brought to light. There has been revealed the spirit of the apostasy now entering the sacred precincts of the church and impregnating with a leaven of death such as are not able to discern right from wrong, or truth from error.

To our great rejoicing this same fire of God has revealed in our midst, as well as in the four corners of the earth where this work has been privileged to touch by word or pen, souls as true as the needle to the pole; loyal as only the God of grace can make one loyal, both to His Word and the embodiment of it in life and character.

After the cleansing fire has passed and all is calm we find ourselves more than ever established on the eternal Rock of Ages which has stood the infamous blasts of men and demons in past ages, as well as in the present, but remains today as immovable and impregnable as when God said, "Let there be light." In this the "Day of His Preparation" when the world spirit is crying for a new light and a new way, we need only to abide in and contend for the faith once for all delivered to the saints. God the Holy Ghost is doing some things new in our day, but these new things are all wrapped up in the Word of God as revealed to the prophets and apostles and we have no need to recieve "new light" in the face of the clear shining of that "Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

The Present Work.

At the present writing it is nearly three years since our sister and superintendent was called home, but we can again recount innumerable blessings from the hand of our God. The work in every department was never in a more settled condition. The last three conventions have been especially marked by the presence and power of God, with a spirit of on-going manifested upon

all the saints who have gathered with us from every direction as well as the missionaries from across the seas.

The Bible Training School having reached its eleventh year is a source of perpetual joy to our hearts and a constant reminder of the goodness and faithfulness of our God.

Our monthly TRUST now drawing to the close of its sixteenth year, is as eagerly called for as formerly and has a world-wide ministry, the fruit of which is beyond our most sanguine hopes.

As we put the gathered fragments into the baskets of faith we feel utterly unable to give expression to emotions rising within us. As we remember all the way the Lord has led us, though our pathway has seemed to lie through flood and flame, we feel today, as we near the other shore, like joining in the triumphant song of Moses and Miriam as they stood on the other side of the sea and sang:

"The Lord is my strength and song, and He is become my salvation: He is my God, and I will prepare Him a habitation; my father's God, and I will exalt Him. Thy right hand, O LORD, is become glorious in power: Thy right hand, O LORD, hath dashed in pieces the enemy. And in the greatness of Thine excellency Thou hast overthrown them that rose up against Thee: Thou sentest forth Thy wrath, which consumed them as stubble. The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil; my lust shall be satisfied upon them; I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them. Thou didst blow with Thy wind, the sea covered them: They sank as lead in the mighty waters. Who is like unto Thee, O LORD, among the Gods? who is like Thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders? * * * The Lord shall reign forever and ever." Exodus XV.

AMEN.

Appendix.

HAVING published the foregoing Chronicles in our monthly TRUST, we now subjoin the following articles containing lessons and experiences gained through the years as we were following on to know the Lord. The purpose of trials and testings will be clearly seen as one discovers revelations of truth as realized during this period and set forth in these added pages.

S. A. DUNCAN.

My Saviour and Healer.

Mrs. E. V. Baker.

AS I have so often been asked to write an account of my healing by the dear Lord, for the benefit of other suffering ones, I seem pressed by the Spirit to do so at this time.

When about fourteen years of age a severe attack of measles left me with a diseased throat, which gave me constant trouble, each succeeding year seeming to increase rather than abate the difficulty. During these years I had the best medical attendance, often being for months under the doctor's care, having daily local treatments. All medical help, however skillful, brought but a temporary relief, the real difficulty constantly becoming more aggravated till my general health, which was never good, became undermined by it.

I had a sore throat all the time, and was a perfect slave in my constant fight against colds, draughts, changes of air and exposure. Even a little overfatigue without a cold would first be felt in my throat. All singing had to be abandoned, and any prolonged use of my voice would produce severe exhaustion. Such was the constant condition, while any cold or unusual exertion would send me to my bed for weeks, suffering agonies with my throat. Each attack seemed more severe than the other and it became evident that it was only a question of time when I should die in one of these. Nervous prostration followed and I seemed altogether a wreck physically, never having had vitality or endurance.

Up to this time I had never heard of Divine Healing, sharing in the general belief of the Church that the "day of miracles was past." I had, some years before this, been very clearly converted, but not knowing the way of simply trusting Jesus to deliver from

the *power* of sin as I had from its guilt, that sanctification was Jesus *in me* making the deliverance *real* as I trusted, I began the wearisome and impossible task of trying to be Christ-like, depending upon Jesus to supplement my own efforts, a work which He will never do. He is not a *supplement to human efforts*, but a *perfect Saviour*, to do all the saving, sanctifying and keeping that needs to be done, we simply to be fully yielded and trustful to His mighty working. Alas! I saw nothing of this. I had sought holiness as an "*it*," a blessing to be found and lost, an experience to be enjoyed and rested in, instead of a Person to live His own blessed life out in me, hour by hour, through all the coming years. Of course, I failed; and, discouraged with my fruitless efforts, lapsed into worldliness.

Years passed. A church member, a Sunday school teacher, yet with so little of vital relation with my Lord; no life or power in spiritual things, while underneath it all a heart hungry, longing after God as a divine reality in the life. About this time the dear Lord, by a series of providential trials, greatly quickened my desire to be wholly His, and He enabled me to give myself fully to Him. Up to my light I made a full consecration of all into His blessed hands that His own purposes might be accomplished in me. I now know that this was very imperfectly done, and in great ignorance of what a life of trust involved, but it was the best I could do at the time, and God so wonderfully condescends to meet us just where we are.

Soon after this, in 1881, I heard an evangelist relate an experience of being healed of a sickness in answer to prayer. No scripture was given as proof of such a possibility, or to indicate the will of God in this direction, but somehow the thought laid great hold of me, and I could not shake it off.

I longed for a well body with which to serve my Lord now that I was wholly His. I began to pray for light on the will of God in sickness. "Was it His will to heal in these days, without the use of remedies, just as He used to do when on earth?" was the question which I presented before Him, feeling that if it was His will how gladly I would avail myself of the gracious privilege.

Months passed, but no light came. I knew of no one who could give me any help, so limited is the faith of the Church in her Head. I had no books which treated on the subject, had

never heard a word of the helpful teaching on the Lord's healing which seems now to be coming within the hearing of all who will listen. I thank God I was so shut up to Himself for every bit of light and teaching. From the time I began to think and pray over it, till the day I was healed nearly a year later, not a word passed my lips to a human being on the subject. I feared I should be hindered rather than helped, so forebore talking about it to any one. In the meantime God was teaching me to trust Him in many other ways. I had lived so far from God that I knew almost nothing about real trust, but God was answering my prayer by giving me lessons of trust in other things, leading me tenderly into a life of faith, as mothers teach their little ones to walk, step by step.

At last I was brought to the very verge of death by one of those cruel attacks in my throat. My husband, being a physician, felt the case to be unusually severe from the first, and so called to his aid one of the most skillful physicians in the city. Having no light on any other way, I could only go forward in the use of medical help as heretofore. But this time the remedies seemed to have no more effect than so much water, the skill of both physicians was completely baffled. I grew worse and worse till for days I was unable to swallow even liquids, while the action of the muscles in my throat in making the attempt produced a spasm. I was burning with fever, in a low typhoid condition, yet unable to swallow one drop of water and could not speak above a whisper, the muscles having become so rigid I could scarcely open my mouth.

At the beginning of the sickness I had such a dread of the agony I always suffered, I cried out to God to give me light on His will, and this word was laid upon my heart with great emphasis: "This sickness is not unto death but for the glory of God." "But," I said, "Lord, I do not know how to glorify Thee." The same words were repeated still more emphatically. Then I said, "Dear Lord, Thou wilt simply have to do it all Thyself," and, praise God, He did indeed *do it all Himself*. The sickness went on with no further light, till medical skill had been exhausted and the physicians had given me up to die. The day before my healing my mind seemed directed toward the Bible as the Word of God. I began to think of its reliability, and the question seemed

put to me like this: "Have you sufficient faith in it as the Word of God to step out on any promise or provision which you have never *seen* fulfilled, and trust it with no further proof than the naked Word itself, risking everything, even life, on its truthfulness?"

I thought the question over very carefully. I knew I was trusting the Word for my salvation; that I lay even then in the very presence of death; that unless God interfered I would probably die. I had no fear for the future whatever, and I saw my heart rested for its security, not on any good works, for I had been such an unfaithful Christian I had none, nor on any wonderful experience, for I seemed but a babe just taking its first step in real life, but on the Saviour revealed in the Word of God. I had met the conditions, and had taken God at His Word, and my heart was filled with perfect peace; I found I dared risk eternity on the truthfulness of the Word thus tried.

Presently it seemed as if the Lord was speaking to me. He said, "You believe the promises relating to spiritual life?" and many, like 1 John 1: 9, and 2: 1, 2, and others, came immediately to mind. "Yes," I replied, "I believe them absolutely." Then on another page it says: "Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick and the Lord shall raise him up. (James 5: 14, 15). You have been asking for months what is My will concerning sickness, while here is My will revealed in My Word. Just as other promises and provisions relate to the spiritual life, this relates to the body or physical life and is the expression of My will for the body. Can you take it?"

I did not remember ever having read this passage, or if I had, it had made no impression upon me, but now it came with such light and power as the *will* and *command* of God that it left me nothing to do but to obey. It completely settled the question of the "will" of God for sickness, that question which is troubling so many suffering ones in these days. God's "Word" is His "will," and no one need go on asking for more light till one is willing to act up to the light plainly given in the Word. "While ye have light, *believe* in the light, that ye may be the children of the light" (John 12: 36).

Now that the will of God was settled for me in the matter, there arose in my heart a strange reluctance to obey the simple command just as it stood. I objected to the anointing. How often a secret unwillingness in a soul to obey fully, hinders blessing more than lack of light. I did not then see the beautiful meaning in the anointing, which the Lord has since shown me, that it is a symbol of the Holy Spirit, *"that anointing which abideth"* (1 John 2: 27), coming now upon the body just as it may have come before upon the soul.

Many dear children of God have received the Holy Spirit to abide in their spirit but have kept Him out of the body, His rightful temple, thinking that that with its aches and pains and various needs was *their* care. The Lord *takes* what we give Him, and He can not bless and heal and fill with His own life our bodies if they are kept in our own hands instead of given to Him. Read Rom. 12: 1; 1 Cor. 6: 13, 14, 15, 19, 20, and see what God says about the body.

I did not stumble long over this point, however. I said, "Lord, I do not see what this anointing means, it looks even foolish to me, but I will be a little child and put aside my reasonings, be simply obedient, believing Thou wilt sometime make plain what I do not now know." From the moment I settled it to obey God my mind was in perfect rest. The question of "faith" which troubles so many, never seemed to present itself to my thoughts. I saw plainly that God promised to do something for me upon certain conditions, and if I met the conditions I could confidently look to Him to fulfill His part of the transaction. *It never occurred to me to doubt.* This was on Monday. Tuesday morning we had a council of doctors who gave me no hope, saying all that medical skill could do had been done. After their departure I called my husband and told him what the Lord had been showing me, and asked him to go for my pastor to pray with me, and said that I was going to leave the case wholly in the Lord's hands.

Though I did not know it then, during the preceding months God had been very graciously bringing this dear man, the Rev. C. W. Winchester, then pastor of Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church, Rochester, N.Y., to see the truth of Divine Healing as a Gospel provision, but he had never been called to put his belief into action by praying with others for healing. He came in after

an evening meeting, and I asked him if he could pray with me believingly. He said he could. He then anointed me and knelt in prayer. The room was full of friends, but no one of them had a particle of faith in what was being done, never having believed in taking this passage literally. The prayer lasted but a few moments, consisting of a few direct, simple sentences.

While he was praying I swallowed involuntarily and found I could with ease. As soon as he concluded, I sat up in bed and asked for a drink of water. All day I had been burning up with fever, but unable to swallow. When the water was brought, I drank with perfect ease, all pain gone, all soreness gone, all fever gone. I was perfectly healed as really as if Jesus had stood before me in visible form and touched me into life and health.

O, what a wonderful Saviour, what a wonderful Healer we have! Dear suffering child of God, come and give Him the joy of making you every whit whole, soul and body! That night I slept as sweetly as a little child, till toward morning, when I awoke to find my throat nearly as bad as ever; all the old soreness and pain returned. I was astonished. I had been so perfectly delivered, I could not understand what all this meant. At once the temptation came. "You are not healed, and you have made a mistake being *anointed*. You will find yourself worse than ever in the morning, then what will you say to the people?"

Satan always sets us taking care of our reputation. I thought over the matter a few minutes. I had no teaching or experience along the line, knew not that this had been allowed to test the position of faith which I had taken, just as every step of faith must have its test. At length I said, "Dear Lord, I am not getting up an exhibition for the people, nor am I trying to establish any theories, for I have none, and I have never said that I could or would heal, but Thou hast, and it is Thy reputation at stake, not mine. I believe Thou art able to take care of Thine own name. I do not care when or how Thou doest it, but I know Thou wilt keep Thy Word to me. I have been obedient and I know Thou wilt do as Thou has promised. I just leave the whole matter in Thy hands for Thee to settle."

Refusing to be anxious about it I fell into a quiet sleep, from which I awoke in the morning with my throat perfectly healed, and from that day to this I have never had any difficulty with

my throat or voice. For the past few years especially I have been in almost constant service, leading daily meetings, and often addressing two or three meetings a day. No change of climate, colds, exposure or fatigue ever affect my throat. God seems to have taken away even the tendency to weakness, and where formerly it was the weakest part of my body, it seems now to be the strongest. An illustration of the Word in Rom. 5: 20, "where sin (or its results, sickness) abounded, *grace* did *much more* abound." Just as spiritually where we are *weakest* God wants to make us *strongest.* This was Paul's experience in 2 Cor. 12: 9, 10. The power of Christ tents, encamps or covers all the weak or waste places in us, so that we become conscious no longer of our weakness, but of His *strength.* Praise His name, for His wonderful grace!

Now a word about faith. As I said, I never thought about "faith," whether I had much or little, strong or weak faith, so God had to teach me something about *walking by faith.* It is often possible under some terrible pressure of need to unconsciously exercise a faith in God that brings mighty results. But it is far more difficult to *walk steadily and unwaveringly* in the dark, trusting to the naked Word of God, all sight for the time being denied us. The development of this continued action of faith is most essential to Christian character, for the Christian *lives and walks by faith.*

On rising that morning perfectly healed, no vestige of my throat difficulty remaining, I found myself possessed of an indescribable weakness of body. Something of the old nervous prostration seemed to be upon me. I staggered to a chair while all the room seemed to grow dark and I thought I would faint away. I cried to the Lord to know what it meant, telling Him it did not look truthful to sit up and claim I was well, when I really felt so sick; that I was quite willing to go back to bed or sit up or do anything He wanted, only He must show me every step of the way. None of my own reasoning could answer in this new life of faith, which must *see as God sees and count as God counts.* I had no theories about it. I was like a little child just learning to walk, and needed God to take me by the hand and show me each step of the way. I did not care what that step was, only I must be sure it was *God's way.*

I reached for the Bible lying near me on the table, and opening it my eyes fell upon this text in Mark 11: 24, "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them." That text had always puzzled me. I had reasoned, "You cannot believe you have a thing when you *know* you do not," meaning, "do not have it" by *sight*. But now it faced me challenging belief. I said, "I have covenanted to go by the Word of God. Now I have asked God for perfect deliverance and if this is true I have it this moment; then if I have it I can rise and go about my work like a well woman." To sight and sense this seemed utterly impossible, yet I thought, God has not asked me to furnish any strength, but to count upon Him to furnish what I lack as I need it, hence I can at least "yield my members" to Him in obedience, leaving all results with Him.

I at once arose and began to walk across the floor with an overpowering sense of weakness upon me. Presently I felt myself upheld as if by another, with a strength not my own, and I found myself saying, "It is the sweetest in the world not to have a bit of strength, so that one can know the blessedness of being upheld by Him."

I immediately went about my work, doing whatever needed to be done in my household, hard or easy, just as it came to hand. For a whole week I was kept conscious of weakness so far as my natural strength was concerned, but abundantly supplied with strength not my own as I claimed it moment by moment. For instance, when I would attempt to do something about my household, I would feel so weak I could hardly stand, and would say, "Dear Lord, I can not do this, *I can not go on.*" He would seem to say in reply, "Could you if you were well?" "Certainly, Lord." "Then are you well?" and I could only answer, "Yes, Lord, *I am healed,* and now I *have* Thy strength according to Thy Word."

Immediately I would find myself perfectly able to perform the task however difficult. And so God held me all the week to this walk of faith in the unseen, refusing me even a bit for sight or sense to lean upon or claim as its own, but making me partaker of a life more abundant just as I needed and claimed it.

For the whole week whenever I attempted any duty connected with the usual routine of a household, in the almost overpow-

ering sense of physical weakness which was constantly upon me, the only question put to me was, "Could a well person do it?" and as I would answer in the affirmative, then "*Are you well?*" would come with great emphasis. Thus I was continually thrown back upon this position of faith in the promise claimed, i.e., "All things whatsoever ye pray and ask for, *believe that ye have received them* and ye shall have them." (R. V. Mark 11: 24). And just as I dared to believe it, and go forward acting my faith, it was made real to me.

It was a wonderful week of blessed experimental teaching of the reality of "calling those things that are not as though they were."

It was not will power. It was not so-called Christian Science, that subtle *counterfeit* of truth which denies the reality of sickness, but it was the constant appropriation of the fullness there is in Jesus Christ for our life physically as well as spiritually. Instead of waiting till God gave me a large stock of health and strength to use as I chose, I consented to be bankrupt so far as sight and sense went, and let Him be to me the supply moment by moment, as I needed. So I learned, what was of more value than any mere healing of disease, something of the infinite resources treasured up in Christ for us, to be made mine only as I lived and walked in Him. Divine Healing is more than the removal of disease and the restoration to natural strength, it is being made partaker of His own risen life in our bodies, imparting a vitality such as we have never had. O, wonderful redemption, may we all learn to live in its fullness!

Healing for You.

MRS. E. V. BAKER.

"And, behold, there was a woman which had a spirit of infirmity eighteen years, and was bowed together and could in no wise lift up herself. And when Jesus saw her, he called her to him." Luke 13: 11, 12.

FIRST of all I want to say that healing comes out of God's heart of love. Here was a woman that had come up to the synagogue, and as soon as the Lord looked upon her, His heart was moved with compassion. There is no record that she sought Him, or that friends solicited help for her; that was not needed. I believe His heart is wrung as He sees the wreckage caused by sin and sickness. We do not need to make Him sympathetic, or entreat Him to do something for His children; our idea is wrong if we are thinking of Him that way. People say to us, "Pray, pray hard, pray continually." You do not need to press Him thus, He is pressing you. I have a feeling that every movement of God is making toward your deliverance; that is the heart of God, to deliver.

HIS THOUGHT FOR YOU.

Jesus at once singled out that woman as a needy one. On another Sabbath morning there was a man present with a withered hand. Jesus did not wait to be asked for help, He spoke to the man, calling him out and healed him. He is always calling, always moving toward us. See that lone widow bearing her only son to the burial, Jesus met them and at once said, "Stand still," and brought him back to life, and to his mother. Who interested Jesus in that case? No one, it was the case itself, the very need that moved His heart. "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and forever." We do not need to work upon His sympathy, but only close in with His offer to help. His heart is the same as when

He walked in Galilee; let us come to Him and say, "Lord, I believe you feel toward me as you felt toward that woman, or that man in the synagogue," and if you come on that ground, faith will spring up in your heart. These people believed His word, you must believe His written word. We do not have to bring pressure upon Him, He needs to put pressure upon us.

"And great multitudes came unto him, having with them those who were lame, blind, dumb, maimed, and many others, and cast them down at Jesus' feet, and he healed them." Matt. 25: 30.

Ah, that is the place to bring your sick body.

"Insomuch that the multitude wondered, when they saw the dumb speak, the maimed to be whole, the lame to walk, and the blind to see: and they glorified the God of Israel." Matt. 15: 31.

Well might they glorify Him, when they saw such love as this healing called forth. How many times we read in the Gospels about bringing the sick and the suffering ones to Jesus, and He healed them all. "As many as touched him were made perfectly whole." That is all that is needed, that is all that woman did, "If I may but touch his garment, I shall be whole." There was a perfect faith, there was no doubt, "I *shall* be whole."

THEN HEALING SPRINGS OUT OF THE CROSS.

Do you remember that picture in the Old Testament of the brazen serpent? They murmured against God, because of the hard places, and the serpents bit them. Moses was instructed to put a serpent upon a pole, and as many as looked were made whole. It is a type of the cross, a picture of Jesus Christ lifted up, but the very occasion that called forth this picture was sickness. They were bitten, and a look at the serpent, (a picture of the coming Christ) healed them. Of the serpent lifted up it was said, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up." What for? For the sin of the world, for the sickness of the world. If one look at this brazen serpent meant healing to them, how much more one look at the Christ on the cross, would mean healing to us. If Jesus Christ took upon Himself our sickness and infirmity, then a look of faith will deliver from sickness, just as a look of faith will save a soul from sin. Any soul burdened with sin finds deliverance by looking to Jesus, so a look of faith will heal all sickness.

We have the foundation of healing in the cross. He took our infirmities upon Himself, and "with his stripes we are healed."

I believe it because God says it, and you have a right to come and take it because He says it. He wants you *to believe you are healed when you pray.* When is it going to be efficacious, a year from now? Not today, not in this room, but it will be next year, you think. Can you not see as long as you put it in the future, when you come to the next year, it is still a year ahead? That is only an excuse for unbelief. You feel full of unbelief today, but next week you think you will be free from unbelief and full of faith. "I *am* healed," that is the only way. When a sinner confesses his sins, when does he get saved? The following year? Does not the Word of God authorize him to believe that he is saved that very moment? He may not be very clear in his faith, he may not have very much feeling, but if he has had faith at all, he is saved that moment, and I believe the present moment is the time the Lord heals. This is the administration of the Holy Spirit. We read in Acts:

"How God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power; who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil: for God was with him."

He attributes the healing to the work of the Holy Spirit, and He was to continue His work during the dispensation, It would be strange if He would heal in Judea, and He living in you, and not willing to heal you. The church claims that the Holy Spirit is living, abiding in the church whether in every individual or not. "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you?" Ought we not to expect that He will work in removing disease as He used to? The Holy Spirit is the same yesterday, today and forever. God is unchangeable. If God the Father was willing to heal, if the Son was willing to heal, if the Holy Spirit was willing to heal, in time past, this Triune God has not changed, and He is willing to heal today.

Look at this word in Romans 8: 11.

"But if the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you."

There we have an unlimited promise, I was going to say an unconditional promise, the only condition is the indwelling Holy Spirit. We cannot work up faith, people are all the time trying to believe, as if faith were a commodity that they can have on hand. I cannot compel myself to believe, faith must have a

basis. What is the basis? It is the Word of God. I wonder how many of you ever took your concordance and went through the Scriptures looking up the passages on sickness, and how God views it, and His method of working. God regards sickness as a curse, and He does not want His children under the curse, the Holy Spirit is dwelling in your heart to quicken you. Why is it so hard to believe your Lord? He says thus and thus about sickness, but you look at your body, and you see sickness; you see that you are not any better; and your eyes have not been on Jesus. In the wilderness it was a look at the brazen serpent that healed, and can you not see that as long as you are occupied with your feelings, your symptoms, you cannot get on? It is for you to see that Jesus has provided a way out, and you are to hand your case over to Him, as definitely as you did your sins.

Healing does not come because you *wish* to be healed, not because you *desire* it, but only WHEN YOU TAKE IT, when you see the provision He has made, and you make it yours. There is not a promise in this Word but that God will meet, when you meet conditions. What has He put a condition for, what has He made a promise for? Fulfill conditions, and God will meet you. It is absolute. We ought not to have this awful tug about healing. I wish you could see that Jesus at the right hand of God is waiting to heal you, He is not enriched by withholding. He always wants to bring a soul in closer contact with Himself. It was so with this woman, He called her to Him, it was at least a movement of her soul toward Him. He stirred her heart enough so that she walked to Him. Perhaps you have not been living very near to Him, perhaps the cares have been pressing too heavily, He longs to make Himself known to you, He wants you not only to come to Him, but forever to walk in contact with Him. So He called this woman to Him, "Woman, thou art loosed from thine infirmity." How quickly it was done, "He laid His hands on her: and immediately she was made straight, and glorified God." I believe more and more Jesus heals WHEN WE PRAY.

Why is it we do not experience it, why is it so often gradual? I believe God taught me a lesson on this some time ago. I had been healed of a disease, but every little while the old symptoms would return in full force, I would not get deliverance till after a hard battle.

As this was repeated several times, I at last turned to the Lord, asking what it meant. He said, "These symptoms are but the *bluff of the Devil.* I healed you when you prayed, but you have been believing Satan, and making me a liar. I cannot help you while you are in that attitude." "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." "Whom resist steadfast in the faith." I saw I did not have to fight Satan, but simply go on believing God, and Satan, seeing I would not doubt God, would give up the case. Just so long as Satan puts a symptom on you, and you ask God again to heal you, you are making God a liar, and God is not bound to work, when you are making Him a liar. You make God a liar every time you do not believe the Lord healed you, it may be weeks ago. Satan can put these feelings on you, and it is Satan pure and simple. The disease proceeded from Satan in the first place, and these feelings were produced by the disease; after you come to the Lord to heal you, Satan produces these feelings, without the disease at all. I was really saying, "Two months ago, I met all the conditions of healing, and God did not keep His word."

People come to us, many of them, and say, "I did all I could, and God did not keep His word." It sounds as if we were more faithful than God. I feel sure He wants us to believe that we are healed when we pray. While you are praying is the time to believe you are healed. Satan says, "No, you are not believing." He makes the aches go through your body, you feel as you did before, will you believe Satan or God? Your body or God's Word? It is hard to have the old aches and believe you are healed, it sounds like Christian Science, Satan knew this was true, and he has copied it. It was true that you were sick, but God has healed you. Your symptoms were real, there was disease there, God healed you, and Satan is trying to put the old ache on again. After you have handed your case over to God, and have trusted Him, do not let anything under the heavens cause you to doubt Him. Are you going to say, "Well, I am afraid He did not hear me." God is saying, "Are you going to believe Satan or believe Me?" Is it not safer to believe God, and throw your whole weight upon what God has said, than to believe Satan or even your feelings? "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you."

Satan likes a good deal of attention, he would like to occupy

every moment, if you will give it to him. Say rather, "Lord, you have healed me, now you must look after this," and Satan will have to go, he will not waste his time any longer with you. It takes us some time to get to the place where we believe the things, so real as the aches and pains, are not coming from the old disease. You must believe that it is not the old disease, but the bluff of the devil. I believe if we first get it settled that God wants to heal, it will help us, then meet the conditions, and believe when you pray that you receive. "What things soever ye desire, *when ye pray, believe that ye receive them* and ye shall have them."

"Ye shall have them," that is what God says. Do not think of your body, let nothing shake you. It is not that you feel a little better today, and hope you will be better tomorrow, it is nothing of the kind. God heard when you prayed, and you believe it, and if you hold to that, the symptoms will all pass away. As long as you listen to Satan he will hold them on you.

Do you see why Jesus was so sympathetic that Sabbath morning? He saw that this woman had a "*spirit* of infirmity." He saw that she was bound as if she had chains about her, and He wanted her to be loosed. Shall we not believe what God says? Can you see that Satan is trying to hold you in weakness, and make you believe that God does not deliver. Can you not see that *He has delivered on the cross*, He has sent the Holy Spirit to impart life, He, the indwelling One, is there to deliver you from the power of the enemy? Then what are you to do? Just believe God, that is all. Believe what He says, not your bad feelings, and just as sure as you believe, you will find yourself delivered. Then if Satan makes you feel worse than ever, just go on believing God's Word about it. That is all He asks you to do, trust Him, just trust Him; there is healing in the stripes of Jesus, "With his stripes we are healed," and as you accept that medicine from His hand, it heals. Oh, that God would raise up a people who just believe Him, there would then come joy to His heart; and fullness of the Holy Spirit in your life; answers to prayer; healing to your body; and "rivers of living waters" would flow out to a barren world. It is unbelief that hinders God more than anything else. Let us believe God's Word.

The Hand of Satan in Sickness.

Mrs. E. V. Baker.

CHRISTIANS do not like to think that Satan has much to do with them, hence dislike the suggestion that sickness often comes directly from his hand. They prefer to attribute it to a broken physical law, or contagion, or the laws of heredity, or some such cause but are horrified at the thought that Satan can touch them at all.

Let us go to the Word for light on the question. We will turn to Luke 13: 11-16 which contains the story of the woman who was "bowed together, and could in no wise lift up herself." The statement is made that it was a "spirit of infirmity" that was holding her. We would have called it rheumatism perhaps, or some other crippling disease, but when Jesus saw her, He at once recognized the true cause, even the hand of Satan, and His heart went out for her deliverance.

When the rulers of the synagogue objected to the woman being healed on the Sabbath day, Jesus answered "Ought not this woman being a daughter of Abraham, (i. e. a woman of faith) whom Satan hath bound, lo, these eighteen years, be loosed from this bond on the Sabbath day?" She had no doubt employed every medical help possible, like another woman mentioned in Mark 5: 25-34 who "had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered but rather grew worse," yet never dreaming all this time that she was held and bound by supernatural power, even that of Satan. The Bible describes Satan as an intelligent being, or personality, called a "murderer from the beginning" John 8: 44, also in John 10: 10 a "thief" who "cometh not, but to steal, and to kill and to destroy," in Heb. 2: 14, is said to have had "the power of death."

In the case of Job the curtain is lifted, and we are permitted to see the direct working of Satan in bringing a human being under the power of sickness. After testing Job in various ways, as in the loss of property and loss of his children, and not being able to make his accusation against him good, he comes once again to God claiming that as "all a man hath he will give for his life" let God now "touch his bone and his flesh and he will curse thee to thy face." But the Lord said unto Satan, "Behold, he is in *thine hand*, but spare his life." Thus we see that it was not the hand of God that smote Job with "sore boils," but the hand of Satan, proving that he can and does put sickness upon the human body. There is a difference in his operations; he oppresses and he possesses. Let us put some texts under the proper heads, which I desire you to search out for yourselves.

OPPRESSION: Luke 13: 11-16; Job 2: 4-7; Acts 10: 38.

POSSESSION: Luke 4: 33-35; Mark 9: 17-27; 7: 25-30; Matt. 8: 28-32; Acts 16: 16-18.

In connection with the above we should like to mention a few cases which have come under our own observation in the past years of our contact with the sick and suffering.

The first case was that of a Christian man, wholly insane, yet whose friends were not willing to send to an asylum, as the family believed in the power of the Lord to heal. Whenever any one of them would enter his room, he would mock at them, with the most Satanic leer upon his face, taunting them with the powerlessness of their God to heal him, telling them to call upon their God and let Him heal if He could, followed by mocking laughter. To remain in his presence became unbearable. One day when we were in his room praying with the family, the Lord said to me, "*Go and rebuke the evil spirit in him. casting it out.*"

"Oh! I cannot," I said, never having had to deal with such cases of demon possession before, "I have not the power or faith to do it." "*Do you believe in the power of My name? Do you believe it has the same power as when I was on earth,*" He asked? "Yes, Lord," I replied. "*Then go and use it. You do not need to have faith in any power of your own but in the power of My name.*" I arose timidly to be sure, but with perfect confidence in the power of the name of Jesus, (see Mark 16: 17) and commanded the blaspheming spirit out, and found it instantly obeyed, for

even the countenance altered, and the whole sickness changed from that hour.

The next case was that of a young lady suffering from melancholia, sent to us by a friend, rather than to an asylum which was a last resort. The poor girl could do nothing when awake, but arraign the wisdom and government of God in the affairs of men, by constant questions, till one felt like running from the room. At other times she would lie for days in bed, with her face buried in her hands, refusing to reply to anyone addressing her, or to rise. We prayed over her for days with no apparent results, when one day God showed us that she was possessed with a demon which must be cast out before the healing could come. (There is no healing the devil.) We accordingly went to the bed where she was lying, and one of our number in the name of Jesus commanded the evil spirit out of her. This was repeated several times, as we felt great resistance, when the demon left and the girl rose and proved to be entirely delivered from all Satanic power. She soon after gave her heart to God, and was admitted to full membership in one of our city churches, giving evidence of a sound mind.

Another case was that of a little girl nine years old, whom her mother said had been always so perverse, stubborn and ugly as to make her friends despair of ever being able to manage her. No discipline seemed to have the slightest effect. There seemed to be an unnatural heartlessness and cruelty about her, that no amount of kindness could change.

She had been the subject of most earnest prayers for years, and sometimes seemed touched, but only a transient impression was made upon her, quickly passing away, leaving the old Satanic meanness uppermost. The mother was a consecrated woman, but the father, though a professing Christian, was a wicked man. One day as we engaged in prayer with the mother, in real despair over the child, it was shown us that she had been possessed with a stubborn obstinate demon from her birth. We at once cried mightily to God for deliverance and in the name of Jesus commanded the spirit to leave her, which it did.

This was some time ago. The mother informs us that she is a changed child, all that cruelty and stubbornness having left her from that hour, making her easy to govern.

Think of this little child an unconscious tool in the hands of Satan, through an evil spirit, used to bring pain and misery and constant disturbance and torment to the whole household, really wrecking her mother's health through the constant conflict; the little child herself suffering through her own powerless effort to be obedient, a power stronger than her will utterly controlling her.

Now as to the remedy. 1 John 3: 8, "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil." This is true whether in sickness, or sin, Mark 16: 17, 18. "In my name shall they cast out demons." This is the privilege of every believer, to use the name of Jesus as in the cases cited above. Not faith in themselves, but in the power of His name, and demons must flee before it. See also Isa. 49: 24, 25 and Isa. 59: 19, margin.

In Luke 10: 19, Jesus says he gives us "authority over all the power of the enemy." In this verse the first word "power" has all the meaning of "authority" in the original. Hence we see that we can be fully assured of the willingness of Jesus to deliver from the hand of Satan in our body. Coming to Jesus, we "must believe that he is * * * a rewarder of them that diligently seek him," Heb. 11: 6-7. "Resist the devil and he will flee from you," James 4: 7. "Whom resist steadfast in the faith," 1 Peter 5: 9. "The faith" that he has been conquered by Jesus and therefore the battle has been won for you, and victory is yours as you claim it in Jesus' name.

Our parting word to every sick and suffering one is:—

Trust ye in the Lord forever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength. Is. 26: 4.

3/06